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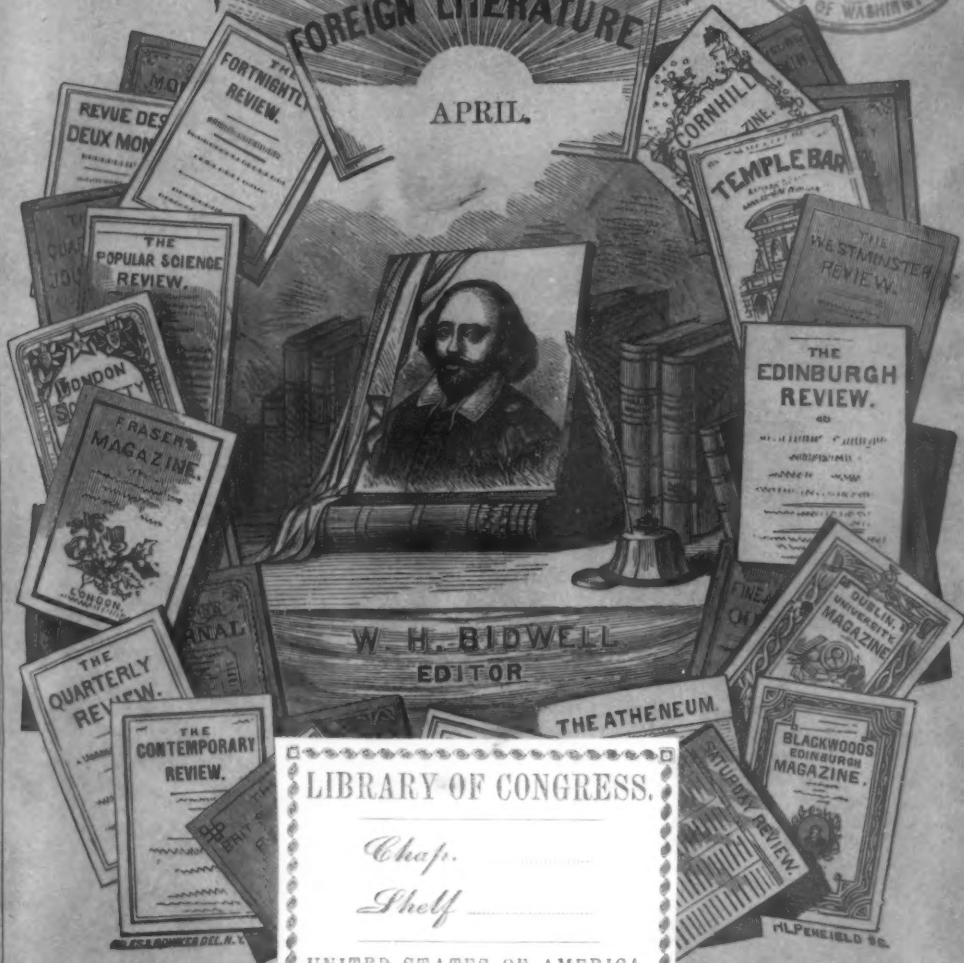
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APRIL.



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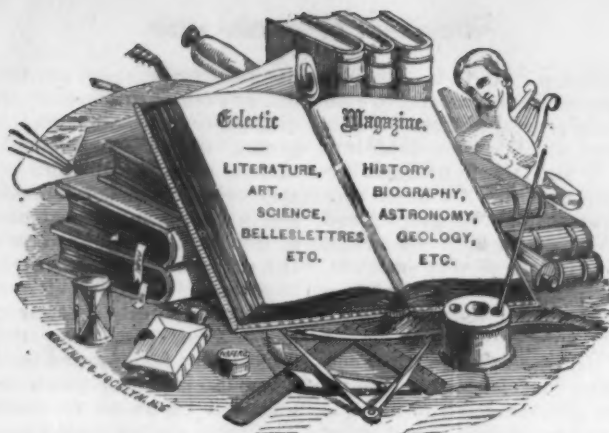
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PROF. SIMON NEWCOMB.



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THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE reigns of the female sovereigns of England hold a remarkable position in our annals. Perhaps as a little compensation for the ill-treatment which their sex has always had in literature, it has so happened that the two great epochs under which letters have specially flourished in our country have been those of our two queen-regnants, in themselves as unlike as two human creatures could well be; and this, no doubt, is one reason why the ages of Elizabeth and Anne have always specially attracted the attention of men of letters. But it has not been literature alone that has given them importance. In both cases these epochs themselves were of the most critical character, full of the surgings of new elements, the struggles of new forces with the old, and the full tide of one and another of those great waves of mental energy which seem to rise and fall periodically among men, though without leaving any trace by which their recurrence can be calculated. Comets and eclipses have

no longer any mystery for us. We know when they will come as well as we know when the omnibus will pass the corner of the street; but we do not know when the law of mental evolution will bring such constellations as those which adorned the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" into our firmament again, or vary them, as in the combinations which still make glorious, though with a less exuberant light, the age of Anne. We are afraid the days of Victoria will not shine with a similar lustre; but as we are not spectators, but actors in the drama at this present moment, we may leave that calculation to those who come after us. In the mean time, it is enough to mark how curious is the recurrence of these high tides of energy and genius in the race, and how little they are traceable to any conscious agencies, or come under any established laws. Why, for instance, to say nothing of the more ethereal soul of the poet, did military genius leap over more than half a century from Marlbor-

ough to Wellington? And why, oh why, has no one appeared since worthy to hold the candle to those great soldiers? These are phenomena which do not enter into the theories of Mr. Darwin or the calculations of Mr. Galton. All other ebbs and flowings may be gauged and tabulated; but here is a kind of high and low tide, which is controlled by no moon, and foreseen by no astronomer. When it comes it awakens the world, if not directly to applause and admiration, at least to the struggle of new forces, and the exhilarating consciousness of life renewed. The general course of living is stimulated, and every drop of salt water in every wave rises so much the higher upon the beach, dashes with more exultant foam of storm upon the rocks. And those ages stand out upon the duller level with a freshening of interest, an inexhaustible dramatic call upon our sympathies. They detach themselves from the background in which the great concerns of the world are always lumbering on, more or less dully, and make us aware of what has been accomplished for good or for evil in the intervals. In Elizabeth's time the great passion of our modern national life was preparing; but the stream had only gained grandeur and force and nobility by that swelling of all its currents which preceded the catastrophe. In Anne's time chaos was subsiding once more, the torrents calming down into their channels, the streams collecting to fill the national veins. Or, to change the metaphor, these two great and wealthy epochs of history are like the banks between which a raging and tumultuous stream is making its furious way. From one eminence the clear-sighted spectator might foresee a national agony of troubles to come, and from the other could look back upon dangers miraculously overcome, and a passage accomplished for the ark of safety through storm and peril.

And even the most abstract of historians—the writers to whom men are not men but only officials in the long procession of events, kings and statesmen and generals—must permit a certain personality to appear when a woman holds, even nominally, the chief place in the historic scene. The group which surrounds Queen Anne is remarkable in various ways. It is not that she herself has, like

her great predecessor, any touch of genius, or even of that intense and large individuality which often takes the place of genius, to make her remarkable; but there is a curious mixture of the great and the paltry in her immediate circle, and in the influences that move that circle so wonderful a combination of motives and objects that are imperial in their vast importance, with impulses and babble which are scarcely superior to a house-keeper's room—that the comic and the tragical, the familiar and the heroic, get mixed up in a way which never surely was seen before on so exalted a stage. The most conventional type of female government, the hackneyed devices of broad comedy, to show how intriguing waiting-maids can manage a stupid mistress, could not have been more perfectly realized than in this chapter of the great epic of English story; and yet the men pushed in and out of office by these Abigail-were such men as Marlborough and Bolingbroke, and the affairs of the nation came to no fatal break-down under their influence. This strange group at the head of affairs adds a whimsical element to the great tale which is in some respects so majestic and in others so trivial; and in conformity with this strange conjunction, the age itself sweeps along—so great, so polished, so courtly; so mean, so rude, so brutal; so full of piety and simplicity, and the most depraved morals and the loudest vice; swearing like the coarsest trooper, yet writing like Addison—that the paradox is kept up throughout, and enters into every detail.

It is scarcely, however, the curious manifestations of character or picturesque contrasts of national life which so abound in the age of Anne, which have been Dr. John Hill Burton's* leading inducement to add this fine and full study of an epoch so important, to the valuable history of Scotland which we already owe to him, and of which it is the natural corollary and conclusion. Though his work is full of lively and graphic touches, the reader is aware that it is not his custom to present a series of word-pictures in place of a sustained and serious narrative. Neither is there any fear that he

* *A History of the Reign of Queen Anne.* By John Hill Burton, D.C.L., Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. 3 Vols. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

will take refuge in the abundant gossip of the time, by way of amusing our minds, and withdrawing them from the great threads of meaning which traverse all, but which, amid the confusion of warp and weft, it is not always easy to keep hold upon. So far as Scotch affairs are concerned, it is, as we have said, the natural sequel of his great history. The Revolution Settlement, with which that valuable work concludes, important as it was, still left many points which were capable of being reopened. It was a kind of betrothal rather than marriage of two very different, in some particulars dissimilar and often jarring companions, neither of whom was much inclined to yield to the other, and for whose future accord and conjugal jogging on together, with no more than lawful bickering, very substantial pledges had to be taken. If the bridegroom was arrogant and overbearing, the bride was grim and fierce beyond the use even of mediæval heroines; and as in every betrothal there is always a possibility still of severance, so in this one there were moments when the silken leash was strained to its utmost, and one or the other ready to fling off the bondage, and stamp upon the uncompleted contract. The story of the concluding passages, and of the accomplished fact of the Union, is told more clearly and more fully in these pages than it has yet been told, with an indication of the vital points of difference, which only an authority at once in Scotch law and history could have so thoroughly mastered; and very interesting is the contrast and coupling of the two powers, who, the legal fetters once forged, have on the whole kept on their way with so much harmony, and as much mutual comprehension as perhaps was possible. This concluding chapter of the separate annals of his country Dr. Burton owed to us, and he has paid the debt thoroughly.

But even the Union, important as it is, is but one of the events in Queen Anne's reign, the great animating thought and inspiration of which were the Protestant succession—a principle which made England at that period—notwithstanding all the difference of politics, lively enough and warlike at all times—more surely a unanimous nation than she had ever been. Nothing can show more clearly the profound distrust with which the

Catholic creed had imbued the whole race than this passionate national sentiment. The great Protestant King William had lived and died unbeloved and unsympathetic; a great man, no doubt, but one who neither conciliated the prejudices nor attracted the affections of the country, which he on his side did not love; and the choice of the new line in which the crown was to descend was one which must have wounded the beliefs and inclinations of many in a country where primogeniture has outlived all changes. Nor was there any thing in the character of the house of Hanover to call forth national enthusiasm. The narrow mind, which so often goes with narrow possessions—a strong nationality totally alien from our own (notwithstanding those strenuous relationships of race which were not discovered, or, at least, insisted upon, till long after), and manners which were neither charming in themselves nor capable of modification—made the foreign Elector, the "German lairdie," in his own person, a figure most unlikely to call forth any enthusiasm. Dr. Burton speaks of this contemptuous nickname as a proof of the popular misconception of the antiquity and importance of the house from which we sought our reigning line. But the six-and-thirty quarterings of Teutonic heraldry have never been impressive to the English intelligence, and we doubt whether the fullest understanding of them would have much changed the sentiment which suggested that felicitous title. Nobody knows better than our historian, or has more clearly pointed out, the intolerant insularism and contempt of other people, which is one of the great national characteristics of Englishmen; and a tremendous weight of pedigree overbalancing a meagre estate has always been a favorite object of derision; but this makes the extraordinary unanimity of the national sentiment only the more apparent. Whatever was to happen to the nation, one thing it was resolved should not happen. England might have a monarch she hated. Such a thing had been, and had been endured; but a Popish king she would not tolerate. Notwithstanding the existence of a by no means insignificant Jacobite party, and of a large class, which, without courage enough to be Jacobite, had romantic leanings that way, or a kind of fantastic

sympathy with a fallen king and banished race, this feeling was so general that agitation, great and universal enough to be called unanimous, sprang up in a moment at any menace from St. Germain's, or any hint of interference from France. The English people were under the influence of a scare, as the French people have been in recent days. When a nation takes fright it is generally for no small matter, nor is the panic an easy thing to deal with. We indeed pretend to smile when we see the passionate terror of our neighbors across the Channel for the red ghost of Revolution, of which they have so much better a knowledge than we have. But the same agony of fear confused men's judgments in Queen Anne's day, in respect to her possible successors. At the merest glimpse of a returning Stewart the country entirely lost its self-possession. And from the balance of power in Europe, to the sermon of a popular preacher in St. Paul's, every thing that could by the remotest construction lead toward this end brought on a fit of that furious fear which is one of the most terrible of passions.

Dr. Burton keeps the action of this great national influence very clearly before us—not allowing himself to be led away as so many are by the exciting and brilliant details of the war itself to a forgetfulness of its great inspiration. Most of us, to tell the truth, recall only with an effort the reason why Blenheim was fought at all. We are as much at a loss as Southey's peasant children to remember "what good came of it at last," and "what they killed each other for." The war of the Spanish succession—the question whether Philip of France or Charles of Austria should fill the vacant throne—does not seem a question to move the world, or, above all, to carry British troops and British money into all the fastnesses of the Continent. But the preponderance of the house of Bourbon touched England with a far more vivid sense of danger than when, a hundred years later, Marlborough's great successor Wellington, with one of these strange repetitions so common in history, once more confronted the encroaching power of France at the head of a great European resistance to the universal conqueror. Napoleon frightened us a little, too, with threats of an invasion; but the

possible predominance of Louis XIV. over half a world made England fly to her weapons with passionate alarm and determination. She saw as the conclusion not only the distant danger of a too great monarch who should wear the united crowns of France and Spain, but of a Catholic crusade, which should bring back another Charles, with a train of priests, and all those principles of despotism which her soul scarcely loathed more than it loathed the paraphernalia of the mass. The present generation is apt to laugh at the balance of power; and probably, had the German conqueror of 1871 found it possible to *croquer* another kingdom or two in addition to the big morsel of Alsace-Lorraine, England would still have looked on with much tranquillity. But we have no Pretenders nowadays, any more than they had the principle of non-intervention in the old times.

This struggle for the firm establishment of the Protestant succession, of which the great wars of Marlborough were but one of the products, was the very soul of the reign of Anne. She was, almost more than any other sovereign, a mere tenant—no possessor of the throne. "*Après moi le déluge*" might have been said of her with as much reason, though happily less verification of the prophecy, than occurred in the case of her contemporary. And till the last moment of her life there were still a hundred chances that all the elaborate precautions of the great statesmen of the time, all the efforts of arms and outlay of blood and money, might prove of no avail, and the old struggle recommence again. To the determined stand made by the nation and its great leaders during this critical period, England owes it that the two romantic insurrections of 1715 and 1745—with which it is impossible, on the other hand, not to feel a personal sympathy—have remained in the category of romantic and tragic episodes, and never really touched the substituted royalty which the country had deliberately chosen—not a lovely, or dignified, or much-beloved substitution, but yet the choice of the nation, and justifying that choice.

But what an eventful and bustling life, forgetful, except by fits and starts, of any great national principle at all, though always ready to respond to any appeal in

support of it, occupies the foreground behind which the lines of the national destiny were being worked so firmly into the great web! Did Marlborough himself mean much more than beating the French and winning every battle that lay in his way? Most of the statesmen who thus tenaciously and stoutly worked at the pulling down of the French power, and the keeping out of the Catholic line, had coquetted with both in their day; and it is almost impossible to tell how much meaning there was in the almost brutal determination with which the mass of the population backed up those helmsmen of the national bark who guided the ship so strongly on one course, without ever banishing from their minds the possibility of having at a moment's notice to change to another. Perhaps the fact is that the unreasoning force of popular prejudice, and strong and bitter resentment of national recollection against Rome and James, had, after all, more power in determining that course than all the convictions of the great steersmen, and that the mob really cared more for Protestant ascendancy than the ministers. But everybody cared for beating the French, whatever was to be the issue: that was an evident and glorious good, let the conclusions be what they might; and in the mean time every kind of stirring business and pleasure was going on before the footlights, while the cannon roared in the middle distance, and, behind all, the leaders of the time watched and tested the completeness of the enemy's overthrow, the reasons that might occur for staying their hand, the silent change of the situation, procured in a moment, not by any great battle, but by a touch of Providence. Dr. Burton, though he has not fallen into the temptation of character-painting, has yet given due attention to the curious group which stands foremost on this crowded scene. On the whole he is very favorable to Marlborough. Fortunately the limited period which he treats includes the best portion only of the great soldier's life; and the historian allows that it is "a satisfaction not to be responsible for an investigation and final estimate of his conduct throughout the twelve previous years." We will not go beyond our sphere by attempting investigations from which Dr. Burton is glad to be re-

lieved. Marlborough's great love for his wife—who, remarkable woman as she undoubtedly was, must have been somewhat trying on occasions, but who never seems to have experienced any thing but the utmost devotion from her husband—invests with a curious domestic halo the least peaceable figure of an age in which domestic virtue was certainly little prominent. The great general, with his head full of strategy and warlike contrivances, and the lives of thousands in his hands, who, having parted with his wife while she was angry, receives her "dear letter" of reconciliation with almost abject gratitude, declaring that till he received it his life was of no value, and he did not care what became of him, is at once whimsical and touching in his tenderness. We may quote, however, Dr. Burton's estimate of Marlborough under circumstances more greatly important in the full course of his splendid career.

"Unlike most men of great firmness and self-reliance, Marlborough courted counsel and discussion. He could conduct it with absolute calmness and courtesy. On his own clear views of what was to be done it had no effect, but it gained him coadjutors; for he was, like Wolsey, fair-spoken and persuasive. His patience was inexhaustible. He was cautious, but his caution had its corrective in an unmatched promptitude of vision. He thus never committed a rash act, and he never missed an opportunity for striking an effective blow. His fertility in resources made him less amenable to disappointment when his favorite scheme was thwarted than men of smaller resources whose mind contains but one scheme at a time, and that being forbidden, are destitute of other resource, and helpless. To him, if one way were closed there was ever another opening. He felt secure in himself; be the conditions that were to be wrought with what they might, he would bring out of them results which no other man could effect.

"It would be difficult to name another man whose communications ranged through so many strata of social grade as his. They passed through the whole world of Europe, from the emperor, who was still by courtesy the chief of kings, through various grades of royalty into still more numerous grades of nobility, till they reached the riff-raff brought out of the dregs of the various nations by the recruiter or the crimp. Having had the arduous duty of thus addressing men far above himself in rank, and of addressing in remonstrance, in rebuke, sometimes in menace, he knew and practised the maxim that a strict observance of etiquette in communication with superiors is the way to save the inferior man's self-respect and true position from invasion by the higher power. . . . Marlborough's

dealing with the petty sovereignties owning these outlying contingents remains as a brilliant specimen of the firm and the conciliatory in the management of men. He is invariably courteous. Tendering advice or even objection is a favor. If he has to press hard, his tone is supplicatory rather than imperious, and there are no bounds to the merit and distinction he is prepared to concede to those who will give their invaluable co-operation to his next great project. . . . The most confidential of his communications" (Dr. Burton adds in another place) "were in the possession of his kinsman * in the English Treasury, who so faithfully supplied him with the equipments and material supplies for the great project. But even Godolphin knew not whither the army was ultimately to march; and, indeed, Marlborough himself did not know; but it was part of the flexible power that led him always to a victory, and never to a defeat, or even a failure, that he could change his purpose at a moment's warning when he examined the surrounding conditions. He was like the engineer among a vast apparatus of powerful machinery, who, by gently turning a handle in a disk, can change the direction in which his potent enginery works or even utterly reverse the whole process."

This fine and splendid figure does not, however, push out of sight, though it might well do so, the homely royal pair—the queen, whose individuality Dr. Burton takes a little pains to note when he can, in all its modest manifestations, and the royal consort, who was so profoundly unlike the idea which, in these days, we have been enabled to form of what a royal consort might be. It is Lord Stanhope, we think, who says, with unusual humor, that if there was a duller person in the country than her Majesty herself, it was her Majesty's husband. And Dr. Burton affords us a glimpse of this harmless personage, so utterly insignificant and unimportant in the story of his wife's reign, which relieves the seriousness of the dignified group that held the fate of the country in its hands. "The one thing for which Prince George is chiefly known to the world," our historian says, "is the occasion when his monotonous stupidity prompted the solitary jest that twinkles through the gloomy career and character of King James; and it came at the gloomiest moment of his days, when his family and kindred were one by one deserting him." We are in-

debted, however, to another writer for the comical-rueful picture of poor Est-il-possible," in which, out of the "monotonous stupidity" so well characterized, there breaks a dull reflection of the same kind of piteous humor. When the agitation against Occasional Conformity was at its height, Prince George, we are told, was sent to the House of Lords to vote for the bill abolishing it, which was strongly promoted by the High Church party. The dutiful husband did as he was told; but being himself only an Occasional Conformist, and keeping up his little Lutheran chapel for his own spiritual consolation, did it against the grain, and whispered to the leader of the Opposition, "My heart is vid you," as he went into the orthodox lobby. Poor royal Dane! happy for him that he was not born to set right those times which were out of joint. "It is difficult to understand," Dr. Burton says, "how one not incapacitated by mental disease could have kept so entirely out of the notice of the world." Nothing can be more likely than that it was the entire want of support and backing-up from her husband which made Anne herself so dependent on her friends; and whatever we may think of the sentimentalities of their correspondence, there is something very touching in the forlorn queen's constant appeal to the sympathy and sustaining force of her high-spirited favorite—that imperious duchess, whom even Dr. Burton, like everybody else, treats with jocular familiarity as Sarah. Here is a specimen of the curious qualities inherent in names. If my Lady Marlborough's name had been Mary, would any of her numerous historians have ventured on such a familiar use of it? We think not.

The queen is fat, and not very dignified; but she is always simple and kind, at least until the jar comes. When the poor little Duke of Gloucester died, and Anne became childless, there is something in her adoption of the title "unfortunate" in her simple letters which goes to the reader's heart. A mother of many children, but childless, the wife of a harmless drone, separated from all her natural kindred, what was the simple soul to do but to surround herself with that little band of friends? When Marlborough's only son died, she entreated to be allowed to go to them, protesting that

* We are somewhat at a loss to know why Dr. Burton should insist that Marlborough and Godolphin were kinsmen. The son of one married the daughter of the other; but this is merely family connection, not relationship.

only those who knew the same grief could comfort each other. In this, as in the heart of many a humble sufferer, lay the tragedy of her life. Otherwise there is nothing disagreeable in the little affectation of homely names which she adopted after the fashion of her time. She called the splendid pair who hold in history a position so much more brilliant than her own, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman; and Dutch William, her brother-in-law, was Mr. Caliban—a name in which a little faint fun combines with the domestic spitefulness which prevails in almost every coterie. "Poor unfortunate Morley" is not so clever as any of those fine people; but the roundabout, plump, motherly Majesty, who suggests the duchess's housekeeper rather than her sovereign, was by no means without color or character. Mrs. Freeman cares no more for the Church than for any thing else that stands in her path; but the queen makes an unwavering stand for it, and takes her own way, with a mild determination which shows that there is nothing abject in her dependence on her friend. Dr. Burton's apology for Anne and explanation of her position is well worthy the reader's attention, and treats the subject with a justice rarely awarded to her.

"The growth of her friendships is touching in itself, as an effort to find something in the world dearer than greatness and power, and to enjoy a little of that simple life—so hard to be reached from the steps of the throne—where friends can confide their thoughts and aspirations to each other without their being trumpet-tongued by the unscrupulous favorites that haunt the steps of royalty. And if it was a weakness, it was grandly exercised—it gained for the recasting of Europe that one whose name is yet the greatest among warriors—if we count in our estimate only those whose science and achievements we know with sufficient distinctness for comparison. It secured the greatest financial minister that ever ruled Britain."

And when the quarrel ensued which has pointed a foolish moral ever since about female squabbles and friendships, and Mrs. Masham (once more a woman unfortunate in her name—for who can refrain from making a jest about Abigail?) succeeded the duchess, the statesmen that waiting-woman brought in her train were respectable specimens of persons introduced by the back-stairs. Had Queen Anne been surrounded by all the wisest sages in her empire, it is to be

doubted whether she could have done much better than Marlborough and Godolphin, Harley and St. John; who, indeed, were anything but immaculate, but yet as unlike the pretty gentlemen of a chambermaid's favor as it is possible to conceive. So much should be said in favor of Queen Anne and her women. One or two things in her life show a fine liberality. Almost her first royal act was to give up a portion of her revenue—the "tenths and first-fruits," originally intended as a Papal tribute, but transferred to the Crown at the Reformation—as a benefaction to the poor clergy, from whose livings it had been originally subtracted. Bishop Burnet claims the merit of this act, but it was one to which all his rhetoric could not move King William. Dr. Burton seems doubtful whether this gift has really benefited the Church; but we believe there are many recipients of "Queen Anne's Bounty" who could satisfy him to the contrary. In any case, whether spoiled by maladministration or not, this royal giving up to the poor parish priest of the contribution originally intended for his own ecclesiastical superior, then swept into the revenues of the Crown, was a seemly and gracious act. At a later period, when the country was drained by the expenses of the great war, the queen gave a very large contribution from her civil list for the public necessities.

This great war, which Marlborough's genius turned into one succession of victories, filled the greater part of the reign of Anne with the excitement and high tension of a conflict in which the national *prestige* was to all, and the national safety, in the opinion of many, deeply involved. Its nominal object, which was to prevent the elevation to the throne of Spain of Philip of Anjou, the second son of Louis XIV., putting in his place the Archduke Charles, son of the emperor, was frustrated with that strangest and most solemn irony of fate which so often turns man's greatest efforts into confusion. According to the arbitration of war, all pronounced itself on the side of Charles, until, in a moment, death cleared the way for him to the imperial throne, making his accession to that of Spain as impossible as had been at first the candidature of the French prince whom Europe feared to see unite the

crowns of France and Spain upon one head. Philip of Anjou, accordingly, at the end of all the prodigious efforts made to prevent it, ascended peaceably the Spanish throne; but not the less was the real object of the war attained. The power of Louis was shaken to pieces. Only here and there a sagacious and far-seeing observer had yet divined that the power and splendor of France rested on a foundation of volcanic misery which, sooner or later, must come to a terrible explosion. And at the moment when Louis XIV.—moved, one cannot tell by what charitable temptation, what softening of the heart toward his unfortunate kinsman on his deathbed—appeared like a god by the bedside of the exiled and dying King James, and solemnly promised to recognize his son as King of Great Britain after him, nothing could be more magnificent than the position of France in Europe. Louis was *le Grand Monarque*, and his country *la grande nation*, beyond all rivalry or comparison. Successful in war, full of conquests, covered with glory, there seemed nothing that this triumphant country could not accomplish; and when Spain became the inheritance of a Bourbon, and the rich cities and strongholds of the Low Countries were occupied by French soldiers, no wonder that the wealthy Dutchmen, whose riches had tempted so many conquerors, should take fright. No less fright took England when the fine dramatic *tableau* of the godlike monarch appeared in that darkened room at St. Germain, carrying transport to the bosoms of the poor little mock Court and all the busy conspirators. The great Louis was never concerned in a more fatal pageant. He had the first armies, the most scientific generals, in the world—and the science of arms had just taken a great leap, and so equipped itself with rules and systems that its results could almost be determined beforehand, so clearly settled and ascertained was the order of its operations. But Marlborough was one of those for whom rules are not made. He used science when it suited him, and laughed at it in those cases where the inspiration of genius knew better. When he ought to have been working his way from step to step along the beaten path, he made a sudden blow at the heart, such as discomfited all the array against him,

and shook the opposite forces for the moment into pieces.

Dr. Burton is very interesting and lucid in his description of the critical and momentous battle of Blenheim. It was far away from the border towns which the allied armies had been taken one by one, and with which the French had hoped they would continue to amuse themselves until France had swept across the unprepared Continent, and won a kind of empire of the world by mastering Vienna. But Marlborough could march more rapidly, and keep his own counsel better than the rest of the generals against him. The reader will not look for those details here which Dr. Burton supplies so ably, but we may indicate the manner in which he treats them by the following account of the last act in that fierce and brief drama of battle. When the victory was gained there was found to be a detachment of twelve thousand men shut up in the village of Blenheim, so crowded together that action was almost impossible to them, their commander lost, and the entire forces of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, flushed with victory, in front of them.

"They showed vigor and courage, but to no possible end. They attempted to make sorties, after the manner of invested garrisons; but there were essential differences that baffled such attempts at the outset. The fortress has outworks, within the protection of which sallying-parties can form so as to fall on the besiegers in battle array; and when it is necessary they can again come within the shelter of the outworks. But the unfortunates in Blenheim could only run out in the vain hope of forming themselves in rank outside, and with the certainty of being immediately slain. It was a period of awful suspense to the assailants as well as the assailed, for the solemn question arose, Was the victor, according to the hard law of a soldier's duty, to do the worst he could against the enemy if that enemy continued obstinate? The whole of Marlborough's army surrounded the village, with not only the cannon originally in its possession, but those taken from the enemy. The troops in the village were so closely packed that we hear of the small area of the churchyard affording relief to the pressure. Must the victor then pound the village in a cannonade, and crush the twelve thousand under its shattered houses?

"This gloomy juncture is enlivened by an incident exemplifying the indomitable elasticity of the spirit of the Frenchman, and his instinct for the enjoyment of the mocking spirit of his intellect under the most tragic conditions. Two figures were seen to approach the doomed crowd. One was a French officer, the other in

his uniform proclaimed himself an officer of rank in the British army. Was this latter a prisoner brought to them by one of themselves? Were they then able, at the conclusion of that disastrous day, to say they had made prisoner a British officer? Such was the tenor of the grim merriment in which the two were received. The British officer was Lord Orkney, accompanied by one of the French prisoners, to represent to his fellow-soldiers the hopelessness of their position, and to beseech them to surrender. It was a bitter alternative. The true soldier, in the choice of his profession, has thrown his life as a stake that may be taken up at any time. He cannot accept the alternative of saving it by any thing that has the faintest tinge of grudging it. Yet there may be occasions where one who has responsibility for many other lives as well as his own may seek and find the more honorable alternative in the act that must preserve all; and such surely was the condition of those who consented to the surrender of the village of Blenheim. There is little doubt that the surrender was a mighty relief to Marlborough, looking to the horrible work that had to be done if the imprisoned mob continued defiant."

We are not quite sure that it is generous on the part of the historian to characterize this outburst of the wild gayety of despair as a proof of the "mocking spirit" of the French intellect. Other men besides Frenchmen have given vent to that laugh of desperation in the face of death: indeed, supreme excitement as often takes that form of expression as any other. But the incident in any case is very striking. We need not dwell, however, on the record of victories which moved England to impassioned interest, and intoxicated her with national pride. There is nothing finer in the book than the manner in which Dr. Burton sets the great soldier before us—in the very spirit of Addison's fine lines, which he quotes more than once—like the great Angel of the Storm, "who drives the furious blast," while himself "serene and calm" as the summer skies.

"And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

While these thunders of war were bellying abroad, changes of still more vital importance were taking the place at home. We need not pause upon the Sacheverell Commotions, to which Dr. Burton gives two instructive chapters, testifying to elaborate research—though there is a great deal of the paradoxical interest which is characteristic of the time

in the prosecution of the popular preacher for his enunciation of those doctrines of divine right which were as obnoxious to the whole large scope of English statesmanship as Louis XIV. himself and his predominance in Europe, though sympathized in both by the queen and the mob, the two extremes of society—but will proceed at once to Dr. Burton's great central interest, the history of the Union, upon which he has put forth his full strength. It would be difficult to say too much of the thorough and exhaustive record which our historian has given us of all the principles involved. It is no mere chronicle of the squabbles of commissioners on one hand or the other, abortive meetings, lukewarmness on the English side, and angry petulance on the side of the Scots, as it might easily have been; but a clear and lucid account of all the hidden forces involved, such as requires the eye of a philosopher as well as a historian. When Queen Anne came to the throne, though her authority extended over a really unanimous people on both sides of the Tweed, wishing nothing better than such a legitimate compromise as was found in her natural rights, between the law of hereditary succession and the new institution of elective sovereignty, the two halves of the kingdom were yet two, separated by some real and important discordances of feeling, and by many bickerings and mutual offences, such as are too common among neighbors, and not unknown even in the closest circle of family life. A quarrel full of mutual aggravations and recriminations, nay, of absolute hostilities now and then, had been going on between them for years; and it had not yet become quite apparent, even to the wisest statesmen on either side, that—whatever might be the cost—these two must be made one or else break adrift altogether, an alternative forbidden at once by nature and by every true principle of policy. Throughout this quarrel Scotland had, we think (if it be not national partiality that affects our judgment) a stronger position and more reason in her resistance than England in her exactions. The cruel satisfaction with which—after refusing to the Scots any share in her commercial ventures, at a moment when the world was crazy on that subject—the richer and more powerful na-

tion had looked on, nay, worse than looked on, at the ruin of Darien, had roused a furious sense of wrong in the Scottish bosom. Dr. Burton treats this burning question, still capable of rousing the wrath even of spectators so distant as ourselves, with great impartiality and calm; but he points out very clearly the determination of the Englishman to let nobody interfere with his trade—an impassioned yet sullen determination to which he clung in the face of every law and national motive more elevated than his profit and prejudice. Foreign intervention had been checked by the first Navigation Act, passed under the Protectorate, and aiming at the diminution of the Dutch trade, which threatened to deprive England of the mastery of the seas, in which she took so much pride. And Scotland had been included within the protected circle upon the same terms as the rest of Great Britain, and only foreign Powers were shut out. But though the union of the two Crowns was a sort of general union of the two realms, there was really no feeling even of friendship between Scotch and English. The Scots, in spite of their subjection to the same sovereign, were practically looked upon as foreigners, and the second Navigation Act placed them upon the same footing in law as the subjects of other Powers. From the passing of this Act we have a continuous struggle, the Scots trying every means to induce, or even force, the English to yield them the much-coveted freedom of trade; while on the other side we find a stubborn resistance kept up until the two kingdoms seemed actually on the verge of war.

Monopoly was the great idea of the time in commercial matters; in fact, few if any other considerations seem to have commended themselves to even the most sagacious of the statesmen of the day. Throughout the varied phases of the relations between England, Scotland, and Ireland, the ruling theory in the English mind is always the same, that the best if not the only way to make one state rich is to make and keep its neighbors poor. The relations of England with the two other kingdoms which now form with her the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland were no doubt very different. The difference is declared clearly enough from the English point of view in

the answer returned by the English Commissioners in 1678 to the Scotch demand to be included in the privileges allowed to Ireland and Wales. This answer declares that Ireland is not only under one king with England, as Scotland, but belongs to and is an appendix of the Crown of England; that laws made by the English Parliament are binding in Ireland, while those of the Irish Parliament require confirmation by the English Privy Council; finally, that the high officers of the Crown have authority and jurisdiction in Ireland, "all which," it adds, "is quite otherwise in relation to Scotland." This difference is clearly shown subsequently in the manner in which the theory of monopoly affected the measures taken by England toward Scotland and Ireland respectively.

The branch of trade which was in Anne's reign exciting most attention in England was the woollen manufactory. Here the three kingdoms came into contact: the plains of England were not the only places in the island upon which sheep could be reared; large flocks might be and were kept on the rougher and more broken country in Scotland and Ireland, and wool was one of the most important productions of both these kingdoms. This, of course, in pursuance of the prevailing theory, had to be put down at once; but the method of proceeding adopted was not the same in the two cases. Scotland, as has been already pointed out, was in all but name an independent state. Its legislation could, indeed, to a certain extent, be stopped by the refusal of the royal assent to the measures passed by the Estates; but even this was any thing but a reliable power, and had to be used with the greatest caution; while in no way could the Houses of the English Parliament legislate for the internal affairs of Scotland as they could for Ireland. The difference between the relations was, in short, practically the same as that between relations with a foreign Power and those with a colony. They could and did prohibit the importation into England of Scotch wool, thus considerably injuring and discouraging the chief industry of the rival kingdom, and breaking off entirely negotiations for a union of Scotland and England, which at the time presented fair hopes of ultimate success;

but with regard to the Irish competition they could do better still, and their proceedings in this direction were a most brilliant and instructive application of the ruling idea. Not only could the Irish trade to a great extent be crushed, but it might be made to help the English woollen manufactory. To this end all exportation to any foreign country—*i.e.*, to anywhere but England—of Irish wool in any shape whatever was forbidden under heavy penalties; while for its safe conveyance to English ports a large staff of officers was established on either side of the Channel, who actually watched the wool from its being shorn to its delivery in a stated port. Indeed it would be almost laughable, had it not been the cause of so much distress, to trace the extent to which the great theory of monopoly was followed out in dealing with the unhappy Irish. In compensation to a certain extent for the suppression of the wool trade, the Government determined to plant another industry in Ireland, and the linen trade was chosen. Arbitrary though the alternative was, the newly-introduced manufacture grew and flourished to a remarkable extent. The way in which its great success was welcomed in England is, however, a curiosity in history. Finding that it had got into the hands of a Scotch colony in the north, and was therefore not reaching the classes specially intended, it was proposed to remove the manufactory farther toward the south of Ireland, so as to spread the industry over the whole country; but in discussing the question of a new grant for this, the commercial magnates are prevented from action by the fear that "if Ireland should fall into the making of fine linen it would affect the trade of England." Such was the fear expressed by the Commissioners of the Board of Trade, and the mass of English merchants were of opinion that no further encouragement ought to be given to the Irish linen trade. It is difficult to imagine the real existence of so much ignorance and blindness as are here displayed. England had deprived Ireland of one trade in obedience to the mistaken principles of the age; she had implanted another to remedy the distress which she had caused, and at the moment when this substituted industry appeared to be on the point of accomplishing the object for

which it was professedly instituted, the help and encouragement necessary to it were withheld. And the reason of this great stroke of policy was that the new trade was tending to make Ireland rich and prosperous, to enable it to be a useful and self-supporting part of the kingdom, instead of a state ever oppressed with poverty and distress, and in need of assistance and relief from England!

Commercial tyranny of this kind was, however, safer as well as easier in the case of Ireland than in that of Scotland. The Irish might indeed be driven by distress to acts of lawlessness and violence, but the kingdom was in the power of the English Crown absolutely, and could originate no really formidable reprisals. But the refusal of the Scotch demand was a matter of much greater importance. The Scots Estates were greatly exasperated by the determined refusal of their claims, and as union seemed impossible, the next best thing appeared to them to be a more thorough and complete separation. This feeling culminated in the famous Act of Security, by which it was enacted that in case of the queen's dying without issue the Parliament of Scotland should choose from the royal Protestant line a successor to the throne of Scotland, with the limitation that the person chosen should on no account be the appointed successor to the English throne, unless during the interval the two kingdoms should have come to satisfactory terms for the protection of the freedom, religion, and commerce of Scotland. The violent nature of this Act clearly testifies to the depth of feeling excited in Scotland by the selfishly exclusive position taken up by the English Government on the question of trade. Hitherto the two kingdoms, though practically independent in government, and widely separated in feelings, had been nominally united by the fact that they were both subject to one sovereign. But even this tie was now threatened. The Scots Parliament went to the utmost length that angry opposition could go. Not only did they leave themselves free to choose a different monarch, but bound themselves to do so. Thus all possibility of even a chance union was removed by the Act of Security, unless or until the Scotch claims should be fully granted. So great, in fact, was the feeling against

England that an Act was also passed by the Scots Estates to encourage the importation into Scotland of French wines, etc., notwithstanding the fact that England and France were at war at the time.

Other events, of less importance in themselves, were tending at the same time to widen the breach between the two kingdoms. The Scots do not appear to have been fully alive to the surpassing merits and paramount importance of the system of monopoly, and they had made another claim besides that of free trade, which the English could not consistently allow. In an unlucky moment, fired with the speculative spirit of the times, the Scotch had established the well-known and ill-fated Darien Company to trade with Africa and the Indies. One of the stipulations made on their side during the negotiations for the Union was that this Company, reduced though it was by this time to the verge of ruin, should be continued, with the alternative, which was eventually adopted, of the purchase of the shares by England. Here, however, the old question came in again; there already existed in England the East India Company, which claimed the monopoly of the Indian trade, and no English commission could think of giving it a rival. This special point of the controversy introduces a whimsical incident into the tale. The Indian Company took the matter into its own hands, and chancing to find in the Thames a vessel belonging to this presumptuous rival, gave the Scotch a hint of the power of their monopoly by seizing the vessel and its contents; nor could any Scotch claims obtain redress. Like the East India Company, the promoters of the Darien Scheme determined to act for themselves, and soon got an opportunity for reprisals, when one morning an English vessel was found to have been driven into the Forth for shelter. It was suggested, and of course instantly believed, that here was a ship belonging to the great East India Company, and the Edinburgh folk flocked to see it, no objections being made by the crew. Among others, one day three boatloads of curious visitors came out, all of course perfect strangers to each other, and were received with great cordiality by the officers of the Worcester, who little suspected that among them was no less a person than

Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, secretary to the Darien Company, and burning for vengeance. His plans were well laid; and the boats which brought off his party, divided so as to attract less attention, contained good store of wine and spirits, a cargo which made his welcome certain. What Dr. Burton describes as "a thoroughly jovial revel" then took place; and when the party broke up, and Mr. Mackenzie was saying good-by to the Worcester officers at the door of their cabin, he seized a moment when all his party were outside and all the officers inside the room, shut the door suddenly, and so had the officers as in a trap.

The men, deprived of their leaders, were easily mastered, and the ship remained in the possession of the adventurous secretary and his friends. Here the story takes a tragical turn: it was soon discovered that the Worcester did not belong to the East India Company, as had been at first supposed; no one appeared to have any claim upon her except her crew, and the goods in her hold were not stowed away regularly, as for trade, but rather heaped up indiscriminately, in a way that excited suspicions of a less legal method of acquisition. These suspicions, strengthened by conversations overheard between the men, and by the startling news that one of the ships of the Darien Company had been captured and destroyed by pirates, soon ripened into certainties in the minds of the people; and Green, the captain, with thirteen others, were arrested, tried, and condemned for murder and piracy. The judgment was rash, for after-inquiries proved that the unfortunate vessel lost could not have been destroyed by the Worcester. Yet the sentence was so far justifiable that the men were proved, two of them by their own confession, to be pirates and murderers, guilty in other cases, if not in this; and on the ground that a pirate is an enemy of the human race, his execution is always legal, given proof of the offence. Still they might all perhaps have escaped had it not been made to a certain extent a national question. The seizing of the Worcester was in itself an act which England might well resent; and English influence was exerted to the utmost to prevent the decreed executions. But the feelings of the Scotch people were too strongly excited to be

calmed without a sacrifice ; and accordingly, in direct opposition to the wishes of the English Government, Green and two of the crew were executed. Dr. Burton does not attempt to justify this act, blaming for it most justly the looseness of the Scotch criminal procedure ; but at the same time he observes, with equal truth and force, that, had almost any of the Continental Powers captured Green in the pursuit of his calling, it would have been a case of torture to begin with, and, for all who escaped hanging, the galleys for life.

Another case in which matters at one time threatened to become serious was what is known as the "Scotch Plot," an attempt on the part of the well-known and unprincipled Simon Fraser of Lovat to gain prominence for himself, and vengeance upon some personal enemies, by a Jacobite rising in the Highlands, assisted by aid from France. The plot came to nothing, as any scheme based upon the raising of 10,000 men in the Highlands was sure to do, but it created great excitement in London, and did not tend to increase the confidence felt in the friendly dispositions of Scotland.

Meanwhile, while the two kingdoms were drifting farther asunder every day, the English Parliament had produced its answer to the Scotch Act of Security. All must, by this time, have been alive to the fact that they had before them the alternative of either allowing the Scots to compete with them in trade, or entering upon a war which, though it could hardly be formidable, must of necessity be fraught with disastrous consequences to their trade for a time. And their answer to the valiant defiance of the Scots was a wise and well-considered measure. It provided for the fortification of strong places in the North, and other warlike preparations, and further signified the readiness of the English to accept the separation of the realms, should it be forced on them, by declaring that, from a given time, every native of Scotland should be considered an alien, and debarred from the privileges of a natural-born English subject ; while, at the same time, it offered hopes of settlement by giving the Queen power to appoint commissioners for a treaty of union. The great merit of this answer lies in the manner in which, by showing equal readi-

ness to accept either alternative, they cast back upon Scotland the responsibility of either holding to their ill-advised threats, which it is hard to believe can ever have been uttered except merely as threats, or, by consenting to treat for a union, making the trial whether these threats had produced their desired effect. The Estates adopted the latter course, and a Commission was appointed ; but hardly had they begun their meetings before it was made evident that England had determined to yield her point, and surrender to the bold front shown by the Scotch. How such a defiance as that of the Act of Security can have frightened England into so great concessions can only be explained on the supposition that the English statesmen who managed the affair were really more prudent and far-sighted men than their commercial theories would lead us to believe. Dr. Burton evidently thinks they were : he remarks of the Act of Security :

"It might be conjectured, from the action of England at this juncture, that the sage Godolphin did not regret the formidable measures of Scotland, in some hope that the dread of war might frighten the great trading interests of England into compliance with the free-trade demands of Scotland."

The "sage Godolphin" must undoubtedly have been too sage to feel this dread of war himself, but the great trading interests must as undoubtedly have done so as, from the first meeting of this Commission, the behavior of England to Scotland is marked with the greatest courtesy and compliance. The question of trade is given up without a murmur ; the terms of union are sent up to Scotland to be debated clause by clause in the Scots Estates before they are laid before the English Parliament ; and, finally, when sent back from Scotland revised and remodelled, they are passed through the House of Commons without any discussion of detail. In March, 1707, England and Scotland thus became one.

There were, of course, many differences between the forms and customs of the two kingdoms thus suddenly amalgamated. A doubt must have remained as to whether the proud and sensitive Scots would be willing to take their place in a Parliament regulated entirely by the traditions of the race so long in opposition. On this point, however, Scotland

showed no deficiency of good sense, and returned the courtesy displayed in the matter by the other side, by a prompt and unresisting submission to the English forms of procedure. The Scottish Historiographer-Royal takes this opportunity of paying a noble tribute to the English Parliamentary forms :

"They stand not only unmatched but unapproached in efficiency, by any other public institution not copied from them, as a mechanism for collecting the predominating judgment of a popular assembly on any piece of business, whether of the simplest or the most complex character. . . . This noble organization may be counted as the collective trophies gained in the long contest between prerogative and privilege ; and those who had the keeping of so precious a charge would not and dared not sacrifice a morsel of it."

Thus ended, to the peace and consolation of all concerned, a most irritating and difficult negotiation. The Union at first was bitterly unpopular in the north ; but Dr. Burton, whose view throughout is more statesman-like and philosophical than local, gives little space or importance to the hostility. Many circumstances of disturbance have occurred since ; and perhaps there might have been, had the country been keen to take offence, a sufficient tale of neglects and slights to touch the pride of a people so tenacious. But Scotland has always taken the wiser and more dignified part. She has never shown any wish to be pitied, and has pursued her own way without sulking like a touchy dependent at every demonstration of English self-superiority. Any such suggestion as that which has so long kept Ireland aflame, for repeal of the bond which unites the two nations, would be received in Scotland with inextinguishable laughter. The two are, indeed, no longer two, notwithstanding a goodly remnant of prejudices and ignorance on both sides, but to all intents and purposes one people.

The only chapter in Dr. Burton's book which seems to us disappointing is the one which it was to be expected that an experienced writer of his large cultivation and taste would have written with most zest—the chapter on literature. Perhaps the sense that the natural temptation would be to give this chapter special prominence may have had something to do with the restriction of its limits. It

is a subject which could not fail to fill the mind with a hundred images. The "Augustan Age"—the time of polished prose and more polished verse—a kind of revival of letters and reawakening of all the Muses—it is an odd piece of neglect to crowd all the superabundant wit of such a period into a corner, and give us a series of detached and by no means exhaustive notices instead of that brilliant story of a climax in literary art which we might have expected. For the age of Anne was not only rich, but also characteristic in the highest degree—no repetition of what had gone before, but a new and striking development of intelligence, owning new influences and a changed standard of excellence. Whether we do or do not give in our personal adhesion to the "Popish" reign of polished correctness, we are unable to deny its power ; and when we reflect that Dr. Burton dedicates very nearly an entire chapter to the refugee Rapin and his history, we are more and more astonished at the limited space he allots to and the hurried survey he gives of the abounding literature of the time. He begins the record with a kind of apology. "The writings of Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Steele, with a large portion of the multitudinous works, small and great, contributed by Defoe, are among the living literature of the present age, and it would be a discourtesy to suppose that any reader required to be informed about them." This is, no doubt, a most graceful way of eluding us, and it is hard to be severe upon an author who thus compliments our supposed intelligence with so courtly a bow and an air of so much polite deference. But, as a matter of fact, it would be an equal discourtesy to suppose that any reader was unacquainted with Marlborough, whom, nevertheless, the historian sets before us in detail. And of all the striking aspects of the age of Anne, its literary development is perhaps the one which has most charm and interest. Records of wars, though exciting beyond measure when accompanied by the keen zest of contemporary interest, are not, as a rule, very attractive reading. We pounce upon every little human incident in the chronicle of strategy or carnage, and care much less how the battle of Blenheim was won than about that tragic pause

after it which Dr. Burton has so well described. And it requires a great deal of character and human interest in the combinations of great politicians to carry the ordinary reader through all the cabals and intrigues, the councils and debates of Parliamentary history; but the Republic of Letters has the gift of being always, or almost always, amusing. Perhaps the actors in that drama are not so much above the ordinary level of interest as are those who guide the affairs of the nation; their vicissitudes, their disappointments and successes are personal, the sweetness of their fame is such as we can all appreciate, and in most cases involves much amusing revelation of themselves. They are the only class who stand, as it were, in the foreground of their works, and hand to us with human smiles their contribution, which is so much greater than that of any other class, to the elucidation of humanity. And there never was a time in which we were taken more completely into the confidence of our instructors than in the days of Queen Anne. They were not the most admirable, nor even the most blameless, of mankind; but they have nothing to hide from us, those wits of the coffee-houses, those fine moralists with their ruffles dabbled in ink and wine, those coarse thinkers and exquisite writers. Perhaps it is the "Spectator" more than any thing else which has given us the sensation of actually walking about among them, seeing them hob and nob over their claret, hearing of their misfortunes and successes—a great man's ear gained, a dedication accepted, a place secured, which shall leave them free to rhyme; or else, more interesting still, an audience refused, and a careless patron set up forever in his folly and petty greatness to the admiration and ridicule of the world. And no doubt the accessibility of this wonderful literary panorama makes Dr. Burton less careful to give his own account of it. But we cannot help regretting this. "An acquaintance with the 'Spectator'" has, we suspect, very much ceased to be "a quality in the possession of all young persons whose education was not neglected." It has dropped, like so many more edifying things, from the list of books which it is indispensable for a gentleman to know. That list, we rather think, has narrowed

greatly, so far as English literature is concerned, in recent days; and certainly it does not include the "Spectator." And though the furniture of Queen Anne's time has come into request, we are not aware that the contemporary literature has followed a similar rule.

What our historian really does, however, in this department is to give us a few sketches of the great writers of the time, in which he is naturally hampered by the fact that all those great writers flourished beyond this limited period, and that the reign of Queen Anne embraced but a portion of their lives. Swift is the one of this distinguished company whose strange and gloomy figure is set most distinctly before us. He is not a favorite with the historian, nor are the extracts he makes from the letters to Stella of a kind to raise the great Dean in the opinion of a reader unacquainted with him; but Dr. Burton is surely somewhat oversevere in his treatment of so remarkable a personage. All the license he grants to Swift's works is that "although they are of a nature not to be palpably discussed in an age of decorum like the present, it is scarcely just that, flagrant as he chose to make them, they should be absolutely forgotten." Rabelais is more gross than Swift, yet Rabelais is quoted and gloated over by innumerable authorities, and holds the highest place as a classic, which, indeed, is also Swift's case. It was not a clean age, and much that is indispensable to our present ideas was not so much as thought of; but yet we doubt whether, in the existing condition of literature, we have any right to throw so murderous a stone. Swift's character and his works, however, are matters much too complex to be discussed in such contracted limits, and Dr. Burton treats them more as a man might do who was counselling a youth not to have any thing to do with literature of this description, than as an impartial critic reviewing a great national writer. Our sympathies are so entirely with Dr. Burton that we are the more bound to protest against a method which does not do justice either to the author or reader.

Addison and Steele are named, and no more, in the record, though Addison is the *fine fleur* of literature in Queen Anne's age, the most exquisite of work-

men, and, notwithstanding Pope's tremendous invective, as irreproachable, perhaps, as his generation permitted. We cannot help being reminded of the fact that our historian has his hobbies like other men, and that we had met with him in the quaint researches of the "Book-Hunter" before we knew him in the wider field of history, when we light, at intervals through these pages, and notably in the literary chapter, upon an unknown worthy, who might be Dr. Burton's own invention, so new is he to our ears at least. Tom Brown—not our learned Sir Thomas, of meditative memory, but an altogether individual person, unknown, Dr. Burton allows, even to ordinary English biographical dictionaries—is the new brother whom we find introduced, without much preface, head and shoulders, into the limited list of authors here noticed. As he is Dr. Burton's discovery, it is well that he should have all the credit of him.

"There was another Thomas Brown busily writing and printing throughout our period—a genial being, who generally comes to the surface in the gossip of the day as 'Tom Brown.' When the two are estimated with each other, the one might be likened to a solemn organ, the other to a flute, keen and melodious. Sir Thomas avowedly dealt with learned matters, but Tom appears to have been the greater scholar of the two. He was saturated with classicities, both Latin and Greek. He lets his reader see, with quaint innocent-like hints, that he seems some of the horrors hidden in classical literature. But he does not dwell on them as one like-minded—he rather lets it be seen that he sees it all and could enlarge on it if his taste induced or permitted him so to indulge. He has much to say about indecorums and immoralities, but he cannot be called an indecorous or immoral writer; and indeed he is apt to create surprise by the success that attends him in making the objects of his lash distinct, in language so inoffensive as he uses. He is a monument of purity if we set him beside the very reverend scorner who is believed by so many to give lustre to the literature of the age."

Among the considerable extracts which Dr. Burton gives from the works of this new-old master there is one passage quoted, in a note in the first volume, from this writer, which is very original at least, and, if it is to be relied upon, gives a new view of the position of the Dissenters and the Church in this age of transitions. Notwithstanding the various revelations on this subject which have all gone to convince the reader that a

parson in Queen Anne's time was in every respect a very different man and holding a very different rank from that of the humblest curate nowadays, it is startling to be told of "the attractions of the Nonconforming interests in the eyes of a worldly-minded scholar selecting his lot as a pastor." Tom Brown is more graphic in this contrast than in the other commentaries upon the age which are quoted from him. He describes the disadvantages of the "poor painful priest" with some humor, showing how he finds in his new parish "an old rotten house ready to fall," tithes to be paid to the king, hospitality to be kept up—"none of my parishioners to go from me with dry lips;" and that in the patron's house "it is two to one that there is an abigail who must be married;" whereas on the other side the attractions are represented as follows:

"Suppose me then in a congregation as their pastor, teacher, holder-forth—call it what you please. You must know that they will be a select number of people (not like your churches, a herd made up of a few sheep and a multitude of goats), most of them of the sweet female sex (whose kindness toward their spiritual pastors or teachers is never less than their zeal for what they teach them), scattered up and down here and there in several of your parishes. And for the better edification of these precious souls, it will be in my power to choose the place of my residence or abode; and if I do not choose a convenient place 'tis my own fault. Instead of an old rotten parsonage or vicarage house, I promise myself forty, fifty, or threescore good houses, where I shall be entertained with such fulness of delight, yea, and empire too (not like your pitiful curates or chaplains that must sneak to the groom or butler), that even the gentlemen that pretend to make gods of their landlords will be apt to envy me; and if I resolve to enter into the matrimonial state, I shall be strangely unfortunate if, instead of an abigail, I meet not with some opulent widow or some tender-hearted virgin of no ordinary fortune." "No obligation to hospitality will lie upon me, and I shall be troubled with few visitors but such as will bring their entertainment with them, if they send it not before them: I shall not be liable to pay one penny out of my income to bishops or chancellors, to church or poor—no, nor to the king and queen. And what happiness, think you, will this be, to live under a Government and enjoy so much good under its protection, and not part with one farthing toward the support of it."

If this is not very brilliant satire, it is still legitimate enough, and has some revelation in it of one or two characteristics of the time, which is the grand condition

of satire—the chief thing that gives it any attraction for posterity.

Defoe, Dr. Burton discusses chiefly in respect to his political writings, which, if the principle is a sound one, that these are "not to be found, like those of Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot, in every gentleman's library," and, therefore, have more need to be produced as new to the reader, is right enough. But Defoe's greatness lies so entirely in the marvellous realism of his imagination, if we may use so paradoxical an expression, and his character in a political point of view is so little attractive, that we could have wished a different choice. It is no doubt true, as is well said by the last biographer of this strange genius, that his life was essentially that of a journalist and political writer, and that his fictions were but incidents in his career. But at this distance these are the incidents which tell. And the peculiarity of Defoe's imaginative works is, we think, especially characteristic of the time, which was not an age for abstractions or elevated fancy, but one which loved detail and that fiction with the air of fact in it of which Defoe was the supreme master. The imagination of Addison was of a loftier kind. It conceived an ideal character, while Defoe only created an imaginary man; but yet there is that resemblance between them which runs even through the portraits of a period—a resemblance which, no doubt, has something to do with costume, yet is more than costume. Sir Roger de Coverley is such a noble gentleman as Defoe has no conception of. Yet he is set before us with all the tender skill of a miniature painter—line upon line, tint upon tint—his peruke, his ruffles, his old hall and servants, idealized only so far as the genius that created him was of a spiritual kind, and had called forth out of the unknown a noble and tender human being, superior to all his surroundings, before proceeding to set him bodily before us, among the fresh fields and old-world habits in which he lived. The details here are in just subjection to the beautiful ideal of humanity which makes the whole world more bright, but yet the details are there, and though illuminated by a more lovely light of fancy, all is real in the soft landscape, every turn of the road and undulation of the soil painted

for us, and even the very manners of the chairmen and shouts of the linkboys in Covent Garden, when our fine old gentleman comes to town. A painter could make a picture from nothing but these descriptions—not perhaps so deadly exact as Hogarth, but full of visionary resemblance, and perhaps more true though less real. This is the literary tendency of the age. Memoirs, letters which are autobiographies, reported interviews, in which every word of every dialogue remains, and you know how many lackeys the suitor passed in the great man's antechambers, and how many horses he had to his coach, if not how many ruts and ditches on the way. Of this tendency Defoe was the typical example. He was the climax to which the art pushed itself through all its softer and broader processes. With Addison it was conjoined with the purest poetical inspiration; and Sterne, a little later, mingled it artfully with many other ingredients, the evil part of which should not make us forget that by times he also rose to a high and beautiful level of ideal conception. But Defoe, with his brilliant intellect and prosaic character, carried it to the most absolute development which art ever had. We do not know very much about the kind of man his *Crusoe* was—no ideal of him, nor of what he would do in other circumstances, could have formed itself in the mind of any reader; but we know himself where he stands, and could make his portrait, and map out the road, and find the shelf on which he kept his treasures. He is as real to us as our next neighbors. We see him go and come, and note all his industries and the cleverness of his inventions, and never ask ourselves for a moment whether any of these wonderful expedients are unlikely. How, indeed, can they be called unlikely when we see them and the need of them, and perceive how his resources meet the ever-increasing strain made upon them? It is the very triumph of fact turned into imagination—of the real taken possession of, moulded and leavened and worked out, pervaded by a recreative force, but never losing its distinct and solid standing-ground. This man of fiction—this shipwrecked sailor—is, we repeat, as our next-door neighbor, whom we watch every day of our lives, and see in every particular of his existence, yet know

nothing about. We could touch him and handle him did we stretch forth a finger, but we have never come to speech of him, nor do we know what is in his heart. The mental tendency of the time toward minute observation and lengthened record—the spirit which found so much interest in life that every turning of a corner was an event, and all the facts of existence memorable—reached its very farthest point in this great, curious, intense, and yet limited intellect, of which we feel sometimes inclined to doubt whether, notwithstanding its so vivid and extraordinary imaginative efforts, it possessed any imagination at all. Here, however, the remembrance of a work, to our own eyes much more striking and impressive than any of the others—the “*Journal of the Plague*”—comes before us and stops our mouths. But even there, though the power of putting himself into a place and circumstances conceived by fancy is extraordinary, we are again confronted on every side by the real, and know very little, though more than Crusoe, of the man by whose side we walk and through whose eyes we see.

Here, however, is the boundary-wall sharply marked, against which we can do no more than knock our heads, if any one of us should have the ambition of superseding Defoe. He has gone as far as man can go in the path he has chosen. Genius greater and more suggestive may diverge on all sides, but Defoe carries his art to the last limits of the possible. He is the perfect realization of fact in fiction, and absolute prose in imagination. He is a photographer, but of a scene that exists only in fancy; a printer, but with types that never were founded. How far this is from the highest art it is almost impossible to say, yet it is the climax of that realism which ran through all literary effort in his period, most perfect in skill, most bewildering in facsimile—a sort of highly-concentrated marketable essence of fact reproduced in fiction. So strongly was this the case, that when a real record of remote individual experiences dropped into the world without much information about its authorship, the very gravity of its truthfulness suggested to the critics that it must be the work of Defoe. He was thus the most perfect example of his age and its tendency in literature. It was an age of narrative, and he was Narrative

impersonified—the very genius of the material imagination.

It is amusing, however, to note, through the medium of some of these literary sketches, how very little merit was necessary, notwithstanding the existence of so many great writers, to gain a figure among the men of letters of Queen Anne. This is a reflection, perhaps, which every new generation makes. Not very long ago we were startled and horrified to hear from one of the best of contemporary critics the audacious assertion that the world-renowned coterie of the “*Edinburgh Review*,” in place of being, as we devoutly supposed, brilliant men of genius all, and worthy to have invented the modern periodical, were not a bit better than their successors—nay, that magazine-writers of the present day are as a class superior, both in what they have to say and the manner in which they say it, to those demigods. The statement personally took away our breath, yet it is not without evidence in its favor. But when we turn to the examples given, for instance, of Gay, we can but reflect, with dismayed astonishment, that the writer of those feeble verses walked complacently about the world labelled Poet, in the lifetime of Pope, and consorted with that master of expression on terms of easy equality as being, he too, a master of song. Contemporary eyes, we suppose, will continue to make these strange mistakes until the end of time.

Thus Dr. Burton places before us one of the most critical periods in our history—an age full of corruption and meanness, yet likewise of such a bold and resolute stand upon a broad principle as has seldom been equalled either in its tenacity or its success; a reign full of petty cabals and backstairs intrigues, yet in which the best men were chosen for the offices they were most fit to fill, with as much discrimination as if Wisdom herself, and not Court-favor, had presided at their selection. It would have better suited the supposed logic of events that the husband of Duchess Sarah should have been a fool and an incapable person, instead of the greatest soldier and diplomatist of his times. But Providence was kind in this respect to the solitary queen and childless woman who was so little adapted for a crown, yet in whose period of sovereignty the English throne was settled

so securely that all the deficiencies of the new dynasty and all the romantic attractions of the old failed to shake its equilibrium for a moment; and two nations full of jarring elements were happily made into one, and thus stood fast—and have stood fast ever since—against all assaults; and the English arms gained more than the barren glory which so often attends great victories, by subduing and rendering harmless the only antagonist who could have interfered with the internal peace and safety of the country. To set forth the great aims pursued

through much personal pettiness and a bewildering flutter of contemporary comment—to show the energy and fulness and exuberant life of the period, and all it accomplished—was no light task. Dr. Burton has fulfilled it with a breadth of philosophical discrimination, justice, and impartiality which the readers of his former works will indeed fully calculate upon, but which are rare qualities at a time when picturesque description has almost won the day among us over sound judgment and impartial truth.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ON THE PEDIGREE OF MAN: A DIALOGUE.

BY DR. C. B. RADCLIFFE.

SCENE.

The Library in a Country Vicarage.

PERSONS.

Clericus, the Vicar of the Parish.

Medicus, a Physician residing near the Vicarage.

Clericus. What an unmistakable change for the better in the mental state of our poor friend at The Retreat. He seems to be quite himself again.

Medicus. Yes. The delusion that he was directly descended from the Divine Being passed away a few days ago, and there appears to be little or nothing the matter with him now.

C. I am quite at a loss to understand how it was that so clever and clear-headed a man should ever have found his way into an asylum. Are you?

M. Not altogether. He was never what I should call clear-headed—never practical. He was always of too dreamy a nature to please me. What was wrong in him was, I suppose, an unbalanced brain, in which the parts subservient to imagination greatly preponderated over the parts which are concerned in the production of reason and volition.

C. I cannot agree with you in thinking that the brain had so much to do in the matter. I have come to look upon my brain as a telegraphic apparatus at which, like a clerk, I sit continually receiving and dispatching messages, and I cannot confound myself with my brain any more than I can confound the clerk of the telegraph with his apparatus. The messages from within or from

without may be received and dispatched incorrectly, or not at all, because the brain is out of order. Or the fault may rest with the clerk, for he, poor fellow, is too much given to building castles in the air, and to acting as if his present work were altogether beneath him, as if, at the very least, he ought to have a seat in the Board-Room upstairs.

M. What do you mean?

C. I mean simply this—that man ought to regard himself as *over* nature instead of *under* nature, as God-like in the true sense of the word, as nothing less than the image of God, and to believe that his habitual dissatisfaction with the present is due, not so much to perverse cerebration as to the instinctive feeling that his present position is not that to which he is entitled by his birth-right.

M. Do you mean that you can justify this statement by an appeal to facts and on logical grounds which I must recognize?

C. Justify the statement? Not exactly. But I can see enough to make me more than doubtful as to the sufficiency of the doctrine of cerebration, and not unready to accept as true what is taught in the Scriptures respecting the lofty nature of man. One lesson which I have gathered from the many microscopic demonstrations which you have been good enough to give me is, that brain-cells and other ganglionic cells are not altogether different from other nucleated and branched cells—branched

cornea-corpuscles, branched pigment cells, the branched cells of connective tissue, migratory cells, and the rest. Another lesson is that the branching of these cells may be due to the same cause as that which obliges the colorless blood corpuscle and the amœba to push out processes, which in the latter case may become connected with similar processes belonging to other amœbæ; and, instead of coming to the conclusion that brain-cells and other ganglionic cells are in any way absolutely peculiar, the fancy has crossed my mind—you will laugh at it, I suppose—that these cells may be almost as unimportant, as inconstant, and even as migratory as the migratory cells themselves—that they may be merely sources of the battery-power with which the nervous and muscular systems are charged everywhere, and which you believe to have so all-important a part to play in the action of these systems—that the essential conditions of activity in ganglionic cells and in the cells of a voltaic battery are the same—namely, chemical change of a certain sort and polarization. You know what I mean?

M. I think I do. I even agree with you up to a certain point. I can also see that you have no need of the doctrine of cerebration if you can make it out that there is any thing intrinsically God-like in the nature of man. For there must be a better foundation for any thing God-like than that which can be found in this doctrine. So go on with what you have to say, and believe that I am ready enough to listen and learn if only you keep to facts and follow sound dialectics in dealing with them.

C. I am as wishful as you can be to keep to facts and to reason rightly about them, but I am in this difficulty—that the facts with which I have mainly to deal are something more subtle than objects of sense. When, for example, I say *I am*, I give expression to a fact which is not readily realized. Who am I? What? In the exercise of memory and imagination *I*, *I myself*, can in an instant go back into the past and forward into the future, and I find it difficult to say *I am* without at the same time saying *I was* and *I shall be*. Without the aid of my senses I cannot draw a sharp line between the past and the

present, or between the present and the future. I feel as if, in relation to time, I partook in some degree of the nature of Him who was, and is, and is to come, or who is rather to be spoken of as the Eternal Now; for, as Plato pointed out in the *Timæus* long ago, it is right to speak of the Divine Essence as in the present always—to say “he is,” but not to say “he was,” or “he shall be.” I also feel as if, in relation to space, I was in the same predicament as in regard to time, as if there was that in me to which one of the definitions of God was not altogether inapplicable—namely, that of a circle the centre of which is everywhere, and the circumference—nowhere. In the world of sense I find impassable barriers between now and then, between here and there, but not so in the world of spirit; and, in fact, I am almost driven to the conclusion that I say *I am* because I am, in a measure, superior to time and space in the very same way as that in which the Divine Spirit is superior to time and space. Nor can I allow that the impressions of my senses should be listened to rather than the dictates of my pure reason; for Aristotle was not mistaken when he said that it was wrong to exalt the objects of perception above the great pre-cipient faculty itself.

M. The only conclusion to which I can come is that time and space are very stubborn facts. I am obliged to listen to the dictates of common-sense in dealing with these matters.

C. Before coming to an adverse conclusion, consider what is necessarily implied in the action of the faculty of remembering and identifying. This action in myself has plainly to do with things which are mine, and with things which, seemingly, are not mine. If it had only to do with the former things, I might suppose that it had its seat in my brain or elsewhere in my body; as it has also to do with the latter things, I cannot rest content with this notion. I remember you, for example, and identify you, without any manner of doubt. You yourself, and not merely your image, is, in some mysterious way, comprehended in my own being, for if it were not so I could never be sure that I was dealing with you yourself. For how could any dead image of you in me convey to my

mind all that is involved in the knowledge of your living self? And thus in remembering you and in identifying you, it seems to be necessary to believe that your being is in some mysterious way embraced by my being, and that I remember and identify you because, after once embracing you, I have never let you go. And as with you, so also with every other object or subject with which my memory has to do. I remember and identify in each case, because, after once getting hold of that object or subject, I have never let it go. Unless I adopt this conclusion I am altogether in the dark. I cannot do all the work which is implied in the action of the faculties of remembering and identifying unless I can escape from my body, unless, to a certain extent, I can be free of time and space. I can do all this work if I can thus escape, if I am thus free, for in that case I remember and identify every object and subject with which I have to do in the same way as that in which I apprehend and am apprehended by the Divine Spirit. I only want the help of the brain in this process in order to put my body in action for the information of others who are in the same predicament as to bodily state, and in that case I act, it may be, upon the body through the brain in very much the same way as that in which the telegraph clerk acts upon the apparatus with which he has to do. What do you say? Am I not here dealing with facts rather than with fancies, and at the same time making a right use of my reason?

M. I do not raise any objection now. Indeed (barring the simile) I am more than half disposed to go along with you in what you say, for I could never see how it was possible that any key to the mystery of memory was to be found in the recording action of certain perishable brain-cells. But you must come down from the clouds and be a little more explicit if I am to see these matters distinctly from your point of view. How comes it, for example, that you and I remember this conversation, and associate it, not only with ourselves, but also with our present surroundings in time and space? In this case, at any rate, the notions of time and space figure conspicuously.

C. No doubt. In this and in every act of memory, time and space have a part to play which cannot be dispensed with now; but there is also an action going on behind the scenes which is still more indispensable. You and I *will be* elsewhere to-morrow, apart, probably, and silent; but *in memory we are* still here talking and listening, and with the same surroundings as to place and time. In memory the past is, as it were, lost in the present—then is still now, there is still here. In this act of memory there is also an indissoluble association of ideas, an association in which animate and inanimate objects and subjects are included indiscriminately. You yourself, to-morrow and afterward, will serve to remind me of this conversation and its accompaniments; and so will the room.

M. The room!

C. Yes. It was, I believe, no mere figure of speech which the dying Joshua used when he took a large stone and set it up under an oak by the sanctuary of the Lord, and said, "Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord, which He spake unto us; it shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God;" and which Christ used when He said that if the people around Him were silent, "the very stones would cry out." Explain it as you may, inanimate objects and subjects are connected with animate objects and subjects in an act of memory by the indissoluble association of ideas. As regards myself personally, I have, in this and in every act of memory, to do with the outer world, as well as with the inner world which seems to be more especially mine. I can identify objects and subjects in either world, with the same degree of absolute certainty. It seems, indeed, as if the home of memory *must* be in the open universe rather than in shut brain-cells; and I am altogether lost in wonder until I remember that I may be able to say *I am* because, in a measure, I am superior to time and space by virtue of my kinship to the Eternal Omnipresent Now, whose name is I AM.

M. If I accept this view of memory I must allow that there is that in my nature which is congenerous with Divine Spirit, which cannot be "cabined, crib-

bed, and confined" in my body, and I find it no easy matter to do this. Will nothing less do?

C. Nothing less, certainly. I can draw no other conclusion from the facts with which we have had to do. And the conclusion which I am compelled to draw from a consideration of the faculty of memory is also that which I am compelled to draw from the facts which yet remain to be noticed. The humble workings of my own imagination and reason are sufficiently wonderful to make me ready to believe that as man I may have some small share in the nature of the Omniscient Creator. My will refuses to submit to any thing like coercion; in the strong words of Jean Paul, it says "more royally to itself than the Spanish Regent to others, I, the King;" it is so far above law as to make me ready to believe that as man I may, in some measure, partake in the nature of the Divine Lawgiver. My conscience warns me to avoid that which is evil and cleave to that which is good, and, as I choose to be obedient or disobedient, it rewards or punishes me; and the more I look into the facts of the case, the more am I disposed to believe that the voice of my conscience may be the voice of God within me—the God who is absolutely opposed to evil—the God in whose image I am said to be made. My words carry with them little weight, but words have been uttered by men like myself which move the world, and live in a way which is alone intelligible on the supposition that they have their common root in the Word of God. I am always dissatisfied with the present, and hoping for a better state of things in the future. I feel instinctively that evil ought not to have the mastery over me which it has, and that there is a God to whom I may pray to be delivered from evil. I am yielding to what can be scarcely less than an imperative instinct when I pray as I am taught to pray in the Lord's Prayer, and when I repeat the Doxology. I am yielding to what can be scarcely less than an imperative instinct when I bow down before God in fear and worship, and yet lovingly. And why? Scarcely for any better reason than that which is to be found in Scripture, even this, that I am made in the image of God, that I am at

present degraded by being unnaturally under the dominion of evil, and that I am to be delivered from this state by the help of God. From this vantage-ground I see clearly why it is—that I must fear and worship, and at the same time love God; that I may pray to be delivered from evil, and be delivered; that I may give thanks; that I may be dissatisfied with the present, and hope for a better state of things in the future; that I may think, and imagine, and feel; that I may give expression to my thoughts and feelings and imaginations in speech, and put them on record for the benefit of others, or the contrary; that I have the knowledge of good and evil; that I am a free agent; that I am what I am. From any other point of view I am to myself an inscrutable enigma.

M. But what of the mortal body of man! This is a fact at any rate—a fact, too, which would seem to be fatally opposed to the conclusion that man is, in any true sense of the word, the image of God.

C. This is not the conclusion to which I am driven by the force of the fact in question. The mortal body has in itself no element of permanency. It is subject to a process of continual waste and renewal. That body which is placed in the grave at the close of his earthly career is only one of many bodies of the same sort in which man has figured during that career. Underlying this very body there must be something beyond the reach of the senses which is abiding, something by aid of which the transitory body is being continually built up, something non-apparent which is related to that which is apparent in the same way as that in which the Platonic *idéa*, or the Aristotelian *elâos*, the abiding seminal form, is related—something which, for any thing that appears to the contrary, may be that non-apparent body celestial of which St. Paul speaks. My body terrestrial may be a mystery which is every moment testifying to the truth of the still greater mystery of the Incarnation. It may be that I am now bodily what I am, not because my present body is in any true sense the well-spring of my being, but because a change akin to that of the Incarnation is being continually wrought in me. I see no difficulty in believing,

as I am taught to believe, that *I* may be in my present body or out of it subject to the senses or not subject. I can conceive of the possibility of a change from either state into the other as a perfectly natural process, for in order to this all that is necessary is to get rid of the Aristotelian incubus of dead matter, *ἔλθῃ*, and to believe that what is called matter and what is called spirit are correlated in the same way as that in which the apparent *εἰδωλον* and the non-apparent *ιδέα* of Plato are correlated—that underlying both is a substance which may be what is called matter in one aspect and what is called spirit in another aspect. I can even believe that the God, in whose image I am made, is more than formless spirit—that He has spiritual form like that of man, which may be revealed to the senses anywhere instantly, or rapt away from the senses—that there is nothing degrading in this notion of anthropomorphism. I am taught to believe that God was revealed in the form of man before the Incarnation of Christ. There must be a higher type of body than that fleshly body in which, as the name implies, the affections of Creophyllus, the companion of Homer, were centred, a body which is atom-born and atom-bred, which is fastened to earth in all directions by “the tie of the cause;” and, as it seems to me, no less exalted type can serve than that which is exhibited in the body which Christ had after His resurrection, a body which could appear and disappear “when the doors were shut for fear of the Jews,” by being, as it were, reincarnated at one time and disincarnated at another. Disease and death may belong to an abnormal state of things rather than to a normal. The normal state of man may be, not a state of bondage to dead matter, *ἔλθῃ*, but a state of supremacy over it, a state which is that which was exhibited in the risen body of Christ—that and no other. The normal state of man may be, not a state of disease and death, but that higher state in which immortal life has the mastery. There may be no real disturbance of the order of nature in any *miracle* of which an account is given in the Scriptures; on the contrary, the miracle may be only a revelation of this order. Indeed, I conceive myself to be at liberty to take the most

exalted view of the dignity of my bodily *form*, of my body celestial, and to believe that my resemblance to the Divine Being may be carried out here no less than in my spirit.

M. In the *Phædo*, Socrates speaks of the body, *σῶμα*, the mortal body, as a disturbing element by which the soul is hindered in the acquisition of knowledge; and in the *Cratylus* he says that the word *σῶμα*, by a very little permutation, may be variously interpreted—that *σῶμα* may stand for the grave, *σῆμα*, in which the soul is buried in our present life, or else the sign of the soul (the soul signifying through the body), the Orphic poets, who probably invented the word *σῶμα*, being under the impression that the soul is now suffering the punishment of sin, and that the body may be compared to a prison or place of ward in which the soul is incarcerated or incorporated in order that it may be saved (*σῶμα ἵνα σώζηται*) as the name *σῶμα* implies—a view according to which not even a letter of the word need be altered in order to arrive at its meaning. You will not wonder, I suppose, that Socrates should speak in this way, or that *Æschylus* should ask, “Who knows whether life may not be death, and the body a tomb?” I have just been reading Jowett’s delightful translation of Plato, and these remarks and this question are fresh in my memory. In any case you would have me look upon my present time-bound and space-bound mortal body as hiding a *form* which is superior to time and space, and which may be no other than the body celestial of which St. Paul speaks. Indeed, you oblige me to widen the conception of my own being until it is possible, without hyperbole, to say “the Kingdom of Heaven is within me,” and also the King in person. In other words, you agree with *Parmenides* in believing being, *τὸ εἶναι*, to be equivalent to unity, *τὸ ὅν*, and with Plato in thinking that both are resolvable into the thought of God. Moreover, you must agree with the Athenian stranger, in the *Laws*, in thinking that it is wrong to use the word *nature* in the ordinary sense in which naturalists are in the habit of using it, nature in reality being at most a secondary manifestation of that which is *now* non-apparent and supernatural,

and which, for want of a better name, may be called soul—that the study of natural philosophy is pursued ordinarily in a wrong way, even by transposing first and second causes. But—

C. We must not stay now to inquire more fully into these points, for time is fast passing, and before you go I want you to listen to a few words which I have still to say, and then to tell me why you, who have paid much attention to scientific matters, do not give in your adhesion to the doctrine which has now so firm a hold upon the minds of scientific men—the doctrine of Evolution.

M. Finish what you have got to say, and then I will try to do, as far as I may in half an hour, what you would have me do.

C. I only wanted to point out, in passing, that the relations of man to man appear to be not a little simplified by recognizing the relationship of man to God of which I have been speaking. I can, in a measure, see why I am required to love my neighbor as myself, if man is only perfect when he is at one with the God who is Love. I can see that the command to love my neighbor as myself is a necessary corollary of the command to love God with all my heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. All men have the same nature. All men, if I have not been speaking wildly, have their true centre, not in themselves individually, but collectively in God. Hence the primal law of perfect human nature is a law which works in the direction of sympathy and love. Hence any thing which is opposed to this law must be looked upon as abnormal—as the result of the unnatural centralization of man in self, as the working of evil, and not as the result of the natural centralization of man in God. If this be so, I need go no farther to find the key to the explanation of human sympathies and antipathies. Up to this point I can see my way with tolerable clearness: beyond it all is mist. I can see that I must be at one with man. I cannot see that I must be at one with the creatures which occupy lower rounds in the scale of being. I can see that the bodies of all these creatures are framed upon the same archetypal plan as that upon which the body of man is framed; I can see many resemblances between the life of

these creatures and the life of man; and I put questions to myself which I cannot answer. I ask, is it really true that these lower creatures are slowly and surely changing into more perfect forms of being, and that man himself is only the ultimate product of this process? Is there, I ask, communion between these creatures and man, like that which exists between God and man and between man and man? What do you say? I feel that it cannot be so, but I cannot prove, to my own satisfaction, that it is not so. I see many resemblances between man and beast, in life no less than in body; but I also see differences in man which are more than differences of degree. These vital resemblances include the lower and some of the higher manifestations of life, but not the highest—not those which are displayed in the upper regions of mind, in dominion over nature, in the knowledge of good and evil, in free will, in speech, in science, in art, in religion. These higher manifestations of life are, so far as I can see, peculiar to man. The brute observes and remembers and reasons, and what is it that it observes and remembers, and upon what does it reason? Only, as it would seem, the impressions of the common senses and the perceptions connected therewith. That it gets a single step beyond these impressions and perceptions, along with man, toward the realm of abstract thought, toward God, there is not a tittle of evidence to show. It is only an automaton. Instead of being a *person* like man, it is never more than a *thing*. That is all. In spite of resemblances, there is, at it seems to me, the most fundamental difference between man and beast; and nothing but the plainest facts and the sternest logic will convince me that I must look upon man as a mere beast which has, mainly by his own efforts, at the cost of others, won the victory in the battle of life. But I am talking when I ought to be listening to you; so pray begin, and tell me why, on scientific grounds, you are not a believer in this doctrine of Evolution.

M. It is necessary to have all one's wits about one to answer your question, and I do not feel myself in that case now. Indeed, my thoughts are running on after your thoughts rather than in

the direction in which you would have them move, and it is getting late.

C. Never mind the time. Let us light our pipes and send the servants to bed. Your servants will not wait up for you, and it will not be the first time that you have let yourself in with a latch-key.

* * * * *

C. What are you rummaging among the books for?

M. I am looking for Lyell's "Elements of Geology" and for Darwin's "Origin of Species," and here they are. I may have to refer to them before I have done.

C. Go on in your own way, and at your own pace.

M. The evolutionist has no right to leave you to suppose—I may make a beginning here as well as anywhere else—that all the facts with which he has to do as a student of nature are altogether in favor of his particular views. He may, if he will, find signs of a change for the better in the history of man. He may, if he will, though not so easily, find signs of a change for the better in the history of the plants and animals which have been modified by the interference of man. But, unless my eyes altogether deceive me, nature is likely to appear to him in a different light if the history of man and the history of plants and animals modified by man are left out of the question. For then he will see—what? He will see various species, and genera, and families, and larger groupings of plants and animals which are always the same, and which have been the same always, as far at least as it is possible to go back in ordinary historic time. He will see, indeed, that the weight of evidence is in favor of stability rather than in favor of evolution.

C. I did not know that wild plants and animals are so invariable. On the contrary, I thought that Mr. Darwin and others had made out very plainly that, under altered circumstances about which so much has been said, very many plants and animals are more or less prone to variation, and that the *varieties* so produced are actual steps toward the formation of new species and genera and families.

M. Under these altered circumstances, no doubt many plants and ani-

mals do vary in a most extraordinary way, but not in the way which leads directly to the conclusion that a lower species may be raised to the level of a higher species, or that the distinctions between species are ever done away with. The definition of species has to be widened so as to take in the varieties; that is all. In every case, so far as I know, the species themselves remain as far apart as ever; or if, in a few instances, certain closely-allied species may intercross and produce hybrid forms, nature, as a rule, shows her disapproval by making those forms infertile. Moreover, the *varieties*, when left to themselves, are generally in a hurry to revert to the ancestral type. And thus the history of the *varieties* of plants and animals may be made to teach the same lesson as that which you find in the history of the species and genera and families of wild plants and animals—a lesson which those who believe in the stability of the universe will be more ready to receive than those who believe in evolution.

C. Is it so?

M. So it appears to me. Moreover, I never could find any other evidence in favor of evolution in the history of the varieties of plants and animals which are producible by cultivation and domestication. It is impossible to say that these varieties exhibit that change for the better which is implied in the notion of evolution. There is always something uncomfortably unnatural in the very existence of the variety. It is produced by the interference of man; it cannot be perpetuated without this interference. The plant or animal has been shorn of some power by which it was able to keep its proper place in nature. The garden rose has had its stamens and pistils transformed into petals; it is no longer fertile in the ordinary way; it must be propagated by the gardener artificially; and if it be not so cared for it sooner or later reverts to the wild state, or dies. The fancy-pigeon has been produced by man by means of careful intercrossings; it has lost none of its fertility, and there is no danger of extinction for this reason; but if it be not looked after and prevented from associating with others of its kind, its progeny soon lose the char-

acteristics by which they were distinguished from the rock-pigeon (*Columba livia*), which is the common parent of all pigeons. And so also with all other plants and animals which have been modified by the interference of man. Without this interference the original state of wildness soon gains the mastery; there is an inherent element of weakness in every case; and, therefore, it may be doubted whether any variety in plant or animal producible by this interference is really a change for the better—is really a step forward in the direction of evolution.

C. I am quite prepared to think that the changes in nature producible by the interference of man are any thing but an improvement in nature. In Nature, left to herself, I find reason to believe that every plant or animal is *perfectly* adapted to the place it has to fill in the economy of nature. I also find reason to believe that no single place in nature could be otherwise occupied or left unoccupied without serious disorder in the course of nature. A host of rabbits plaguing the husbandman beyond measure is the natural consequence of the destruction of a few weasels. A plague of frogs, almost as bad as the ancient plague of frogs in Egypt, is, as the inhabitants of the Italian and Dutch marshes well know, a natural consequence of exterminating the water-snakes, in the one case, or of frightening away the storks in the other. Nay, it is not impossible, as Paul de Kock suggests in one of his novels, that the ancient plague of frogs in Egypt may have been brought about by eating the birds which preyed upon the frogs, and that—to carry out this suggestion a little farther—the destruction of the frogs which ate the lice and flies may have led as naturally to the two ancient Egyptian plagues of lice and flies which followed, one after the other, close upon the heels of the plague of frogs. At all events, wherever I look I see enough to convince me that each plant and animal has a part to fulfil in nature which cannot be omitted, and nothing to make me suspect that any plant or animal is not perfectly fitted to the fulfilment of this part. I see, indeed, enough to convince me that any working toward evolution in plant or animal must disturb the exquisite

equilibrium of nature, and may disturb it seriously. But what do you say about the arguments in favor of evolution which have been drawn from the history of embryonic development? There is here something altogether in favor of evolution—is there not?

M. Not to my knowledge. The facts which have here to be dealt with are plain enough, but not so their meaning. In one point of view they seem to support the notion of evolution; in another to contradict it. Until the state of maturity is arrived at, a process of progressive development is continually at work in all plants and animals, which process is substantially the same in all cases, both as to its starting-point and as to the course pursued for some distance afterward. What to begin with is little more than a little bit of formless protoplasm is transformed through what for some time is evidently one and the same process into this or that plant or animal. Of this truth as exemplified in the embryonic development of the higher animals no better illustration can be given than that found in a statement of Von Baer (who is the great authority on the subject) which is here quoted by Mr. Darwin, and which I will read to you: "The embryos of mammalia, of birds, lizards, and snakes, probably also of chelonia, are in their earliest states exceedingly like one another, both as a whole and in the mode of development of their parts; so much so in fact that we can often distinguish the embryos only by their size. In my possession are two little embryos in spirit, whose names I have omitted to attach, and at present I am quite unable to say to what class they belong. They may be lizards, or small birds, or very young mammalia, so complete is the similarity in the mode of formation of the head and trunk in these animals. The extremities, however, are still absent in these embryos. But even if they had existed in the earliest stage of their development we should learn nothing, for the feet of lizards and mammals, the wings and feet of birds, no less than the hands and feet of man, all arise from the same fundamental form." Other evidence to the same effect might be cited easily; but I need not stay in order to prove to you that certain passing resemblances

to lower types of being are brought to light in the embryonic development of the higher types of being. You may take the fact for granted, and ask, What, then, is the meaning of this obvious oneness of plan in embryonic structure? Is it that the species and general and families of plants and animals with which the world is peopled are all descended from a few ancestors or from a single ancestor? Is it that there is a common line or a few common lines of direct ancestry? Or does oneness of plan in embryonic structure only point to archetypal unity, with individuality no less than unity impressed everywhere, from the very first rudimentary phase of being to the very last. Is it simply a case of unity in plurality and plurality in unity? Either view is possible. And, so far as I know, there is nothing in the process of embryonic development, taken by itself, to show which of the two views is the more probable. Indeed, it is necessary to pass on to geology in order to find anything which can be regarded as certain evidence in favor of evolution.

C. The evolutionists themselves say so. They allow that only geological time is sufficiently protracted for their purpose; and they contend that in the past history of the earth the facts with which they have to deal are exactly as they would have them to be. Are they right or are they wrong?

M. That they are altogether in the right I have yet to learn. The "testimony of the rocks" is certainly not so decidedly in their favor as it is supposed to be. The facts which are brought to light in tables like those of Mr. Etheridge—I have in my hand Lyell's "Elements of Geology" open at the Appendix—are not altogether in favor of the notion that the more perfect plants and animals have been evolved from less perfect plants and animals. Here, as you see, in the earlier primary fossiliferous or palæozoic rocks (the lower and upper Silurian) are certain cryptogams (algæ and lycopodiaceæ), and in the later palæozoic rocks (the Devonian, carboniferous, and Permian) the cryptogams already met with and some others, together with very many conifers (which are flowering plants with naked seeds), and a single monoco-

tyledon (*Pothocites Grantonii*). In the secondary fossiliferous or mesozoic rocks (the trias and lias, the oolitic and cretaceous groups), cryptogams in still greater numbers are met with, and along with them and with conifers, cycads (the other family of flowering plants with naked seeds) in abundance, and several monocotyledons. In the tertiary fossiliferous or Cainozoic rocks (eocene, miocene, pliocene, post-pliocene, and recent), cryptogams, gymnosperms, monocotyledons, and dycotyledons, all the leading forms of vegetable life now inhabiting the globe, are fully represented. In all the fossiliferous rocks are examples of all, or almost all, the invertebrata, of the highest as well as of the lowest, all mixed together in a way which makes it impossible to say that the simpler forms had precedence of the less simple. Some forms, as the crinoids, are more abundant in the palæozoic than in the mesozoic and cainozoic rocks; others, as the trilobites, are present in the palæozoic and absent in the mesozoic and cainozoic rocks; but the plain fact is evidently this—that examples of all the invertebrata are met with in all the fossiliferous rocks, and that all are mixed together indiscriminately. Nor is the case altogether different with the vertebrata. Passing upward through the various fossiliferous rocks, as you see, fishes make their appearance before reptiles, reptiles before birds, birds before animals. In the upper Silurian, the Devonian, the carboniferous, and the Permian rocks are plagiostome fishes (sharks and rays); in the two latter rocks, together with plagiostome fishes, are many ganoids, many labyrinthodont amphibæ, and a few lacertilian reptiles, but no birds and no mammals. In the mesozoic rocks fishes are more abundant, reptiles, many of the extinct and very large, are in great numbers, and birds and marsupials begin to show themselves, several examples of the latter creatures being met with so low down as the trias, or lowermost mesozoic rocks. The oldest fish (pteropsis), which is met with in the upper Silurian rock, is by no means of the lowest grade; and Professor Owen, speaking of the history of fossil fishes generally, says that the idea "imparted is that of mutation rather than that of progression." In

the cainozoic rocks are examples, not only of fishes and reptiles and birds in abundance, but also of all the orders of mammals now existing, all mixed together as indiscriminately as are the invertebrata. And, so far as I know, no true transitional forms are to be met with anywhere.

C. No true transitional forms to be met with anywhere! Is not the pedigree of the horse, as made out chiefly from American fossils by Professor Marsh, in flat contradiction to this statement? And does not Professor Huxley assert positively that this pedigree supplies conclusive evidence in favor of evolution?

M. He does, but not, as it seems to me, on sufficient grounds. It is possible that the horse of the present day and of the epochs corresponding to the post-pliocene and recent rocks, may be traced back, first to the pliohippus and protohippus (hipparion) of the pliocene rocks, then to the miohippus (anchitherium) and mesohippus of the miocene rocks, and lastly to the oldest member of the so-called equine series yet known, the diminutive orohippus of the eocene rocks, with four complete toes on the front limb, with three toes on the hind limb, with well-developed ulna and fibula, and with short crowned grinders of simple pattern, but it is by no means certain that it is so. The differences in question are greater than those which are met with in the varieties producible in any species by locality or by climate or in any other known way, and it may even be going much too far to suppose that the horse is as closely related to the pliohippus, protohippus, miohippus, mesohippus, and orohippus, as it is to the ass, zebra, quagga, and the like. For any thing that appears to the contrary, the orohippus may be as far out of the true ancestral line of the horse as the hippopotamus. The horse, no doubt, is a perfect animal, but there is no reason to suppose that the orohippus was less perfect. Man is not less perfect because he has several fingers and toes, and a movable ulna, and why should the eocene fossil animal be in a different case? In this matter I am sorry to disagree with so excellent a naturalist as Professor Huxley, but I cannot help it.

C. If you have sound reason on your

side, one of the main props of the doctrine of Evolution is in a sad state of rottenness.

M. It is, however, upon a different sort of argument that I am disposed to lay stress. It is plain that little or nothing is to be done in the way of evolution unless interminable ages upon ages are available for the purpose; it is not plain that these ages are available. Indeed, it is not difficult to see that the antiquity of the earth must have been infinitely overrated, and that, after all, geological time may not reach back very far beyond historic time.

The coal seams show very plainly that the history of the earth must go back into thousands of years, but not into millions. Each seam is in the main made up of the trees and undergrowth of ancient forests which have lived and died on the spot. The rock or shale or clay overlying the seam is the hardened sludge under which the forest forming the seam had been buried, and upon which a new forest had in due time been developed. In the coal fields of South Wales, where there are, one over the other, not less than eighty of these seams, separated by intervening strata of rock or shale or clay, it is certain that each seam testifies to a time when an ancient forest lived and died on the spot, and that each stratum or set of strata overlying the seam is a proof that the ancient forest forming the seam had been submerged and buried in sludge. And the coal fields of South Wales are not those in which the coal seams are most numerous. Without doubt, therefore, a long time must have been spent in the formation of the coal fields—a very long time. But a very long time does not mean quite the same thing as interminable ages upon ages, and it may mean no more than a few thousand years. The forests of the coal seams grew in times when the climate of the place was tropical or sub-tropical. The forests of the coal seams were chiefly composed of rapidly growing flowerless or cryptogamous trees and plants of the families of ferns, club-mosses, and horse-tails. The growth of such forests may have to be measured by that of gourds or mushrooms rather than by that of oaks or hazels; and, in fact, there is no good reason why a forest composed of

plants like those which are met with in the coal fields should not, in the course of a few scores of years, have attained to a degree of growth which would serve for the formation of the very thickest of the coal seams. Nor is there any better reason for thinking that a very long time was spent in the formation of the stratum or set of strata overlying the coal seam, for it may well be that the forest was submerged and buried in the sludge which afterward became rock or shale or clay in the course of a few months. And certainly it is not necessary to suppose that time was wasted in repeated risings and fallings of the surface of the coal fields, for what is there to contradict the notion that all the coal seams and all the intercalated beds may have been formed one after the other in one and the same process of sinking?

Nor are endless ages wanted for the formation of the limestone strata which are in the main made up of corals and shells of various sorts, or of the scarcely stratified white chalk, or of the bands or masses of flintstone in the chalk. If the coral polype worked as hard in ancient times as it does now, a good deal of the coral rag now met with in the crust of the earth might have been made by coral polypes in the course of a few thousand years. If the microscopic globigerinæ and other foraminifera worked as hard in ancient times as they do now, a very large amount of the white chalk now existing might have been formed in the course of a few thousand years; and the same remark applies to the workings of the microscopic radiolaria and diatoms in the formation of flint bands and masses. And certainly the formation of new rock at the bottom of the ocean may be supposed to go on at no very slow rate, if the growth of the *Bathylbius* of Professor Huxley is to be measured by that of another protoplasmic, jelly-like substance, the common *Æthelium* of the tan-yard. For, as I myself can testify, heaps of refuse bark which were uncovered by this fungus in the evening may be covered to the depth of an inch or two on the following morning. Moreover, the work of forming chalk or flint or other rocky material is in great measure a simply chemical work, the material being deposited, perhaps rapidly, from the water in which

it had been dissolved previously, just as travertine, which is one of the forms in which limestone presents itself, is deposited when the water in which it was dissolved by the help of free carbonic acid loses a certain portion of that acid.

There are also many fossils which lend no little support to the notion that some of the work which had to be done on the stratification of rocks was accomplished with a certain degree of rapidity. In the case of the fossil forest at Parkfield Colliery, near Wolverhampton, the trunks of the trees are, almost all of them, broken off close to the root, prostrate, flattened, and crossing each other in the most disorderly manner. It would seem as if the forest had been crushed under a sort of avalanche; and even where many of the trunks are standing, and penetrating far beyond the coal seam into the superincumbent rock or shale or clay—as in the case of the forests placed one above the other in the South Joggins on the coast of the Bay of Fundy—a similar conclusion is inevitable; for here it is evident that the superincumbent stratum or set of strata into which the trunk of the tree penetrates, must have been formed before there had been time for that trunk to decay and waste away in the ordinary course of things. And what is to be said of the crushed and shattered state of almost all the great reptiles in the trias, or of the fossil fish with the small fish half-way down its throat which is to be seen in the Museum at Naples, except this, that the reptiles must have been overtaken by some sudden ruin like that of an avalanche, and that the fish is likely to have been suddenly poisoned while gorging its prey, by some volcanic ejection of carbonic acid into the water in which it lived, and then buried in the ooze at the bottom of the sea before there was time for the finger of decay to do its defacing work?

The idea of interminable ages having been spent in the formation of the fossiliferous rock must, I suspect, have had its birth in the mind of some evolutionist who knew that nothing could be done in the way of evolution in a few thousand years. At all events, I cannot see why a few thousand years would not have served for doing all that had

to be done in the way of simple stratification. Nay, more, I am by no means satisfied that the whole surface of the earth was successively covered by a flora or fauna corresponding to the flora and fauna whose remains occur successively in the palæozoic, mesozoic, and cainozoic rocks. On the contrary, it is quite conceivable that the ancient earth may have been mapped out into three great districts, differing in their flora and fauna in the same way as that in which the three great groups of fossiliferous rock differ in theirs—that, in fact, the flora and fauna of the palæozoic, mesozoic, and cainozoic rocks may have co-existed. I can imagine that the flora and fauna of the district which was denuded when the cainozoic rocks were formed was richer than that of the districts which were denuded when the palæozoic and mesozoic rocks were formed. I can also imagine that this order of formation might have been other than that which is actually met with—that the cainozoic rocks might have been first or second instead of third in the series, for, in order to this, all that is necessary is to suppose that the revolution or revolutions which led to the denudation of these three districts had been timed accordingly. And I am inclined to think that I am not altogether wrong in letting my imagination run on in this way. In a word, the impression left on my mind by these considerations is altogether contradictory to the doctrine of Evolution; for if, as would seem to be not improbable, the fossiliferous rocks may have been formed in the course of a few thousand years, there would plainly not be time enough to allow of any very marked working in the direction of evolution.

C. The impression left on my mind by certain passages in the past history of the earth points to long rather than to short measures of time. It is certain that regions now temperate and arctic or sub-arctic were tropical or sub-tropical in the epochs during which the palæozoic and mesozoic and cainozoic rocks were in course of formation. It is certain that these same temperate and arctic or sub-arctic regions passed afterward through certain glacial epochs in which the climate was as severe as it now is in winter near the pole. It is

certain that the present state of things in the temperate and arctic or sub-arctic regions was ushered in almost suddenly by these glacial epochs. And why? Was it that in the precession of the equinoxes, and in the revolutions of the apses of the earth's orbit, causes were at work by which the summer and winter relations of the earth to the phases of perihelion and aphelion are reversed every 11,000 years or thereabout; and that for this reason a summer which, like ours now, is temperate at the aphelion might be tropical or sub-tropical at the perihelion, and that a winter which, like ours now, is mild at the perihelion might be terribly severe at the aphelion? In these changes I can dimly see why the climate of regions now temperate or arctic or sub-arctic may have been tropical or sub-tropical prior to the glacial epochs, and also why the contrary state of things in the glacial epochs themselves may have been brought about. Moreover, I can also dimly see why changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit may have had something to do in causing these glacial epochs. At the present time the earth is 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun at the perihelion in winter than she is at the aphelion in summer; 200,000 years ago the aphelion may have been 10,000,000 miles more distant from the sun than the perihelion; and even this is not the greatest degree of eccentricity in the earth's orbit which is to be found by going back into still more distant ages. What do you say?

M. I am more disposed to agree with Sir Charles Lyell in thinking that these changes in climate were due to geographical rather than to astronomical causes. The movements of heated air have undoubtedly much to do in distributing the solar heat over the earth. The air becomes less and less heated in passing from the equator to the poles, because the solar rays become cooler and cooler as they are more and more oblique. The temperature of the earth is greatly affected by the disposition of the land and sea, because, under sunshine, the air over the land is rendered far hotter than the air over the water. If the land and water had been so arranged as to make the equatorial regions all land and the polar regions all sea, the climate of the earth generally would, for this

reason, be far hotter than it now is. If, on the other hand, this arrangement had been reversed, and the equatorial regions had been all water and the polar regions all land, the climate of the earth generally would be far colder than it now is. In the former case the equatorial regions would be hypertropical and the polar regions quite warm; in the latter case the equatorial regions would be comparatively cold, and the rest of the earth as much ice-blocked as it was in the glacial epochs. And there is really nothing very far-fetched in the notion that the land and water may have been differently arranged in former times, for man *is* now living on what was once the bed of the sea. Indeed, the land and water *must* have been arranged differently in former times, and therefore Sir Charles Lyell is quite at liberty to think that the signs of the thermal and glacial epochs may simply mark the times when the land and water were arranged more or less in one or other of these two ways, and that the transition from one state of things to the other may have been brought about with more or less suddenness by volcanic agency.

C. Still you must allow at least this—that interminable ages must have been spent in the formation of the granite and other plutonic rocks upon which the stratified rocks are arranged. You allow, I suppose, that time quite immeasurable must have been spent in the cooling down of the original “fire-mist,” first into an incandescent, uncrusted, molten ball, and then into the ball in which the molten incandescent core is hidden, as it is now, by a cold solid crust of the same material.

M. No; I am disposed to think that the inorganic history of the earth of which an account is given in the Book of Genesis is less misty than this particular view, and more to the point every way. You know this history by heart. In the beginning the earth was covered everywhere with water; afterward dry land appeared and the waters were gathered together as seas. In the beginning also there is reason to believe the sun and other heavenly bodies were in the same case as the earth, “waters,” seas without shores, for “the waters which were above the firmament” were probably not the clouds, as Mr. Ruskin

supposes, but the heavenly bodies themselves. At the Great Flood the land disappeared for a time altogether under the waters, and afterward new land and new seas were formed by the reappearance of the land and a fresh gathering together of the waters. It would be easy to expatiate upon these statements; as it is, I must content myself with saying that they seem to reveal the working of a potent *natural cause* which at one and the same time may furnish an explanation of the so-called “central fire” of the earth, of the light and heat of the sun and other heavenly bodies, of the appearance of the land and the gathering together of the waters as seas at the Creation, and of the changes at the Deluge by which the land was made to disappear once more under the waters and to rise again elsewhere afterward—by which at the Deluge the earth was mapped out into new land and new seas.

Solar heat is—what? Not a separate radiant force which passes all the way from the sun as heat, and loses energy at a given rate in passing. In climbing a very high mountain, or in making a balloon-ascent, the air is found to become colder and colder; and in interplanetary space, if the experiments with the actinometer are to be trusted, the temperature is not less than 256° Fahrenheit below the freezing-point of fresh water. The case seems to be one in which heat is developed as the resistance of the atmosphere to the transmission of some latent force becomes greater and greater, in which no heat is developed where this resistance is practically *nil*, as in space. The case seems to be that of a force which, in accordance with the doctrine of the correlation of the physical forces, may or may not be developed as heat, and which also may or may not be developed as light, or electricity, or magnetism, or any other mode of physical motion. Indeed, the cause of development or non-development of solar heat and light may not be unlike that which is exhibited in the familiar experiment of passing an electric current along a conductor composed of short lengths of silver and platinum wire joined together alternately; for in this experiment heat and light are developed in the pieces of platinum wire where the resistance to the passage of

the current is at a maximum, but not in the pieces of silver wire, where this resistance is at a minimum. Nay, it may be that the earth has a part to play in the production of solar light and heat, which cannot be dispensed with—that, in fact, the sun and earth, by virtue of their heterogeneity, interact mutually in the production of solar force in much the same way as that in which, in the production of galvanic force, the two heterogeneous metals interact in the experiment just alluded to. In the case of solar force, light and heat and electricity and magnetism and the agencies with which chemistry has to do are associated in the same way as that in which they are associated in the case of galvanic force. Indeed, the different modes of physical force are all so closely correlated as to make it not improbable that the solar heat may be, not a force coming from the sun to the earth as *heat*, and arrested in its course before it can penetrate very far into the earth, but the expression of a force arising in the polar interaction of the sun and earth, penetrating through the earth with a velocity comparable to that of light, or rather to that of the still more rapid electric tremor along the telegraphic wire, and appearing as *heat* only where the conditions are favorable to the development of this particular mode of force.

And further it is possible that the earth may play the part of a *spheroidal lens* in relation to the rays of solar and stellar heat; that these rays may be brought to a focus deep down within the earth, for this must be the position of the focus in any spheroidal lens the specific gravity of which is as high (5.67) as that of the earth; that this focal concentration of the rays of heat within the earth may lead to the fusion and expansion of the parts corresponding to the focus, agate and cornelian and rock-crystal being readily fusible by the focal concentration of the sun's rays when a very large lens is used; that the expansion of the parts thus fused and heated may cause the overlying land to bulge out equatorially and elsewhere as the earth revolves upon her axis and moves onward in her orbit; and that (if it be supposed that the earth was everywhere covered with

water) this bulging out of the land may have led to the appearance of the dry land in certain places and the gathering together of the seas in others. Nay, it is also possible that the sun may exercise the same lens-like action upon the rays of heat passing sunward from all parts of the heavens, and that the position of the solar focus may be, not deep down under the surface and out of sight as in the case of the earth, but at or near the surface everywhere, as it would be if the sun were made of rock-salt—at or near the surface, as it would be if the sun were made of rock-salt, because the specific gravity of the sun is very nearly that of rock-salt, that is, about 2—at the surface everywhere, because the rays which are concentrated focally by the lens-like action of the sun fall upon the sun from every part of the heavens.

C. But what about the Deluge? Here, surely, the new natural cause about which you have been speaking must be unequal to the work which had to be done! Here, surely, there must have been some miraculous interference with the ordinary working of the law.

M. Not so, necessarily. It is possible that the changes at the Deluge would have been brought about if the path of a planetoid—like Ceres or Pallas or Vesta—had been appointed (the Deluge was *predicted* and therefore it could not have been *accidental*) so as to make the planetoid fall foul of the earth in a particular way at a particular time. In this way the axis of the earth may have been canted, and at the same time the planetoid may have been shattered into the *aërolitic* fragments which now seem to be circulating in an orbit of their own along with the larger planetoids. And if so, then it is also possible that the focal centre into which the solar rays are concentrated within the earth may have been shifted, and that—if the earth continued to revolve on her axis and move onward in her orbit—this shifting would carry with it a new bulging-out and a new falling-in of the surface of the earth, by which, perhaps, the ancient bed of the sea and the ancient land may have been made to change places, and the Great Flood brought about *in transitu*, for in thus changing places there must have been

a time in which the sinking ancient land and the rising modern land must have been sufficiently upon a level to bring back the waters over the face of the whole earth, as they are said to have been at the creation.

C. You almost take away my breath.

M. I have done as soon as I have said a word or two upon the bearing of the natural cause about which I have been speaking upon past changes of climate in the past history of the earth.

I am disposed to revive a discarded theory and believe that in the first instance the axis of the earth was perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, and that it was canted into its present position at the Deluge. While the axis of the earth was perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, there would be a state of perpetual equinox throughout the year all over the earth, of which one effect would be to make it possible for a more or less possible flora and fauna to flourish in regions which are now temperate, and in the regions which are north or south of them; when the axis of the earth was canted into its present position, the state of perpetual equinox all over the earth throughout the year would come to an end, and the more or less tropical flora and fauna, which flourished previously in the temperate regions, and in the regions north or south of them, would cease to flourish, or become extinct for simple lack of warmth.

Moreover, I am disposed to believe that the glacial epochs which follow the thermal epochs may simply show that the land was totally submerged at the period of the Deluge. For what do I see if I mount the standpoint taken by Sir Charles Lyell in speculating upon the past changes of climate? I see that the total submergence of the land at the Deluge may have been attended by a refrigeration which would be sufficient to account for all that has to be accounted for in the glacial epochs. I see that the lowering of temperature consequent upon the sinking of the land under the water in the tropical and temperate regions of the earth would be sufficient to freeze the sea over a great part of what had once been the temperate regions of the earth. I see that, under these circumstances, the land could not have risen in temperate regions after the

Great Flood without being covered by enormous glaciers. I can, indeed, only find in the signs of the so-called glacial epochs so many signs of that tremendous revolution of which one stage was marked by the Universal Deluge. Nor need I go farther in order to find the explanation of the interglacial beds containing remains of plants and animals which could not have lived in an arctic climate, for these beds, instead of pointing to "warm interglacial periods" on the spot, may simply show that, as the land continued to rise above the level of the water after the Deluge, several glaciers from different districts slipped one after the other over the same place, and that each one brought with it any organic or inorganic material which happened to be under it.

C. From your point of view you are not likely to see any thing to lead you to believe that thousands upon thousands of years have passed away since the men lived, who were contemporaneous with the extinct mammoth, whose actual bones and other relics—canoes, pile-dwellings, kitchen-middens, chipped, carved, or engraved flint and bone implements, and the rest—are, one or other of them, met with in the lacustrine strata of the estuary of the Clyde, under the water of more than one of the Swiss lakes, in the loam and breccia of the Brixham and Liège caverns, in the drift near Salisbury, in the older valley-gravels of Amiens, and in many other places. So viewed, indeed, these relics may, after all, point not to pre-adamite man, but to post-adamite man.

M. Obviously so. At all events it does not appear to be necessary to fix the date of these relics very far back in time. The well-known remains of the Temple of Serapis which we saw together at Baïæ, near Naples, need not be very much more recent than the remains of the pile-dwellings and ancient kitchen-middens which we also saw together in Switzerland. The human skulls from the Liège caverns which you saw soon after their discovery display no marked deviation from the present Belgian type of skull. And certainly it is difficult to believe that the valleys in which the relics of ancient man have been found have been hollowed out by the slow action of the rains which fall

and the streams which flow nowadays. On the contrary, it is highly probable that these valleys were in great measure hollowed out in a comparatively short period of time by the emptying of a lake, or by the wash of the sea, or by the grinding of a glacier, and also that the comparatively recent volcanic action which led to the splitting off of England from France may have had a share in the work by raising up the sides of the valley suddenly.

And thus, as you see, it seems to be possible to explain away the interminable ages of geological chronology until the time left is not enough to allow of any considerable working in the way of evolution, for it is a simple matter of fact that little or nothing has been done in this way in ordinary historic times.

C. Mais—"à nos moutons." If past time be not immeasurable, you take away the ground from under the feet of the evolutionist, and at the same time do much to establish my position—that man was really made at no extremely distant period of time in the image of God.

M. I certainly find no fatal objection to this view in the facts upon which the doctrine of Evolution has been built up. Immeasurable time, of the passage of which I find no certain evidence in the geological history of the earth, is necessary to allow of any marked change in any creature in the direction of evolution. And even if this difficulty as to time could not be done away with, the evidence against evolution is, to my mind, more conclusive than the evidence in favor of evolution. I disagree altogether with Mr. Herbert Spencer in thinking that each mental power and capacity in man exists in a rudimentary form in the anthropoid apes and in other brute beasts—that each mental power and capacity in man has been acquired by gradation. I allow that man partakes in the mental as he does in the bodily nature of the brute; but I see in man that in which the brute has no share. Xavier du Maistre, in his charming *Voyage au tour de ma chambre*, is right in speaking of himself as *le moi* or *l'ame*, and also as *l'autre* or *la bête*; and it is much to be regretted that he did not work out this idea a little more exactly and fully. As it is, he leaves you

at liberty to suppose that, in the form of *le moi* or *l'ame*, he has to do with the spirit-world, and, in the form of *l'autre* or *la bête*, with the world of sense. And herein, as it seems to me, is a clear recognition of the truth itself. The life of *l'autre* or *la bête*, the life of the beast, even in its noblest manifestation, is life which is ever overruled by the impressions of the senses and the perceptions connected therewith. This life it is which man has in common with the beasts. The life of *le moi* or *l'ame*, on the contrary, instead of being subservient to the impressions of the senses and the perceptions connected therewith, rises above them into the world of spirit, and there lives a life by which it is enabled to penetrate far into the inmost secrets of nature, to invent and realize its inventions, to hear the music of the spheres and the unutterable words of which its own best tones and words are but jarring and lisping imitations, to put on record these tones and words, to know good and evil, to will, to love, to pray, to worship—to live a life which is ever tending onward and upward, and which can only have its fruition by being at one with the life of God Himself. This life it is which is peculiar to man—altogether peculiar. Nor do I find any reason for coming to a different conclusion—for thinking, that is, that the life of man differs from the life of the brute only in degree—in the manifest resemblances between the brain of man and the brain of the brute. Here, without doubt, the differences are only differences of degree. And this, in fact, is only what was to be expected, if it be, as you yourself hinted at the commencement of this conversation, that the brain and the other ganglionic centres are to be looked upon, not as wells and reservoirs of life, but simply as telegraphic apparatus by which the living man or beast, which is behind the senses, behind the veil, is put in communication with the outer world. It is, I think, of vital moment to have clear notions here. If it be supposed that the brain and other ganglionic centres are wells and reservoirs of mental life, then it must be conceded that the mental differences between man and the brute are only differences in degree of development. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, so far

as its essential ganglionic elements are concerned, the brain of man is more developed than that of the brute, for, microscopically, the cells of the cerebral convolutions of a man are undistinguishable from those of an ape or dog. If, on the other hand, it be supposed that the brain and other ganglionic centres are only parts of a wonderful telegraph apparatus, in which the chief work of the ganglionic cells is to generate electricity, a very different conclusion is arrived at, for then the similarities in the nervous apparatus of men and brutes are only similarities in a telegraphic apparatus. Possibly the nervous apparatus made use of by Paul the Apostle or Plato or Shakespeare or Beethoven or Newton may have been no more perfect than that which is made use of by the Bosjesman. Nay, it is not impossible that the nervous apparatus of a brute may be put to higher uses than those to which it is put—that there may have been no real violation of law in the verbal complainings of the ass of Balaam.

C. You grant me all that I desire, and help me to a degree that I did not dare to expect. I saw that there was that in man which raised him immeasurably above any beast, but before you began to enlighten me more clearly I imagined that the evolutionists were antagonists with whom I could not hope to cope successfully. Now I see that the doctrine of Evolution may be fallacious, not only as regards man, but also as regards beasts—that it is not in accordance with facts and sound dialectics to look upon a plant or animal as other than perfect in itself, and perfect in relation to nature as a grand whole—that the imperfection of man and the manifest march of man onward and upward may, on rational grounds, find its explanation, not in a process of evolution from an original state of utter barbarism, or worse, but in the way which is pointed out in the Scriptures. Up to a certain point, no doubt, man owes much of his improvement to descent; but, so far as I can make out, the improvement which is due to this cause is but small in comparison to that which I do not hesitate to ascribe to intuition, or rather to Inspiration. The exceptional appearance of the great men of the earth—the

salt by which the common herd of mankind is seasoned and preserved from corruption—is not to be accounted for by descent; it can only be accounted for by intuition—by the baptism of fire—by Inspiration. In every case, as it seems to me, man is almost suddenly raised to a higher level, not by self-assertion, but by self-abasement, self-sacrifice, his strength always being made perfect in weakness, through intuition—through the baptism of fire—through Inspiration. The process is as much opposed as it can be to the notion of slow self-development-at-the-expense-of-others upon which the Darwinian doctrine of Evolution is based.

M. It follows, more or less clearly, from what has been said, that the life of man is not closed by death. Does it follow that all that may be claimed for man in this direction may also be claimed for all other living creatures?

C. I do not see my way clearly out of this difficulty. It may be that *similar* plants and animals are perpetuated, and that the *same* plants and animals are not perpetuated. It may be that the *same* *eidog* or seminal form does duty in building up a succession of *similar* plants and animals. I can scarcely imagine a future state of things in which man is alone with his fellow-man and with God. But—

M. But it is time to come to a close, for, instead of listening to your last remarks, I have been wondering what our friend at The Retreat would think if he had been listening to our conversation and were of a malicious frame of mind. You have been striving to show that the true pedigree of man must reach its beginning, as did the pedigree of St. Joseph which is recorded in the Gospel of St. Luke—that is, through Noe, "which was the son of Lamech, which was the son of Mathusela, which was the son of Enoch, which was the son of Jared, which was the son of Maleleel, which was the son of Cainan, which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, *which was the son of God.*" Whereas, he, poor fellow, was put under a certificate of lunacy, and sent to an asylum because he believed himself to be the son of God, and was thought to have mani-

fested suicidal tendencies. It may even be wrong to suppose that he wished to drown himself when he was found floundering in the river. He would never say why he got into this dilemma, but he always repudiated the notion of suicidal intention or impulse. He may have got into the water because he believed himself to be capable of walking upon it—as Christ is seen to be doing in a favorite picture of his. And if this were so, then there may have been no very sufficient ground for dealing with him as lunatic; for to be over-charitable, which was and is his only fault, is no very certain sign of lunacy. It is indeed well for those who shut him up that he cherishes no feeling of resentment against them, for an action might lie against them, with a certainty of heavy damages, if a jury could be

brought to adopt your views respecting the pedigree of man. Good-night.

C. Only one word more. You have not thought it necessary to say any thing in answer to those who believe that man is descended from several distant stocks. Am I at liberty to disregard those views, and to take Adam as the true starting-point for all races of man?

M. I claim for myself such liberty, and I have done so ever since the time when I became acquainted with Dr. Prichard's great work on "The Physical History of Mankind."

C. I must read that book when I can get it.

M. I will send it to you. Once more, good-night.

C. Good-night. — *Contemporary Review.*

PAGANISM IN PARIS.

BY PERE HYACINTHE.

THE religious question, whatever may be said or done, is the reigning question of our epoch. It is true we hear numerous voices demanding the separation of politics and religion, of Church and State, and, in the actual age of the world, I have no objection to the demand. I will merely remark that the only country in Europe which, without having realized that separation, has at least approached to the ideal of it—namely, Belgium—is the very country where religion and politics are confounded more than anywhere else, and where, so to speak, they contaminate each other.

As regards France and the Republic—and I do not separate the Republic from France, for, in the situation in which they are placed, they have no other alternative than to live or die together—as regards France, then, and the Republic, it is more and more evident to any one who has the slightest perspicacity that the question they have to solve under penalty of death—and of a death not far distant—is precisely the religious question.

I will not, therefore, separate what is united in the public mind as in public events, and I shall here study the religious struggle not only in the public conscience, but also in society.

Let us go back, first of all, sixteen hundred years—about the year 250 of our era. Paris was then Lutetia. It had originally been a small town built by Gallic seamen upon what we call to-day the Island of the City. Later, after the conquest of Cæsar, it became a Roman city and an important centre of the administration of the Empire in these regions. The situation was admirably chosen in the midst of the Gauls, with an aspect rather to the north than to the south, in a topographical position both advantageous and charming, just below the confluence of the Marne and the Seine, and above the meeting of the Seine and the Oise, in the midst of graceful and fertile meadows bordering the river. It was by its situation admirably disposed for maritime commerce, and, in fact, history tells us that that commerce soon extended to the distant countries of Syria. Every thing foretold that a great future was in store for Lutetia. And yet history was to surpass all expectations by making it—I will not say, with more conceit than truth, the capital of the world, but the capital of France and the Latin Occident. That is sufficient for its glory, and also for its responsibility. Such was Lutetia.

As I have indicated, the Roman Em-

pire had its magistrates and its jurisconsults there, and it was one of the centres of its administration ; but we are occupied not with these, but with the religious question, and I must therefore add that it was one of the religious centres of the Empire.

Christianity had reached some of the southern cities of Gaul, and in particular the metropolitan city of Lyons, the city of Pothinus and Irenæus ; but it had not yet invaded Lutetia and the north. Paganism reigned there uncontested. But what paganism ? That of Rome. And, if I mistake not, it was one of the most perfect of paganisms the world has ever seen, and, as such, one of the most powerful.

I am well aware of what has been said of the barrenness of the Roman genius in particular, and of the Italian genius in general—of their native inability to produce a great religious and national epic, or to create a powerful native mythology ; but I also know—and it is Cicero who tells us—that, in the time of the Tarquins, it was not a small drop but a large torrent of Hellenic civilization which flooded Rome.

Greece had sent thither her mythology, the most brilliant and most perfect of all mythologies ; and with this precious foreign heritage Rome possessed by birth-right that energy, solidity, and dominating power which belonged to the character of the Romans.

It was therefore a mythology remarkable and perfect in itself ; it was, moreover, a cosmopolitan religion. While continuing to be the paganism of Rome, it had opened her temples to all the vanquished gods as it had opened the Forum to all vanquished heroes. Rome had no doubt preserved her political domination as well as her religious domination ; she was still Rome, but she was not exclusive ; she opened her Pantheon to all the religions of the world, thus realizing a reconciliation more difficult than that of peoples—the reconciliation of the gods. It was a cosmopolitan, in fact I may say a human, paganism.

In the same way as it embraced all races in humanity, it embraced all faculties in the individual. It was an elastic paganism ; it had no dogma or morality of its own ; it was, as has often been said, simply composed of myths and

rites—myths and rites which have nothing to do with reason, and still less with the conscience, and which were entirely confined to the imagination and fingers—*ritus ad solos digilos pertinentes*. But this very infirmity of the Roman paganism, this vague character of its doctrine, or rather this absence of doctrine and morality, rendered it eminently supple and comprehensive ; it responded, on the one hand, to the most vulgar wants of popular superstition, and, on the other, to the most elevated interpretations of reason and philosophy.

It was thus that, while it satisfied religious sensualism, which is to be found in the masses and even in the cultivated classes—while it satisfied them by its most absurd and most impure myths, extending, as it did, to sacred prostitution—it accommodated itself also to the dogmatic principles of the school of Alexandria and the austere precepts of the Portico. At the very epoch of which I am speaking—in the middle of the third century—a school of philosophy, perhaps the highest and noblest under the sun next to Christianity, was founded at Alexandria ; and this school comprised such men as Plotinus, Proclus, Julian, and Porphyry. Without going beyond the sphere of the official religion, in which it had large latitude, it transformed all her myths into the prismatic ideas of Plato ; it imparted to them a sublime signification ; and the Julian whom I have just mentioned—the Emperor Julian, whom our fathers called the Apostate—dreamed of making this philosophy, which was both rational and mystic, the almost miraculous remedy which was to restore life to the imperial and pagan Beast which was wounded unto death by Christianity ; and while the philosophy of Plato and his descendants accommodated itself so well to the rites and fables of paganism, the same thing must be said of the morality of Zeno. The Stoical school was a moral school, and reckoned among its members men like Zeno, its founder, like the admirable Epictetus (whose moral writings St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, read with respect and profit), like Seneca, Cato, and finally, as I have mentioned, the Emperor Julian among the Platonists. I will also mention Marcus Aurelius among the Stoics, as the type of

the philosopher and prince without the pale of Christianity—he who realized during one specific and benevolent hour the dream of Plato. "The people," said Plato, "will never be happy until they are governed by philosophers." Thus we see that the austerity of the precepts of the Portico, of Zeno, and Epictetus, all equally accommodated themselves to paganism, and to that human paganism which embraced the whole of man by his baser nature as by his sublimer being—in short, religious and social paganism.

Our ideal to-day is, if not the immediate separation of Church and State, at least to limit in a more and more precise manner the frontiers of temporal society, which is the State, and those of spiritual society, which is the Church. And we are right. Every thing commands it—the liberty of conscience, the independence of the temporal power, whether it be in the hands of a monarch or those of a people, and finally the very dignity of the spiritual power, which is never greater than when it commands in the name of liberty without appealing to force. And though we may not claim a complete and entire separation of Church and State, we should demand rigorous distinctions.

We must not forget what history teaches us, that Church and State, religion and society, whether of the Jews, pagans, or Christians, were never on a more regular and stronger footing than when firmly upholding each other. Now that is just what Roman paganism did; it had become, if I may be allowed the expression, incarnate—flesh of the flesh and bone of the bone of the Empire. The Empire was one vast democracy. Ah! we in France are now striving in our turn to realize a truly liberal democracy, and we have a right to do so. But history shows us that Caesarism was the most powerful and lasting form of democracy in the past. The Roman Republic was autocratic—it perished with Pompey. Roman democracy was imperial—it rose with Cæsar, who was made at the same time a pontiff and a deity! Statues of him extant in Rome still bear the inscription *summus pontifex*. How strange! Julius Cæsar, the depraived and immoral, he who scoffed at the gods in private and at virtue in pub-

lic, was proclaimed by the Roman Senate, in his lifetime, first a demigod, and ultimately a god.

Thus empire and religion were one; and, as if to have deified Cæsar was not yet enough, the Senate and people themselves were deified. The goddess Rome, *dea Roma*, was not only the Eternal City, with Jupiter absolute at the Capitol, or Cæsar reigning at the Palatine; she embodied also—authentic records are there to testify to it—the worship of the Roman Senate and people. The Empire itself was deified.

Never, I repeat, had the sun risen on such a mighty empire. That is what existed at Rome, while a more humble reflection of it obtained in Gaul, in Paris; and this it is which a handful of obscure men, all of whose names have not even come down to us through history, came to battle with, A.D. 250. St. Denis, our first bishop, St. Rusticus, St. Eleutherus, and a few more unnamed—they were obscure Christians sent by the bishop of Rome. The Papacy did not then reign in Rome, though it taught the primacy of the early ages, the humble and edifying primacy of the Apostolic Church. It was St. Fabian of Rome who sent thither the man who was to become St. Denis. But what social force, what human allies, could be relied on in the battle against such a power, against that paganism he was to encounter in Gaul? There were three forces: I have just mentioned one—Rome. The Christians were its loyal subjects—true Christians have ever been the faithful subjects of established authority—and at that time Rome was relatively a beneficent power. They were the subjects of Rome and at the same time its heroic victims—victims sacredly rebellious in their conscience. There was no dependence upon political Rome to fight religious Rome, for they were one.

Apart from Rome, the old Celtic vindications and the young Germanic invasion had to be taken into account. And what were the old Celtic vindications? Ah! men were dreamers in those days, and as they dreamed they strove by fire and sword for the restoration of a Gallic nationality, or rather the founding of a Celtic empire in opposition to the cosmopolitan empire of Rome, that should comprise alike Gaul, Spain, and

Great Britain. There were men among the emperors of Gaul—men such as Posthumus, Victorian, and Tetricus; there were heroic struggles, but the apostles of Paris, the apostles of the Gauls, soaring high above all parties in the regions of conscience and eternity sought not their strength in Gallic vindications.

But on the other side of the Rhine, five or ten years before the advent of our apostles, there was being formed the first League of the Franks, a barbarous but high-minded people, destined to bring to us a few drops of their warm blood to mix with that of the Celts, our ancestors, and with that of the Romans, our civilizers—a barbarous but generous race, whose name, we glory in, has clung to us; for that name is synonymous with frankness, the foe of deceit, and liberty, the enemy of servitude. The Frankish league and the Germanic invasions were already beginning to disturb the land of Gaul; but the apostles of Paris, the apostles of the northern region, did not trust to the Franks any more than they did to the Celts. Upon whom, then, did they rely? What forces did they summon to the aid of their apostolate? Were they themselves possessed of any strength appreciable in a human sense? I am not declaiming but relating history; I am not putting forth a verbose apology on behalf of Christianity, but exposing facts for candid appreciation. The Christian apostles in that golden age of Christianity, and more particularly the apostles of Lutetia, brought with them to the struggle with paganism no appreciable human force. They certainly had not recourse to the force of arms. At a later period this force did soil and dishonor the hands of Christians, for it was by the force of arms that Christianity was spread in Northern Europe, and we Frenchmen are forced to remember Charlemagne and Witikind and the compulsory and sanguinary baptism of the Saxons. I need quote no other examples. Were I to run through the annals of the history of the Catholics as well as of the Protestants in the middle ages and during the sixteenth century, I should encounter everywhere the sight or smell of blood. But in those early times the hands of the Church were clean; she had not yet grasped the sword by the hilt—nay, it was its point that was buried

in the breast of her martyrs. Therefore it was not the force of arms.

Was it the power of gold? Bishops and priests of those days were not paid by the State; and they had not yet invented that other source of revenue, which I shall not perhaps call simoniacal, but which nevertheless is not edifying—viz., fees, fixed by tariff, on prayers, on the sacraments, on the means of grace, and therefore, one may say almost, on the blood of Christ.

Sceptical conservatives were not wanting in those days, any more than in ours, but they at least offered the insult of munificent almsgiving, prompted, it is true, not by faith, but by interested motives, and intended to extract from religion immunity if not influence; and they laid their largess on other altars than that of the true and living God; they gave to other priests than those of Jesus Christ. Those early Christians counted no more, therefore, on the power of gold than on that of the sword. What then was that strange power which served them in their warfare? Was it that of science or of eloquence? History brings down to us no mention of these; and if we consult Paul the apostle, the master and model of them all, we find him saying to the Christian communities of his day: "Look well around ye, my brethren, and behold, there are not many rich or noble among you, nor many learned according to the world. I myself," adds the apostle, "have not come with the eloquent words of human wisdom; but because the world would not know God by the wisdom of God himself, God has resolved to save the world by the foolishness of preaching." This is what they brought with them, the madness of their preaching, the heroism of their martyrs; and they hid themselves in subterranean chambers, for they dared not appear in Paris in the light of day—the intolerance of the times would not have suffered it. So they descended into crypts and vaults, and there they founded, there they erected, those two monuments, so humble, yet so sublime—the pulpit and the altar. A pulpit from whence they taught not human science, but the divine law; an altar whereon they realized not social justice, but infinite love. In Rome, human science and social justice were pre-eminent, and yet they sufficed

not to save her. All science that had been acquired down to that epoch, Rome possessed, and we laugh at her to-day, as they will laugh at our infantine science of to-day in two or three centuries hence. But as we look back and smile at the science of Rome, we should be respectful, remembering that it was illustrated by philosophers, literary men, and artists. But then, as now, science was not enough for the world. There was justice, and it was given to Rome to commence here below the building up of social justice; and even to-day, at the close of the nineteenth century, I am not afraid to render homage to Roman law, which has helped us to live so long, with which we shall continue to exist for a long time to come, and of which the great St. Augustine said: "As supernatural wisdom came from God through the mouth of the prophets, so also natural wisdom, social justice, came from the same God through the mouth of the Roman legislators (*leges Romanorum divinitus per ora principum emanarunt*)."

No! Justice and wisdom were not sufficient; faith was necessary, love was required. Faith, that is to say, that enlightenment which does not contradict reason, but sees beyond it; that divine flame which lights up the midnight of internal darkness—sin—as well as the all-pervading shadow of Heaven—misericordia; that flame which renders evident to man the corruption dwelling unknown within him, and which shows him the mercy of God bending down and extending over him.

What was necessary then for this conquest of Gaul? Simply this—the folly of their preaching; the story of this Man, the Son of a virgin, risen from the dead; but above all that story between the virgin and the sepulchre—the gibbet—was necessary: this Man, Son of man and Son of God; this Man in whom the human and the divine natures were united, blended together, ascending the cross in order to save the consciences of all from the yoke of sin and all societies from the yoke of slavery. Therein lies the madness, the scandal, the preaching of the cross.

And by the side of this long pulpit an altar was wanted, that the toiler in the town and the toiler in the field might offer up the produce of their labor, the bread

and wine of creation, the two substances watered by the rains of heaven, bathed by the rays of the sun, and bedewed by the holy sweat of the toiler's brow. The two substances which sustain our life—bread which is strength, wine which is joy—the two royal and sacerdotal substances must be brought to this altar, and by means of a mystery entirely spiritual and yet quite real, by a mystery which concedes nothing to the senses, but gives every thing to the soul, are to become the body and the blood of the immortal Martyr, realizing the living union, the direct union, the immediate union of man with his God, and of man with his fellow-man, of whatever caste or race or nation he may be; for, as St. Paul had said, "there are no longer amongst you either Jews or Gentiles; there is no longer a people of the narrow and selfish revelation; there are no longer peoples of vain-glorious and corrupt civilization; there are no more Greeks and barbarians; there are no more rich and slaves; there are no more men and women, and you are all one in Christ Jesus." That is how paganism was vanquished here in Paris—the word of faith in the pulpit of St. Denis, the mystery of love on the altar of St. Denis.

And—I will not say a few centuries, but only a series of years had passed, and the Seine, as it embraced the point of the island where now rises the majestic façade of Notre-Dame, and where then stood a temple to the Roman and Gallic gods, saluted, as it murmured past among the sweeping meadows, the first but definitive trophies of the victories of Christ—the victories of the Gospel and of Christian civilization.

As we approach and touch the actualities of our own time, I feel the lines of justice stronger and straighter. But within these lines and with the actualities of to-day we breathe, thank Heaven, the beneficent atmosphere of liberty. I shall therefore speak my mind freely, recounting what I see in the region of free-thought, as it is called. But the word is badly chosen. We Christians also, we desire and we are bound to think freely. We are between two parties—I should say armies—that of Rationalism and that of Ultramontanism. I respect them both. I respect the Roman Catholics, because they are especially my brethren;

I shared for a long time their delusions, and I still share their faith, as expressed in the Nicene Creed. I am and intend to remain Catholic. I also respect the free-thinkers. I know how sincere a great number of the *maire*, and, moreover, I feel myself moved by a painful and respectful sympathy for the sufferings which it has been my lot to discover in many of their consciences. And far be it from me to willingly wound—I will not say any conscience—but any person, and if I unwittingly do so, I retract beforehand.

Returning to my subject—we will pass from the third to the nineteenth century. I will not say that in the interval of these sixteen hundred years Christianity has perished; on the contrary, I think that in more than one sense it has more life than ever in the world, and that, too, in Paris. What I will say is that the official and divine institution which is represented among us by the Catholic Church has been shaken. Twice in the history of these centuries the see of St. Denis has abdicated, and twice it has abdicated before two rival paganisms, mortal enemies each of the other, and yet leagued together against the Gospel—against the pure and entire Gospel. Such is my thesis. I will now deal with the facts.

Let us begin by speaking of the first of these two paganisms—of that which I will call the intellectual paganism, or rather the irreligious, I should almost say the impious, paganism—for it is that which suppresses religion. The other paganism is the superstitious paganism, which distorts religion. In speaking of the first of these paganisms—first chronologically, but not in power—I can repeat what we have learned from Leibnitz, and what experience has confirmed, that each new affirmation of superstition or fanaticism is met by a negation of incredulity and irreligion, and that each new manifestation of incredulity encounters a new affirmation of superstition. Extremes meet—nay, they do more—they unite and propagate; and this is precisely the tragic, the formidable aspect of the situation.

To deal with the paganism of incredulity, of irreligion, we must go back to the troubled dawn of our French Revolution.

It was before an assembly which had

had its days of glory, but which, at the time I am speaking of, was not worthy of France—the National Convention. At its bar appeared the successor of St. Denis, he who, invested with the episcopal tiara, occupied the see of Paris—the constitutional bishop Gobel. On his brow, which had borne the mitre (mysterious symbol of the august and pacific power which comes from Jesus Christ), he had placed the red Phrygian cap—emblem of the bloody demagoguery. He appeared before that assembly without having been called, and, in base, despicable language, said: "The will of the people has always been my first thought, and my first duty is to obey it." But the cowardly apostate confounded the respect of the people with the fear of the scaffold, as he confounded the respect of God with the terror of hell. Tormented by day by the vision of the guillotine, tortured at night by infernal visions, actuated by the basest cowardice, and possessing no religion, neither that of the Stoics nor that of Christians, he had come there, surrounded by the meanest of his priests, to abjure at one and the same time his Christian faith and his episcopacy. "Citizens," said the president of the Convention to them, "in laying on the altar of the Republic these Gothic baubles, you have deserved well of the nation."

Frantic applause burst forth from most of the benches, while Robespierre, isolated in his disgust, meditated the sentence which a few days later was to send Gobel to wash out, if he could, his shame by the guillotine.

This was the first abdication of the pulpit of the see of St. Denis.

This abdication was not made, however, into the hands of paganism: the Convention was not pagan, it was deist. Robespierre proclaimed it in language which was perhaps strange and ridiculous, but which has also its sublime aspect—he proclaimed the official belief of the French people in the Supreme Being and in the immortality of the soul. Would that all the Republicans of to-day had preserved the orthodoxy of the National Convention!

The Convention was deist, but it was already outstripped by atheism. Robespierre was classed among the champions of the old *régime*. The Supreme

Being was a myth to be banished with Jehovah and Jesus. The Commune of Paris was in the van of progress, and the procurator—ringleader—of that Commune, Chaumette, stood in front of the altar of Notre-Dame to inaugurate the most disgraceful of all paganisms—the religion of atheism. On the altar of Jesus stood a courtesan; she personified in her barren and corrupting flesh the profaned reason of man. A shameless woman, a reason profaned—this was the goddess of Reason; and to her were offered adorations which we are willing to forget on the condition that we are not forced to remember them.

It was therefore a new paganism which arose; but, to the glory of the French people, I can say that the goddess of Reason threw off her vile trappings and cleansed herself of the mire into which she had fallen. And yet, alas! to be faithful to truth, I am forced to say that the goddess Reason is still standing erect, and that her throne is neither in Berlin nor London—at Berlin, in the German universities, where there are no doubt powerful lucubrations of rationalism and irreligion; in England, where flourishes to-day the most radically sceptical school in the world—but the irradiating and powerful focus is Paris.

Not only is the goddess Reason still living in our midst, and not only are we living witnesses, but we are living actors in a veritable paganism.

Paganism is vast—it stretches from the African fetishism to the pantheism of the Brahmins and the atheism of the Buddhists, for atheism itself has its religion. There are those to be found in our day who imagine that religion can be uprooted from the human soil and a great people made to live without adoring. But religion is a thing so great, so subtle, so deep-rooted in man, that even when the very idea of God has disappeared, as in Buddhism (which contemporaneous *savants* affirm, although I myself doubt it), there still remains a religion, the most powerful and sometimes the most fanatic. Thus, from the fetishism of the Africans to the atheism of the Buddhists and the pantheism of the Brahmins, there are all the degrees and shades of polytheism. But these numerous forms, opposed to one another, all enter into the great sphere of paganism. We must not, how-

ever, confound paganism with any of these forms, and if we wish to obtain an exact definition we must go to the essence of it. What then is the essence of paganism or idolatry? Bossuet has told us in a single word: *everything is God except God Himself*. Paganism consists essentially in the substitution of the relative for the absolute, of the finite for the infinite, of man for God. I say "man" rather than nature, for in modern times we do not adore nature, especially exterior nature, for we know it better than our ancestors; we have analyzed it by our science, we have conquered it by our industry; we simply make it our slave. But when God has disappeared—when the Living Infinite and the Personal Absolute have gone—when, as Hamilton says, we have succeeded in exorcising the spectre of the absolute, we find ourselves before another spectre—man: man beholding only himself, man adoring himself, sometimes with the calculating designs of a cold egotism, sometimes with the sudden passions of voluptuousness, ambition, or pride; but it is always man that adores himself. If he adores himself in his individual person, it is egotism; if he adores himself in the person of some or all of his kind, it is what is called to-day, in rather barbarous French, *l'altruisme* (other-selfism); or when, finally, withdrawing himself from individuals or from his own person, he adores himself under the ideal of humanity, and when man adores himself in humanity, as Auguste Comte, a man of great talent, almost of genius, said, "in the continuity of convergent beings," it is still man adoring himself. And, I would ask, did not Auguste Comte himself, while summing up and crowning a scientific life by mystic conceptions, pass from pure philosophy to religion, and inaugurate in Paris, at No. 10, Rue Monsieur le Prince—it still exists—what he called "the sanctuary of the religion of humanity," of which he was the first high-priest, and for which he created a calendar and sacraments? These are living facts of to-day.

Do not overlook the fact that, while pointing out what I call the paganism of the Positivist's school, the adoration of man, I render to it the homage which it deserves. I have spoken of its founder: what should I not have to say of him who

has been *par excellence* the continuator of the system of the founder of Positivism, whose conscience is as upright as his intelligence is penetrating, of whom it has been said that he is "a saint who does not believe in God," and who is such an eminent representative of modern science and of French patriotism—Littre?

There are at this moment in France two schools, distinct, though having a certain connection, and which carry all before them—the Positivist school and the Materialist school. I shall certainly not say that they resume in themselves the whole of French mind. There are in France a great many Christians in the Roman Church, for Roman Catholics are very often far better than the Ultramontane system that holds and binds them. There are great numbers of Christians among the Protestant confessions; and then every thing beyond the pale of Christianity is not pagan. Two religions possess the free and open right of profession in France: Judaism, which proclaims Jehovah, the personal and living God; and Islamism (for Algeria is a part of France), proclaiming in a no less earnest and passionate manner a personal and living God, Allah! Therefore every thing is not pagan on the soil of France. And in the realm of philosophy, in the different spiritualistic schools which still uphold the banner of God, of the human soul, of hope, or rather of everlasting truth—the banner of spiritual philosophy—all these in France comprise Christianity, Judaism, Islamism, and the spiritualistic school. But it must be confessed that they do not all bask in the sunshine of success and popular favor. The two schools which nowadays hold sway over the scientific realm, and would fain attract within their grasp all methods of teaching, and encroach on private and social life, are the sciences of Materialism and Positivism.

But I will not hesitate to tell these schools that they, in fact, are the embodiment of paganism in the sense of the substitution of man for God. It is true that it is a very pure paganism, for indeed there could be no other within a Christian society. Jesus Christ has spoken of worship in spirit and in truth. It is the creature usurping the place of the Creator; the constant substitution of the finite for the infinite, of man for

the personal and living God. That is paganism; and we find it in the three orders of human life—knowledge, ethics, and society.

In the order of knowledge, it is reason severing itself not only from Christian revelation—that would be already too much, for human reason has need of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—but extinguishing on the very heights it occupies the effulgent rays of dawn, the breath of the early day about to break. It is reason forgetting all metaphysics as well as all religion; restraining, crippling itself in the order of outer and material observation, and in the order of inner and psychological observation. "There is but nothingness beyond observation and facts," says the Materialist; nothing but hypothesis, says the Positivist. But this is the mutilated reason of man, the science of observation set in the place of the natural sense, of the rational intuition of things spiritual and eternal. Such is the first characteristic of paganism.

If we enter into conscience, we find an absence of the absolute elements, because God is no longer there: God is nothing, or at least an hypothesis. The human conscience, bereft of its absolute elements, is necessarily bereft of all divine elements. What then remains? Three laws, from which a man may choose according to his taste or fancy, according as his mind is of an austere or a depraved character—the law of conscience, but of a conscience wholly relative and contingent, a conscience based on self, which is but self-communing with self in its own dignity; the law of duty, a beautiful law, inasmuch as it sometimes gives rise to real virtues, admirable self-sacrifice in inconsistent men, who are better than their systems. And yet this is but a relative, contingent conscience, devoid of all value but that of human self. By the side of the law of conscience there is the law of the heart, with its fervid enthusiasm, its beautiful ideal of the imagination as well as of sentiment. Need I add that underneath conscience and heart lies what has been called "the law of physical members," as expounded by that great Saint-Simonian school which taught the rehabilitation of the flesh.

If conscience be not an element superior to man, and law not a light ex-

isting within him, but coming to him from above, it is left to man to choose, to calculate in his wisdom the measure of his conscience which bids him sacrifice himself, the measure of his heart which bids him love, and the measure of his flesh which counsels his enjoyment. That is logic. Man may be better than logic, but nevertheless this is logic. It is man, principle and end of morality, as it is man, the principle and end of conscience.

In the social order we have democracy, a most noble form, and perhaps the definitive form of human societies. Let us use no ambiguities here. The democracy which I admit is that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the initiator of contemporary democracy; and though often a false prophet, he was true and sublime when he qualified democracy as "God's people governing itself"—*i.e.*, the sovereignty of the people acting only as agent of the superior sovereignty of reason and justice. But the democracy of human affairs which ignores God and His divine law in all things is a democracy which renders nugatory all laws it can make itself, and powerless all human action. If the value of laws, of political constitutions, of the constitution of society itself—if the value of property and of the family tie are not founded on absolute reason, but are merely the arbitrary result of the popular will—if man, the majority of the people—for it is a majority, never a whole people, that speaks—declares that such and such a law is a true or just one because it has so willed it, and such and such a constitution wrong or bad because it will have no more of it—I maintain that such a democracy is but tyranny under a new form. It matters little to me that I am governed by one man or millions of men. As a man I owe obedience direct only to reason and divine justice, indirectly to the social agent established in the name of this reason and of this justice. In a traditionally monarchical society this agent is the prince, and I acknowledge the monarch. But, I repeat, behind and above the monarch I bow only to divine order and supreme law, whose agent he, the king or the emperor, is held to be. In a democratic society it is the people—I should say the majority of the people, since we must be arraigned before that

law of numbers which is becoming the constituted agent of justice and law. I accept willingly the majority of the people; but that majority can claim my allegiance only so long as it shall represent the principle of a higher order, the principle of absolute justice—God. Thus, in the social as well as in the moral and intellectual order, it is ever man arraigned before his fellow-man. In other words, it is paganism.

We will now turn our attention to the second form of paganism—superstition. I will not go back so far as 1793, but will approach much nearer to us, to 1870; and not now amidst the great parliament of the nation, but amidst the grand assembly of the Church of Rome. In my mind's eye, I stand within the Council of the Vatican. A man is there whom we have loved, whose memory is still cherished and venerated throughout the French people—ay, throughout the world—the then Archbishop Darboy. During the strife of that troubled session he wrote to me—for I will say that, without encouraging me in the line my conscience had marked out for itself, he never withdrew from me his esteem and his affection—he wrote to me, who had protested against the Council before ever it was holden, in these words: "Victory is but too often on the side of the heaviest battalions." Well, he fought through that deplorable battle, and soon after, in another revolt, opposed not his convictions, not even his faith, but his breast, his life, like the hero that he was, like a martyr; and, like a saint, he gave his blessing to the murderous bullets of the impious Commune, where he was already opposing his eloquence and conscience to the moral and, in one sense, no less terrible onslaught of Ultramontane fanaticism.

I must now speak of another bishop whom I respect because his private life is spotless, and his personal character worthy of respect, but I claim the right to judge him by his acts. The present Archbishop of Paris was likewise present at the Council, and he in advance abdicated the episcopate of St. Denis. True, he did not give up Christian faith, but he surrendered the creed of the Gallican Church. He was persuaded to throw off his episcopal character derived from God by consecration, and which, too, came,

at least in former times, from the people through the election of the magistracy, which in itself embodies alike divine and popular rights. He consented to divest himself of his Catholic character in advance, that he might introduce into Paris the new episcopate, a mere lieutenant of the Pope; and from that see he brought and introduced a new dogma—and what a dogma!—into our catechism. Ah! let us not pass this over inconsiderately. The catechism is the most important of books, for in the teaching of our children it is as the maternal breast, either overflowing with pure and life-giving nourishment or full of insidious poison. The archbishop has introduced into the Paris catechism, hitherto unsullied by this error, the antichristian dogma which suppresses the Church—that is to say, the faith of all—and substituted for it the Pope, or the will of one man. That ancient primate, Gregory the Great, said boldly: "He who shall ever proclaim himself universal bishop will become, through his arrogance, the precursor of Antichrist." He further said that "should the universal bishop fall the whole fabric of the Church will fall with him." Well, the universal, the infallible and absolute bishop, the man before whom all consciences sink into error and perdition—the infallible Pope—is written in this catechism. And this is not all; for the doors of our temple, so long closed against the Roman liturgy, have at last opened. The voice of the old and sound traditions has become mute; and fables, unworthy of reason, and but too often unworthy of conscience, are celebrated before God. A Catholic mythology—it is no longer Catholic faith—has arisen, in aid of superstition on the one hand, and of spiritual tyranny on the other. This has come to pass in our day.

Paganism is still alive in our midst, and as if in response to a law of human nature, a law to be discerned in all mythologies, paganism has become incarnate, has taken the form of two idols, one male, the other female; the male idol is the Pope, the female idol the Virgin Mary. No one could venerate the Pope more than I do, so long as he remains what he was originally—the living symbol of the unity of all Christians. No one could have more respect for the

Holy Virgin, the Virgin of the Gospel, the august mother of the Son of God, the model for all women, maidens and mothers, the humble but sublime Jewess who emancipated her oppressed and humiliated sex, and who has done more for civilization than all philosophers and legislators; and I do not hesitate to say that in profaning both Pope and Virgin, they have made idols of them. The death-bed words of M. de Montalembert, an ardent Catholic, concerning the Pope, will never perish—"the idol they have set up for themselves at the Vatican." Acting in the name of the speaking idol of the Vatican, the present Archbishop of Paris went up unto the dumb idol which people worship at La Salette, and on the brow of that statue, which the Gospel repudiates, he set a crown of gold. I love and venerate the mother of our blessed Lord as the first among all the saints, but this pretended Virgin—this false mother who appears to a poor deluded fanatic giving divine commandments in the worst of provincialisms (*affreux patois*)—I will none of. No: there is no possible reason to believe that the Holy Virgin is permitted to come to this earth in diverse ways and places as a second Saviour claiming adoration that can only be given to her Divine Son. This Mariolatry is idolatry. And—we blush as we say it—there were bishops present, the successors of the apostles of Jesus, Christians who worship in spirit and in truth, and thousands of French people. This ceremony occurred in one of our most enlightened provinces, and but a few months ago, in the year 1879! What else is this but Paganism? and is it strange that I speak with deep and holy indignation at seeing my country rent in twain, one half given up to that abstract idol called human reason—which simply means science separated from absolute truth, progress isolated from its divine principle—and the other half given up to new-fangled and strange fetish, which is offered to its worshippers in the name of the Gospel? This is paganism, and its end has not yet come. Nor is it inactive. What spectacle meets our gaze on the heights of Montmartre, rising out of and overlooking Paris—on the very spot which St. Denis and his companions watered with their blood? A church is being built there; but to

whom? To Jehovah? To Christ, His Son and our Redeemer? To Him of whom John the Evangelist said, "The Word, everlasting light of the Father, was in the beginning; the Word was with God, and the Word was God; and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we have beheld His glory"? Ah! He is veritably the God become manifest in the flesh, the God whose fullness has dwelt among men, has lived and lives eternally in Christ. With clasped hands, on bended knees do I worship Him. I can truly say that I am second to no Christian, by whatever name he may be called, in my passionate adoration of Him: but He, the Christ, is not the God of Montmartre. The God of Montmartre is the one who appeared, so it is said, to Marie Alacoque during hallucination. It is he who, in these visions, himself ordained that the Jesuits should be the apostles of the new dispensation. And, indeed, it is the Jesuits who, in the last century, overawed the Gallican episcopacy in spite of their protestations, and Rome itself, in spite of its wise misgivings. It is they who, in an unguarded moment, wrung from the Assembly that pretended national offering to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And who is this new apparition, this strange figure presented for our adoration? Instead of the Word, the *Logos*, made man, we have a youth of insipid beauty, sensual and mystic, appearing to a deluded nun and exhibiting to her eyes a lacerated viscus—a heart dripping with blood, and surrounded by a red flame. These misguided Christians have, in their audacious fanaticism, done what it was not permitted the cruel executioners of Calvary to do: they have broken His sacred body, they have torn out His holy heart, and parade it about the world on banner, cross, and halberd! Ah! is it not true that paganism is still in our midst? And I dare assert that the day when Catholic France shall go up to the shrine of Montmartre—should she ever do so—that day will witness the definitive victory of Jesuitism. Paris, conquered by the Prussians and burnt by the Communists, will be trampled under foot by the triumphant Jesuits.

But little space is left for me to explain minutely, as I have done in the case of irreligious nationalism, the character

of Ultramontanism. However, I will sum it up in one word, in its relation to knowledge, morality, and society.

In the order of knowledge it is still man substituting himself for God. Is it the Bible, that supernatural word of God to the world? Is it reason, natural light of God to man? No: now the Bible is closed; reason is abased. While the pious and learned Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, was pursuing those philosophical studies of his to which we are indebted for the treatise on the *Existence of God*, he suddenly recoiled on his own reason, the reason of man, and viewing in it not the faculty, born shallow and defective, but the object which illuminates it, the absolute ideas which people it as with a starry firmament, and the eternal laws which govern it in its contingent evolutions, "Reason! Reason!" suddenly exclaimed the great Christian thinker, "could it be that thou art he whom I seek?" Yes; in its object reason is God, not in itself, but in its object; and long before Fénelon, St. John had said, "That word is the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Well! reason is in bondage, the Bible is closed: these two communions—the one natural, the other supernatural, but both direct—of man with God are interrupted. What then remains? Man—man of the same flesh and blood as we are, who is often full of good intentions—it is the case of the present Pope, it was the same with his predecessor, but to the goodness of intentions Leo the Thirteenth joins a wisdom relatively considerable in idea and action—a man who may be virtuous, but who also may be (history bears proof of it) reckoned among the weak, sometimes even among the wicked. And yet it is on his lips that the permanent and lying miracle of infallibility is made to dwell. This man, placed between his equals and God, will henceforth be the alpha and omega of moral and religious certitude. Has not the leader of this party, or rather sect, dared to write, "There is only one man in the world who knows any thing, and he is the Pope?"*

Such is the intellectual paganism. The moral paganism is that which also

* "L'Illusion Libérale," by M. Louis Veuilot.

places a man between conscience and God. I do not wish to say any harm of Catholic confession; when it is freely and morally practised, when it proceeds from a conscience which opens itself in the full possession of its liberty, dignity, and modesty, and when it is received by a man of enlightened religion and disinterested devotion, who does not wish to dominate over souls, but to serve them, who does not seek to supplant God, but to prepare the ways to Him—then the confessional is a blessing, a real blessing, and I would not for my part diminish the respect or the practice of it. But this is not the Jesuitical confession. The Jesuitical confession implies the abdication of personal will, of individual responsibility. Man in the hands of a confessor must be—these are the very words of the book—"like a corpse which can be moved about in all ways, without a resistance, like a staff in the hands of an old man." Not only obedience, but blind obedience, must be practised. This is what I call an immorality—the faculty which ought to enlighten man blinding itself, the moral agent discharging itself of its terrible but glorious responsibility on to a stranger. Even supposing this strange abdication, this monstrous substitution, took place in behalf of all virtues, it nevertheless constitutes a fundamental immorality.

There are certain things which are heavy for man to bear: among them we may class the weight of truth in his reason and the weight of justice in his conscience. It is most convenient to say, "I will think no more, I will not even believe any more, but I will submit myself;" and it is also convenient to say, "I will struggle no longer for justice; I will listen no more, according to the words of St. Paul, to my thoughts which accuse and defend me in turns; I will read no more with the lamp of vigilance and sometimes of anguish that written law, of which St. Paul says, 'Everybody is to himself his own law, everybody will be judged by the law which he hears in his heart;' and I abdicate my conscience into the hands of a confessor."

This is paganism—man substituted for God, man intercepting with his fatal shadow the light which comes from above. It is pretended that all this is done in the name of the Church. As re-

gards myself, I shall always distinguish the Church, not only the Catholic Church, which is more vast than Rome, but the Roman Church itself in its generous elements—I shall always separate them from what M. de Montalembert called in a letter to myself "the odious sect which dominates and traffics on the Catholicism of our days." The sect which dominates and trades on the Catholicism of our days, the sect which has attached itself to the Church like an ivy which exhausts it, like a cancer which devours it, some think is an absolute enemy of the Republic. It is a mistake. What it is the enemy of is political and social autonomy—the communication of the conscience of citizens and magistrates with justice and superior reason, directly, immediately, face to face, a people of God governing themselves. But if it can find anywhere—and such things have been seen in South America and elsewhere—if it can find a Republican or Cæsarean democracy, no matter which, that will consent to place above justice, above the rights of one and all, and consequently above God, the canonical Ultramontane right—that is to say, the arbitrary will of the pope—that sect will be contented with it, it will acclaim it, it will sprinkle holy water on liberty-trees, and even, if necessary, on red Phrygian caps. All it desires of man is on thing: to abdicate direct relations, in the social order as in the moral and intellectual order, with supreme reason, with absolute justice, with God, and to place between earth and heaven a priest—that Italian priest who is called the Pope.

Such are the two paganisms which I point out to my contemporaries, and in concluding this very imperfect article I ask of them: Now, what do you desire? Will you choose between them; or will you reject them both? Will you be Ultramontane, kneeling before the Pope, or will you be sceptic, straying in the midst of your dreams, tottering in the midst of your doubts? You feel that a choice must be made, and you know not how to make it. In your hours of religious sentimentalism you incline toward Ultramontanism; in your hours of philosophical independence you incline toward negation, or at least toward doubt. You know not how to say yes or no decisively. Weak souls, powerless reasons,

the majority hesitate, till on the point of death, between the affirmation of their cradle, whose echo awakens in their tomb, and the negation of their youth or the doubt of their manhood. You divide yourselves in your own conscience between two extremes which are equally impossible, without being able to discover the luminous and pacific medium. You divide yourselves in your homes, where you place superstition and incredulity side by side. You send your wives and daughters to the school of a superstitious religion which teaches them to think no longer. You go with your sons to a school of a heartless science which renders prayer and love impossible. France will be the loser if this schism continues. Republic or Monarchy, she will descend into the byways of decadence, and perhaps into the abyss of catastrophes.

What we must do, and I continue to appeal to my dear fellow-citizens, my dear co-religionists—for, after all, we are all Christians, and when we go to the bottom of our souls we all feel Christianity there—we must, amid all these errors, raise aloft the banner of the Gospel. Instead of isolating ourselves, instead of firing on one another in this civil war, in this criminal and mad war, we must unite together. We must labor in that work of which Mr. Gladstone, one of those statesmen who do not blush to be real Christians, remarked to me one day that the greatest idea of this century was Catholic reform and the unity of the Church. Above Protestantism and its divisions, above Roman Catholicism and its oppression, above Greek Catholicism and its somnolence or isolation, let us endeavor to arouse a great organic and living Christianity, a vast superior and integral Catholicism, a free and strong federation of churches and consciences; and let us oppose to the two enemies—to the one who says to man, "Thou hast no soul or immortality, and consequently thou art only an ephemeral and suffering animal;" and to the other who says to him, "Give me thy soul, leave to me thy conscience, I alone can

save them from Satan and lead them to God"—to these two paganisms let us reply with a restored Christianity. Ah! this is what must be done. Will you do it? I am asked. Are you a St. Denis? No, I am not a St. Denis, but I am one of his disciples. Nor am I alone, for there are legions of his disciples hidden away throughout my beloved country, hidden and timid from this long reign of terror to conscience. But when help and liberty are assured, they will come forth strong in the strength of the Lord, and we shall fight the good fight together—the peaceful battle of Christ's love. Yes, we can do this, we can and we ought. And if they do not, and if I fall and die enveloped in my solitary flag, I shall not die alone discouraged. No, because I shall have fought for the truth, believing that the future will sooner or later realize what the present is not worthy of accomplishing. No—and my friends will allow me to speak thus personally of the course in which all my life and being are engaged—no, I shall never be discouraged by the opposition or the indifference of men, by the delays of time and God. I shall not be like those who seek only immediate success. I shall not be like those who stop before duty and sacrifice, saying to themselves, "If I go farther, I shall not be followed." There are disciples of Christ who, alas! speak thus in our days. I shall march alone if I am to be alone. I shall say, like the poet philosopher, "I am a citizen of the centuries to come;" or rather I shall say, as the symbol of our faith, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead," in the resurrection of dead consciences, till that of dead bodies shall have taken place. I believe in the rejuvenation of worn-out institutions, but which must revive because they are necessary; in the triumph of vanquished principles, of truths obscured by those who combat them, and often by those who defend them. I believe in the final victory of truth and justice, and in the reign of God forever on this earth.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

WHAT IS JUPITER DOING?

BY HENRY J. SLACK.

THE question, so often suggested by changes in the aspect of the planet Jupiter, "What is he doing?" is again forcibly put by the appearance of a remarkable spot of enormous dimensions, and of a reddish or orange-brown tint, which has occupied the attention of observers for several months, and which seems to be identified, so far as relates to position and form, though not in color, with what has been seen on former occasions.

Probably no celestial bodies reach a permanent condition: constant change seems a law of nature; but there may be great variations in the rates at which changes occur. If we assume as probable a modification of the nebular theory, suns and their attendant planets are formed by the condensation of matter in an extreme state of tenuity, and the mass of suns and planets may receive frequent additions in the shape of any smaller or less heavy bodies they are able to attract. Our sun is probably a great devourer of meteors; and as our earth crosses the orbits of certain meteoric swarms, we have showers of shooting stars, fortunately so small that their bombardment is unnoticed.

Scarcely any thing is known, or plausibly guessed, concerning the condition and properties of nebulous matter. If, for example, the spectrum of a nebula indicates hydrogen, we may be pretty sure it is not in the state of the gas as it is known in our laboratories. The recent discoveries of Crookes concerning the properties of matter a million times more attenuated than common air lead to the hope that fresh light may be thrown upon many astronomical questions; but in the mean time it is impossible to form more than a vague idea of the condition of any star or planet that does not in its main features resemble our earth; and this can be said only of Mars, on whose globe we can discover what is probably land and what is water, and see white masses, which it is reasonable to believe are snow, form and melt away as the planet's winter and summer affects them in turns.

Our earth has long been in a state of

slow, as distinguished from that of rapid, change. The geologist finds the oldest rocks he can discover affording indications that they were formed when the circumstances of the globe were sufficiently like what they are now for fair comparison. The earth's surface may have been warmer, its atmosphere more moist, and it may have contained more carbonic acid than we now find; storms may have been more frequent and more violent, but the assemblage of differences between what now is and what was at the time of any formation the geologists can reach would not noticeably approach the enormous difference that separates the condition of our earth from that of either Jupiter or Saturn. It is possible that they now represent stages which our earth passed through in remote times, and they may be undergoing changes that are approximating them to our present condition. It is, however, probable that, while there are analogies and resemblances in the life-histories of all the heavenly bodies, there are also individual peculiarities and diversities not less important or less striking.

Jupiter's diameter is about eleven times that of our earth, and his mean density is about a quarter that of the earth, or about a third more than water. Now, a bulky body may be composed of heavy materials, and still, as a whole, be light, like an iron ship or a lump of pumice-stone, that will float in water. The pumice lump is light on account of its vesicular formation, so that the mass consists of heavy felspathic material and the air it contains. Extract the air, and the pumice loses its floating power, though still far from heavy in proportion to its bulk. Most of the earth's crust is formed of solids much heavier than water. Granites are more than two and a half times heavier than water, slaty rocks much about the same, and so are ordinary limestones, the variations of all being from about 2.5 to 2.9. The iron-stone group contains denser minerals; red hematite has a specific gravity of 4.5; magnetic ironstone, 4.5 to 5.2, etc.; and many other ores are heavy.

At some remote period, when only part of the now solid earth had been condensed from gaseous and vapory matter, our planet might have had a mean density like that of Jupiter, as its rocky materials contain between forty and fifty per cent of oxygen ; and while condensations and chemical combinations were going on rapidly our globe must have been the scene of

Thunders, lightnings, and prodigious storms.

And it is probable that certain stars which have suddenly blazed forth with passing splendor have exhibited to us the spectacle of conflagrations extending over millions and billions of square miles. Color-changes in Jupiter—such as those noticed by Mr. Browning and the writer in 1869-70—may have been caused by soda-flames, though not fierce enough or extensive enough to add materially to his ordinary luminosity, which is estimated as always exceeding, though not in a very high degree, what it would be by mere reflection of light received from the sun. A drawing after Mr. Browning was published in the fifth volume of the "Student and Intellectual Observer," showing a broad, full, yellow equatorial belt ; also broad belts of purplish brown edged with narrower yellow bands above and below it, and curious white patches in the upper dark belt. The polar belts were purplish and olive. The appearance and disappearance of these remarkable belts indicated great physical changes, and it is to be regretted that spectroscopes could not afford as much information as was hoped for. The planet, though appearing much brighter than any star, gives, according to Mr. Browning, a spectrum fainter than that of a star of the second magnitude.

It is the size of the planet and his nearness, as compared with the distance of any fixed star, that makes him such a brilliant object. The size of a luminous body greatly affects our estimation of the intensity of its light. Mr. Huggins, at the time mentioned, discovered some dark lines in the Jovian spectrum not belonging to the solar spectrum, and probably resulting from the absorptive action of the planet's atmosphere. He also pointed out that the remarkable yellow color had been seen some years before. Quite recently Mr. Huggins has been employing his large reflector to take photo-

graphic spectra of the planet, and he informs the writer that "from G to O in the outer violet there is no sensible modification, either in addition or absence of lines, of the solar spectrum." This is curious, as Jupiter has exhibited a good deal of primrose tint, with orange-brown belts and a big orange-brown spot.

A telescopic view of Jupiter usually exhibits some dark belts, occupying a zone of considerable breadth, on either side of the planet's equator, with less conspicuous markings nearer the polar regions. It is also common to find various-shaped patches brighter than the rest. Sometimes the general pattern formed by these markings lasts for months with little visible alteration. At other times a few minutes are sufficient for changes of enormous magnitude. The first question that arises is, what do the dark bands or spots mean ? Are they portions of the solid body of the planet, which have some fixity of shape, in any degree analogous to that of our mountain chains or great continents ? Or are they cloudy matter of less light-reflecting power than the bright and dense atmosphere by which the planet appears to be surrounded ? Or are they merely more transparent parts of that atmosphere, through which no lower objects happen to reflect light enough to be visible ? If the bright parts of the Jovian disk are light-reflecting clouds, and the dark belts the body of the planet, we should suppose it would be common to see a notched appearance of the edges ; but this is not so. "Ordinarily," as Captain Noble says, "the belts fade perceptibly as they approach the actual edge of the disk ; but," he adds, "I have seen the belts right up to it." The softening of the belts, as the planet's rotation brings them to the edges of the disk, probably arises from the dark parts being considerably below the boundary of the Jovian atmosphere, and thus seen through a greater thickness of it when near the edges. When the dark belts touch the edge without noticeable softening they must be higher up, and less likely to be any part of the solid body, if Jupiter has any thing that can be so called. The great spot of this season has never been seen close to the edge. A very moderate magnification is sufficient to show that as the planet rotates it comes into view decidedly at some dis-

tance from the luminous margin, and disappears at a similar distance from the opposite margin.

Telescopes, under the most favorable conditions, and of the greatest power, only reveal very large features of the planet. It is impossible to see any thing like details of structure, and this makes the identification of objects seen at different times more or less uncertain. If we had glimpses of great mountain chains in Jupiter it would be something like seeing the Andes or the Himalayas all in a lump, from some skiey perch, so far off as to prevent the separate peaks and valleys from being noticed. Jupiter is about five and one fifth times as far from the sun as we are—our mean distance. according to the last reckoning being 92,620,000 miles. With the moon only 240,000 miles off, and very frequently bearing a much higher magnification than can be applied without confusion to Jupiter, telescopes bring no object near. A magnification of 1000 linear—only usable under very favorable circumstances—makes lunar objects as big, but not as distinct, as a naked-eye vision of them would do if it could approach within 240 miles. With the enormously greater distance of Jupiter it must be evident how impossible it is for any thing but huge masses to be seen.

Jupiter's atmosphere is much larger in proportion to any solid matter he may contain than that of our earth to its solid matter. It is also much denser, and from its greater distance only gets about one twenty-fifth as much solar influence as reaches us. For these and other reasons it is not unlikely that some of his cloud formations may be more lasting than ours. That his gaseous envelope is, however, at times subject to violent disturbances arising from a prodigious exertion of internal forces is proved by instances of sudden changes in the diameter of the disk. The Rev. T. W. Webb, in his "Celestial Objects," mentions as "inexplicable" an observation of Smyth, confirmed by similar observations of Maclear and Pearson, all being at different places—namely, that on June 26th, 1828, Jupiter's second satellite, after fairly entering upon the disk, in the course of its revolution, was subsequently seen for four minutes outside it, and then suddenly vanished. More re-

cently Secchi noticed a similar phenomenon; and the explanation can only be that Jupiter's atmosphere was suddenly blown out for some thousands of miles and retreated again. Secchi states that on April 2d, 1874, he watched the first satellite as it was about to cross the planet's disk, which appeared "finely undulated." "When the satellite approached within its own diameter of the margin of the planet the latter sprang toward it, appeared to touch it, and immediately retired. This happened, backward and forward, until the satellite had plainly entered upon the planet—that is to say, for four or five minutes.* . . . The satellite appeared fixed, and all the movement seemed to belong to the disk of the planet."

In October, 1879, Mr. Kidd, of Bramley, Guildford, saw, as is described in the *Observatory* for November, the second satellite first touch the disk, then appear separated from it, and finally pass behind it, but remain for some time visible through it. The *Observatory* for November also quotes the *Chicago Tribune*, to the effect that observations at the Dearborn Observatory indicate that changes in the outline of the planet take place from day to day. Two sets of measures at the interval of a week are stated to have shown a difference in the direction of the major axis amounting to 5°.

When extensive belts or bright portions change rapidly, the storm effects must be immensely greater than in any of our hurricanes. Jupiter's motion at the equator is at the rate of about 28,000 miles an hour; his daily rotation is completed in a few seconds less than ten hours; and objects in Jupiter weigh about two and a half times as much as on our earth. When our winds move with a hurricane speed of 85 miles an hour, they exert a pressure upon whatever they strike equal to 36 pounds per square foot. What, then, must be the force of a Jovian storm, moving much heavier matter than our air, at the rate of 300 miles an hour, as was observed on one occasion by Herschel.

On another occasion South saw a spot 22,000 miles long, and before a friend who was present could commence a

* *Comptes Rendus*, 1874, vol. lxxviii. p. 1468.

sketch it had nearly all changed. There may in such cases be violent chemical action, a terrific clashing together of atoms, and the precipitation of solid oxides of metals, like the fumes produced by the burning of magnesium wire.

In considering the persistence of spots or markings, it seems that the dark ones are more lasting than the light. A dark spot noticed by Cassini in 1665 was visible up to 1713, though obscured at intervals—at one time for eight years.

Some interesting white spots were noticed in 1878 by Niesten, of the Brussels Observatory, to change from a circular to an elongated form as they appeared in the centre or nearer the sides of the disk. This would indicate something like a columnar form, looking round when seen vertically, and elongated when seen aslant.

Lately, as already mentioned, a very fine dark spot has been seen upon the south equatorial belt. It was found by Niesten to be 13" long and 3" wide, the polar diameter of the planet being 48". When Captain Noble saw this spot, on August 22d, 1879, he made a memorandum that "the remarkable spot sketched on November 19th, 1858 (nearly twenty-one years ago), reappears—or one very similar indeed to it does—to-night."

M. Niesten kindly sent to the writer—who published a translation of it in the *Astronomical Register* for November—a list of observations of red spots more or less identical in aspect with this one, and probably of the same formation. It is not to be expected that in the revolutionary state of things existing in Jupiter there would be the same persistence of form that belongs to our islands and continents; and it is quite possible that there may be huge islands of vesicular formation, far bigger than all Australia, floating in viscous seas; so that if the figure of a spot remains the same, or spots seen at different times bear a strong resemblance to each other, they *might* be identical, even though there had been some change of place. Mathematicians tell us that the flattening at the poles noticeable in Jupiter and Saturn, and caused by their rapid rotation, would be greater than measurement shows, if such light bodies were homogeneous. There must, therefore, be some portions much denser than others, and these planets most prob-

ably contain matter in all intermediate stages, from the attenuated gaseous, through the viscid, to the solid. It must often happen, as Chacornac considered traceable in the sun, that condensation produces a great down-rush, and substances that have been solidified falling into hotter regions get melted up or vaporized again.

The great red spot lies like a continent some 24,000 miles long, surrounded by a rather narrow sea of light, and over it Niesten noticed two brilliant little spots which he appropriately named "pearls." There is a general concurrence of opinion that the big spot grew ruddier than when it first appeared, or rather richer in color; its "redness" has been chiefly caused by the want of achromatism in the telescopes employed. Glass mirrors silvered—which represent colors most correctly—show the tints to be orange-brown. The bright parts, as seen by the writer with a With-Browning silvered mirror and a fine prism, closely resembled the color of autumn beech-leaves in full sunlight. Some Merz telescopes add, from their defects, a purple tint; and an instrument of another maker gives the spot the color known as Venetian red. Dr. Pigott, who has a With-Browning silvered mirror instrument, and a fine refractor by Wray, finds the latter so unusually well corrected that its performance coincides closely with that of the former. Color-changes, both as regards time and intensity, may be caused by the greater or less translucency and refracting powers of the atmosphere through which any object is seen; but they may also very frequently arise from the greater or less heat and luminosity of solid or viscid matter below the cloudy strata, and from important modifications of chemical action. Between September 3d, at from 10.45 to 10.55 P.M., and October 4th, 10.40 P.M., Captain Noble's drawings, made at Maresfield, show a great change in the aspect of the planet, affecting the brightness and the tint of enormous spaces. Parts above the great spot which were brilliant on the former occasion had become cloudy, and south-east of the spot there came a round white spot, with very dark surroundings. These changes must have affected many millions of square miles.

On October 16th, at 10.5 P.M., he no-

ticed the color of the red spot "more marked than ever." There were also extensive changes in the belts, and the polar regions were more cloudy. He made the following entry in his notebook: "It is a most noticeable feature; the red spot reposes like an island in the middle of a light space on the planet's disk, and the belts, north and south of it, seem in a great measure to conform to its curved outline. This would indicate a disturbance of a stupendous character, from the amount of the area involved."

On the whole, during the season for observation of 1879-80 Jupiter has been more than usually interesting. From pole to pole changes of great magnitude have been produced with prodigality of violence rather than with economy of time. Perhaps the mighty planet is still in the stage of youth, with blazing and explosive energies that a few hundred thousands of years may be required to tame down to the soberness of our comparatively quiescent earth.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

AN ARCADIAN REVENGE.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"DEPEND upon it, my dear sir, there is a system of compensation; I, for example, occupy a position in the country beyond my talents, while you possess talents that are considerably above what is necessary—ahem—to a person of your condition of life."

This amazing speech was addressed to me confidentially in the smoking-room of our common club one night, by Mr. Dornoway-Dicke, after we had dined together for the first time. It was late in August; the club was empty, and I had invited him to join tables, though I knew him to be an ass, rather than dine alone. The bad man may take a solitary meal without moral damage, and even to the public advantage, since the custom is unwholesome, and tends to shorten life; but to the good man it is harmful. His thoughts, constant as the needle to the pole to what is pure and good, are naturally attracted to himself, and his benevolent actions, his excellent motives, his whole blameless career, pass in review before his eyes, and he becomes self-conscious and self-complacent. Rather than run the risk of this, having ordered my own modest repast, I looked up at Dornoway-Dicke, who, with his glass painfully fixed in his eye, was scanning the same limited "carte" for the day, in doubt (as I guessed) about the French dishes, and observed, "Shall we dine together?" and he had replied courteously, "Charmed, I am sure."

As a matter of fact Mr. Dornoway-Dicke was a man not easy to charm; it was not in Genius (though up to that

date I don't think it had ever tried it) to do so; and I believe even Beauty herself would have failed in the attempt, unless she had had a title to back her.

Mr. Dicke's weakness was for a lord; a very common one, of course, but in his case unusually pronounced. His conversation was studded with titles as the firmament is with stars; and he was in respect to them what Mr. Carlyle, in relation to spiritual things, calls "terribly at ease in Zion;" that is, he was shockingly familiar with earls and viscounts, while as to baronets, he would refer to them by their Christian names. To say that his views upon all matters were commonplace would have been flattering to his intelligence; they were conventional to sublimity.

"Ghost stories are absurd," argues Coleridge, "because, though men tell us they have had such an experience, if a man did really ever see what he actually believed to be a ghost, idiotcy would at once supervene;" but I firmly believe that Dornoway-Dicke would have seen a ghost without the least injury to his intellectual powers; not because he was already an idiot, but (independently of that) because so unconventional a subject as the supernatural had never entered his mind. If the ghost had a title, then, indeed, an impression might have been made, but it would have been produced by his temporal not his spiritual lordship. In all matters which exercise the human mind, from theology to American bowls, he took not the faintest interest; but I had been informed—and warned—that

upon the subject of the dignity and position of the Dornoway-Dicke family he could, and would, be very diffuse if you were not careful. He was a man, in short, to nod to, but not to speak with, unless the means of escape were handy. Still, late in August, at a London club, one cannot afford to be particular, and having such strong moral reasons for not dining alone, I had to dine with Dornoway-Dicke.

There was one circumstance, however, which really did attract me toward this gentleman, and made me wish for a closer acquaintance. It was a much-debated question in the club whether he wore a wig or not, and I wanted to solve it. If he did do so (for even after dining with him I was not sure), they were the best wigs that ever were. I say wigs, because he must have had lots of them, for his hair was sometimes short and sometimes long, and sometimes just as it ought to be in the case of a fashionable young gentleman of fifty-four. For there was this disadvantage about the distinguished position of the Dornoway-Dicke family, that, being in the peerage—though it must be confessed in a very remote and “presumptive” fashion—the man’s age was known to a nicety. There was then this point (as to his wig) to be cleared up, which promised me some little excitement, and I was also curious to know whether he talked of “the Land” as though it were alive, which I was assured he did. My information upon this point, as it turned out, was correct. The one supreme effort of originality which Mr. Dornoway-Dicke had made was to personify the landed interest in this peculiar fashion.

“What the Land wants, sir,” he would observe very slowly and majestically (so that you had plenty of time to suggest to yourself “top-dressing,” “coprolites,” and what not), “what the Land wants, sir,” he always repeated this charming phrase, “is fair play.”

“The Land” wanted so many things in the course of our conversation at dinner, that I had begun to think it somewhat exacting, and indeed to get a little impatient of Mr. Dornoway-Dicke himself. But I am never, or at least hardly ever, discourteous, and though bored to extremity, like a wooden ship exposed to the action of the *teredo navalis*, I endured

it as though I had been made of iron. I had asked the man to dinner, and in one sense had certainly paid for it, so felt constrained by the duties of hospitality to be civil till the meal was over. When it was finished and we repaired to the smoking-room I had no such scruple. “The Vine,” says the classic author, “is the Evoker of Truth,” and this is even still more the case with the Cigar. Imagine then my indignation at that amazing remark of my companion, “I, for example, occupy a position in the country beyond my talents; while you possess talents that are considerably above what is necessary—ahem—to a person of your condition in life.”

“Pray,” said I, “Mr. Dornoway-Dicke, confine your observations to yourself, as you generally do. As to your talents, I have no reason to doubt your own modest estimation of them, but as to your position in the country I was not aware that you had any.”

I hope this was not rude. I spoke in the gentlest tones of which the human voice—or at all events my voice—is capable, and in a manner that was certainly winning, for I felt that I had scored. To my astonishment Mr. Dornoway-Dicke remained quite unruffled; he carefully removed the ash from the end of his cigar with his signet-ring, and answered quietly, almost humbly, “You quite mistake me. I said my position in the country, of which, as you tell me, you know nothing. You are not then familiar with Mangelwurzelshire?”

I was certainly not. I had heard of it of course, but I felt myself fortunate in not having to spell it.

“Ah, I thought so,” he continued blandly. “You should come down to Dornoway Court and see me at home. Then you would understand why I don’t oftener visit London. In town I am, comparatively speaking, nobody, but in Mangelwurzelshire—what do you say now to running down to us for the first week in September?”

Five minutes before I should have said “No” without the slightest hesitation; but the outrageous vanity of the man’s manner tickled me to the core. I felt curious to see those natives of Mangelwurzelshire to whom Mr. Dornoway-Dicke appeared to be a person of importance, and, moreover, I had not yet

discovered whether he wore a wig or not. "The worst part of a wig," say the old riddle, "as of love, is the parting;" but Mr. Dornoway-Dicke's parting was perfect, and so delicate that one would have almost said it had been effected by a female hand. Among the simpler inhabitants of Arcadia he might take less extreme precautions to deceive the public; and he certainly would not get his hair cut, if cut it ever was, so often. "I will come to Dornoway Court with pleasure," I said; and on the appointed day I went.

Important as my host's position in the country may be, it is not my intention to describe "Mr. Dornoway-Dicke at home," as though he were a public character. Suffice it to say that he was better at home than abroad (or at least in London); and as his family were pleasant people and his house full of cheerful company, I did not regret my visit. The "Court," as he loved to call it, was, however, so peculiar that I must say a few words about it. It was the only edifice with which I am acquainted which gratified one's sense of humor. It was quite spick-and-span as respects newness, but built and furnished in the mediæval style. A gravel drive, rolled to perfection, led up to a frowning entrance, with a huge oaken portal in which was inserted a little hole barred with iron for purposes of espial. Through this the porter was supposed (though he never did it) to take cognizance of the approaching visitor, and if peaceful to unbar the massive bolts of the great door to let him in. Every thing in the house was apparently of the same epoch, but in reality about there years old. In the dining-room was a fireplace as big as an ordinary parlor, and before which one would not have been surprised to see a pair of trunk hose airing, or a couple of jack-boots. The sideboard, to the modern and inartistic eye, resembled a kitchen-dresser; while in the morning-room was a spinning-wheel with the flax in it, as though the thrifty housewife had just been called away from that occupation to superintend the construction of a venison pasty, or to issue orders for the entertainment of the company invited to the morrow's tournament.

These ridiculous objects, as I soon discovered, were designed to persuade the public that the Dornoway-Dickes them-

selves were mediæval, and had resided at the "Court" for the last six hundred years. Whereas, as a matter of fact, they were new-comers. In the country, even though you are distantly connected with the peerage, this is a serious obstacle to "position," and the whole of my host's gigantic intellect was concentrated on attaining it. He had been "called upon" at once by every one in the county within a circuit of twenty-five miles, except One. I write it reverentially with a capital O, for it was "The Duke." I am not of course speaking of the late Duke of Wellington; in Mangewurzelshire, as in every other county, the duke was the duke who lived there; his Grace of Turniptops. This divinity was still a young man, unmarried, and not much given to call on anybody; and for three long years all the efforts of the Dornoway-Dickes had been unavailing to induce him to honor the "Court" with his august presence. Two months ago, however, he had sent his card by a mounted messenger, and one month ago, oh, joy of joys! he had accepted an invitation to a garden party at the house for one of the very days on which I was to remain its guest.

It was just after this gracious promise had been given that Mr. Dornoway-Dicke had made his appearance at the club, to make arrangements with Gunter; and now that I knew the circumstances, I was not only not surprised at the magnificence of his deportment on that occasion, but astonished that he should have been so affable as he was. My private impression is, that he asked me down to Dornoway Court not so much from personal affection, as to secure an additional witness to his social triumph; but that is neither here nor there. The duke was coming, and the family were in a state of excitement rare, I should hope, in Hanwell, and not habitually exhibited even at Broadmoor.

The great subject of discussion among them for weeks had been, who was to be invited to meet the duke? and it was not exhausted yet. Everybody—who was anybody—had been asked except the Titbats; and the knotty point that could not be settled was, whether these people should be asked or not. Captain and Mrs. Titbat were their immediate neighbors; their lawn-tennis grounds were in

fact contiguous, and the two families, though not absolutely on a friendly footing, were well known to one another. Young Titbat, when a player was wanting, had sometimes even been invited to make up the party at their favorite amusement; and when the balls went over the wire fence that separated the two domains, the juvenile Titbats did not pretend (as some young people would) that they were lost, but would honestly chuck them back again. Still the Titbats were not among the County Families, nor any thing like it. Their efforts—far more desperate than those of the Dornoway-Dickes—had miserably and utterly failed in that direction. It was not so much that their mansion was too small to be reckoned as a country-house; that their paddock could not by any strain of courtesy be called a park; or that their ornamental lake was an undeniable pond. There was something amiss—I never could find out what—about Mrs. Titbat.

She was a woman—I once beheld her, and under circumstances I can never forget—of large proportions and hirsute aspect (indeed, she had a very respectable beard); her complexion was rubicund, and to the uncharitable might seem to indicate that she indulged in liquor, though I never heard that she did so. Whatever was wrong with her had happened so long ago that it would have been much better and kinder of her fellow-creatures to have forgotten it. My impression is, that instead of rushing into matrimony with the imprudence of most young couples, Captain Titbat and herself had exercised an unusual prudence, and had not got themselves indissolubly united till time and trial had shown them to be suited to one another.

However that might have been, Mrs. Titbat was not "visited," nor would the Dornoway-Dickes have dreamed of asking her to their garden-party except for that contiguity, to which I have referred, of their lawn-tennis grounds. The duke, it was known, was devoted to the game; and if the two grounds could be thrown into one, it was felt by all the family that it would have been an immense improvement. This could scarcely be done, however, without asking Mrs. Titbat's permission, and also the pleasure of her company; and, upon the whole, it was judged best to leave matters as they

were. The wire fencing between the two lawns was so very slight that they really looked to be one and the same, and as there was plenty of ground for the duke to play upon, he would probably never discover that both the lawns did not belong to Dornoway Court.

In the course of the intimacy that existed between the junior members of the two families, the young Dornoway-Dickes, with a frankness characteristic of their age, had told the young Titbats that the duke was coming on Friday to play lawn-tennis, but that nobody but tip-top (not Titbat) people were to be asked to meet him; nor was even this the worst, for it had certainly been hinted by elder members of the family, in view of the suggested amalgamation of the tennis-grounds, that such good neighbors as Captain and Mrs. Titbat would certainly be included in the invitation list. To explain what follows I must add that Mrs. Titbat herself was firmly persuaded that she would be among the guests, and was transported with the idea of it; for the being asked "to meet the Duke of Turniptops" (as was stated on the cards) was in Mangelwurzelshire like being presented at Court, and at once both white-washed and gilded the invitee. One has heard of the ire of the tigress when robbed of her young, but what is that as compared with the state of mind of a lady of blemished reputation who has persuaded herself that it will be rehabilitated, and that in the most splendid fashion, and then suddenly finds that she has been given the cold shoulder? Mrs. Titbat had actually ordered a dress from London in which to appear before his grace of Turniptops, and the sight of it, as it hung useless in her wardrobe, envenomed her whole being, as though she had worn it, and it had been the garment of Nessus.

She clutched the skirts of Hope to the very last, but when Friday morning arrived and no invitation had come, it fled from her soul, and was replaced by the desire for vengeance. If the Dornoway-Dickes could but have known what was passing in that injured lady's mind, they might have been reminded of those warning lines—

Lest when our latest hope is fled ye taste of our
despair,
And learn by proof in some wild hour how much
the wretched dare;

or even if that quotation had not occurred to them, I am quite sure they would have asked her to their garden-party even at that eleventh hour.

The guests arrived, and in due course—that is to say, exceedingly late—the duke. The meeting of his grace and my host and hostess was positively affecting. I thought Mr. Dornoway-Dicke would never leave off shaking his hand, and that his wife would have kissed it. However, he got away at last to luncheon. About two hundred people sat down to it; a select twenty on mediæval chairs, and the rest on much more comfortable but common ones. A dozen of the last had been borrowed, days ago, by the housekeeper, without her mistress's knowledge, from the Titbats. The host enjoyed himself as most people do under similar circumstances—that is to say, he was intensely miserable and anxious, but buoyed up by the thought that it would all be over presently, and he would have "his friend, the Duke of Turniptops," to talk about for the rest of his natural life. After luncheon we all repaired to the lawn-tennis ground.

"What a capital lawn you have," observed the duke, "and what a good plan that is of dividing your ground."

He was referring of course to the iron fencing.

"It was a plan of my wife's," observed Mr. Dornoway-Dicke; for as the other lawn was vacant there was really no need to intimate that it belonged to somebody else.

A gilt youth of the county with one of its gilt young ladies were selected for one side, and his grace and Miss Dornoway-Dicke for the other. The rest of the company stood round in attitudes of respectful admiration. They were just about to begin when the duke observed, "Hullo! what the deuce is this?"

The exclamation was caused by the appearance of Mrs. Titbat, splendidly attired, and followed by all her maid-servants; some of them carried baskets of linen, and others lines and clothes-props. In the course of a few minutes the whole of the Titbat family linen was hanging on the line; some of the articles were very pronounced in shape, and became much more so when inflated by the breeze, which also (as they were purposely hung close to the wire fencing)

carried their graceful folds right over the duke's head.

The game was begun, but presently an immense petticoat broke loose, and after eddying doubtfully for a few moments settled upon the duke himself, who emerged from it with difficulty and with a frightful execration. He threw down his racket and said something I could not catch; indeed, I fled into a neighboring arbor and gave myself up to such paroxysms of mirth as almost threatened me with dissolution.

I was conscious of great excitement among the company without, and heard what sounded like the hurried departure of some of them, but I was positively incapable of ascertaining what was going on. The vision of all Mangelwurzelshire's noblest as they stood around that fatal place, and pretended to ignore the fact that the very firmament was darkened above them by the Titbat family linen, and then the spectacle of that petticoat descending upon his grace's brow, and of himself emerging from it, was always too much for me. I sat in the arbor and fairly wept. Presently, after several severe relapses, I became conscious of a companion. Beside me sat a little man, bald as a knob on the centre of a front door, and swearing softly, and as it were thoughtfully, to himself. It was only by his voice that I recognized Mr. Dornoway-Dicke.

"My dear Dicke," I murmured, for I felt it necessary to say something, "why are you here? why are you not entertaining?"—I did not venture to mention the duke—"your guests?"

"He's gone," he said. It was plain he was only thinking of one of them. "It was all on account of that infernal Mrs. Titbat. It's her own petticoat: it's marked with an M and a T."

I nodded, and held out my hand as though to entreat him to spare himself the recital of the catastrophe. I felt ready to expire. "But are all the rest of the people gone?" I murmured.

"What do I care! Yes. No. What a terrible day!"

"But, my dear Dicke," I said, beginning sincerely to pity him, "it will never do for you to stop here; you must not desert your friends."

"No, that's true," he answered, rising feebly and moving toward the house.

"But you have forgotten something."
 "Have I? What? Oh, yes, my wig." It lay on the floor of the arbor where he had flung it in his frenzy. He stooped and put it on mechanically and hind before. This I ventured to remedy, and he thanked me in feeling tones. "Do you think he will ever come again?" he whispered eagerly. "He was very angry. He thought they were our own clothes hanging out to dry. I showed him the M and the T. But he would pay no attention. It is a dreadful blow."

And it really hurt poor Dornoway-

Dicke exceedingly. He had not risen the next morning when I came up to town, and all the family were very much depressed as though there had been a death in the house. He has been to the club once since, in a more beautiful wig than ever, but of course it can never deceive *me*. I asked, "How are all at home?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," he said; "that is as well as can be expected. He has never been near the place since."

Of course I knew by the personal pronoun he meant "the duke."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

 DIRGE.

AFTER HERRICK.

SHE is dead; but do not weep,
 Nor thick not so for her
 This fair sunlight with thy sighs—
 She is gently gone asleep;
 Peace now, lest thy fretful stir
 Fright the soft dew from her eyes.

Look upon her gentle face—
 Love and quiet thoughts are there—
 See how yet some latest smile
 Makes of her lips a lurking-place,
 Faintly courts thee—would beguile
 Thy so sick despair.

Lay her sweet i' the earth—
 No flower which breath of the next Spring
 Calls from the bare turf above her
 Is half so fresh, so pure a thing;
 Her life was all an innocent mirth,
 Then sweetest, being over.

Death hath taken but to save—
 Sweet her maid-mates! hither, and strew
 Over her virgin grave
 Flowers, not yew.
 Here no painful heart be throbbing!
 No voice go out in wildered sobbing!
 No idle eye drop here
 The profanation of a tear!
 Only—if't must be so—a sigh,
 Yet more for Love than misery.

Fraser's Magazine.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SECRET SCHEMES.

THE delight with which John of Skye heard that his friend Dr. Sutherland was coming back to the yacht, and that we were now setting out for Ballahulish or Corpach to meet him, found instant and practical expression on this fine, breezy, sunlit morning.

"Hector," says he, "we will put the gaff topsail on her!"

What did he care though this squally breeze came blowing down the Sound in awkward gusts?

"It is a fine wind, mem," says he to the admiral, as we slowly leave the green waters and the pink rocks of Polterriv, and get into the open and breezy channel. "Oh, we will mek a good run the day. And I beg your pardon, mem, but it is a great pleasure to me that Mr. Sutherland himself is coming back to the yat."

"He understands your clever sailing, John: is that it?"

"He knows more about a yat as any chentleman I will ever see, mem. And we will try to get a good breeze for him this time, mem—and not to have the calm weather."

This is not likely to be a day of calm weather, at all events. Tide and wind together take us away swiftly from the little harbor behind the granite rocks. And is Iona over there all asleep; or are there some friends in the small village watching the White Dove bearing away to the south? We wave our handkerchiefs on chance. We take a last look at the gabled ruins over the sea; at the green corn-fields; and the scattered houses; and the beaches of silver sand. Good-by—good-by! It is a last look for this summer at least; perhaps it is a last look forever. But Iona too—as well as Ulva—remains in the memory a vision of sunlight, and smooth seas, and summer days.

Harder and harder blows this fresh breeze from the north; and we are racing down the Sound with the driven waves. But for the rope round the tiller, Miss Avon, who is steering, would find it difficult to keep her feet; and her hair is blown all about her face. The salt water

comes swishing down the scuppers; the churned foam goes hissing and boiling away from the sides of the vessel; the broad Atlantic widens out. And that small gray thing at the horizon? Can that speck be a mass of masonry a hundred and fifty feet in height, wedged into the lonely rock?

"No, no," says our gentle Queen Titania with an involuntary shudder, "not for worlds would I climb up that iron ladder, with the sea and the rocks right below me. I should never get half-way up."

"They will put a rope round your waist, if you like," it is pointed out to her.

"When we go out then," says this coward, "I will see how Mary gets on. If she does not die of fright, I may venture."

"Oh, but I don't think I shall be with you," remarks the young lady quite simply.

At this there is a general stare.

"I don't know what you mean," says her hostess, with an ominous curtness.

"Why, you know," says the girl, cheerfully—and disengaging one hand to get her hair out of her eyes—"I can't afford to go idling much longer. I must get back to London."

"Don't talk nonsense," says the other woman, angrily. "You may try to stop other people's holidays, if you like; but I am going to look after yours. Holidays! How are you to work, if you don't work now? Will you find many landscapes in Regent street?"

"I have a great many sketches," says Mary Avon, "and I must try to make something out of them, where there is less distraction of amusement. And really, you know, you have so many friends—would you like me to become a fixture—like the mainmast—"

"I would like you to talk a little common-sense," is the sharp reply. "You are not going back to London till the White Dove is laid up for the winter—that is what I know."

"I am afraid I must ask you to let me off," she says, quite simply and seriously. "Suppose I go up to London next week? Then, if I get on pretty well, I may come back—"

"You may come back!" says the other with a fine contempt. "Don't try to impose on me. I am an older woman than you. And I have enough provocations and worries from other quarters: I don't want you to begin and bother."

"Is your life so full of trouble?" says the girl, innocently. "What are these fearful provocations?"

"Never mind. You will find out in time. But when you get married, Mary, don't forget to buy a copy of Doddridge on Patience. That should be included in every bridal trousseau."

"Poor thing—is it so awfully ill-used?" replies the steersman, with much compassion.

Here John of Skye comes forward.

"If ye please, mem, I will tek the tiller until we get round the Ross. The rocks are very bad here."

"All right, John," says the young lady; and then, with much cautious clinging to various objects, she goes below, saying that she means to do a little more to a certain slight water-color sketch of Polterriv. We know why she wants to put some further work on that hasty production. Yesterday the Laird expressed high approval of the sketch. She means him to take it with him to Denny-mains, when she leaves for London.

But this heavy sea: how is the artist getting on with her work amid such pitching and diving? Now that we are round the Ross, the White Dove has shifted her course; the wind is more on her beam; the mainsheet has been hauled in; and the noble ship goes ploughing along in splendid style; but how about water-color drawing?

Suddenly, as the yacht gives a heavy lurch to leeward, an awful sound is heard below. Queen T. clammers down the companion, and holds on by the door of the saloon; the others following and looking over her shoulders. There a fearful scene appears. At the head of the table, in the regal recess usually occupied by the carver and chief president of our banquets, sits Mary Avon, in mute and blank despair. Every thing has disappeared from before her. A tumbler rolls backward and forward on the floor, empty. A dishevelled bundle of paper, hanging on to the edge of a carpet-stool, represents what was once an orderly sketch-book. Tubes, pencils, saucers, sponges

—all have gone with the table-cloth. And the artist sits quite hopeless and silent, staring before her like a maniac in a cell.

"Whatever have you been and done?" calls her hostess.

There is no answer: only that tragic despair.

"It was all bad steering," remarks the Youth. "I knew it would happen as soon as Miss Avon left the helm."

But the Laird, not confining his sympathy to words, presses¹ by his hostess; and, holding hard by the bare table, staggers along to the scene of the wreck. The others timidly follow. One by one the various objects are rescued, and placed for safety on the couch on the leeward side of the saloon. Then the automaton in the presidential chair begins to move. She recovers her powers of speech. She says—awaking from her dream—

"Is my head on?"

"And if it is, it is not of much use to you," says her hostess, angrily. "Whatever made you have those things out in a sea like this? Come up on deck at once; and let Fred get luncheon ready."

The maniac only laughs.

"Luncheon!" she says. "Luncheon in the middle of earthquakes!"

But this sneer at the White Dove, because she has no swinging table, is ungenerous. Besides, is not our Friedrich d'or able to battle any pitching with his ingeniously bolstered couch—so that bottles, glasses, plates, and what not are as safe as they would be in a case in the British Museum? A luncheon party on board the White Dove, when there is a heavy Atlantic swell running, is not an imposing ceremony. It would not look well as a colored lithograph in the illustrated papers. The figures crouching on the low stools to leeward; the narrow cushion bolstered up so that the most enterprising of dishes cannot slide; the table-cover plaited so as to afford receptacles for knives and spoons; bottles and tumblers plunged into hollows and propped; Master Fred, balancing himself behind these stooping figures, bottle in hand, and ready to replenish any cautiously proffered wine-glass. But it serves. And Dr. Sutherland has assured us that, the heavier the sea, the more necessary is luncheon for the

weaker vessels, who may be timid about the effect of so much rolling and pitching. When we get on deck again, who is afraid? It is all a question as to what signal may be visible to the white house of Carsaig—shining afar there in the sunlight, among the hanging woods, and under the soft purple of the hills. Behold!—behold!—the flag run up to the top of the white pole! Is it a message to us, or only a summons to the Pioneer? For now, through the whirl of wind and spray, we can make out the steamer that daily encircles Mull, bringing with it white loaves, and newspapers, and other luxuries of the mainland.

She comes nearer and nearer; the throbbing of the paddles is heard among the rush of the waves; the people crowd to the side of the boat to have a look at the passing yacht; and one well-known figure, standing on the hurricane-deck, raises his gilt-braided cap, for we happen to have on board a gentle small creature who is a great friend of his. And she waves her white handkerchief, of course; and you should see what a fluttering of similar tokens there is all along the steamer's decks and on the paddle-boxes. Farewell!—farewell!—may you have a smooth landing at Staffa, and a pleasant sail down the Sound, in the quiet of the afternoon.

The day wears on, with puffs and squalls coming tearing over from the high cliffs of southern Mull; and still the gallant White Dove meets and breasts those rolling waves, and sends the spray flying from her bows. We have passed Loch Buy; Garveloch and the adjacent islands are drawing nearer; soon we shall have to bend our course northward, when we have got by Eilean-straidean. And whether it is that Mary Avon is secretly comforting herself with the notion that she will soon see her friends in London again, or whether it is that she is proud of being again promoted to the tiller, she has quite recovered her spirits. We hear our singing-bird once more—though it is difficult, amid the rush and swirl of the waters, to do more than catch chance phrases and refrains. And then she is being very merry with the Laird, who is humorously decrying England and the English, and proving to her that it is the Scotch migration to the south that is the very saving of her native country.

"The Lord Chief Justice of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Royal Academy—the heads and leading men everywhere—all Scotch—all Scotch," says he.

"But the weak point about the Scotch, sir," says this philosopher in the ulster, who is clinging on to the tiller-rope, "is their modesty. They are so distrustful of their own merits. And they are always running down their own country."

"Ha, ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roars the Laird. "Verra good! verra good! I owe ye one for that. I owe ye one. Herbert, have ye nothing to say in defence of your native country?"

"You are speaking of Scotland, sir?"

"Ay."

"That is not my native country, you know."

"It was your mother's, then."

Somehow, when by some accident—and it but rarely happened—the Laird mentioned Howard Smith's mother, a brief silence fell on him. It lasted but a second or two. Presently he was saying, with much cheerfulness,

"No, no, I am not one of those that would promote any rivalry between Scotland and England. We are one country now. If the Scotch preserve the best leeterary English—the most pithy and characteristic forms of the language—the English that is talked in the south is the most generally received throughout the world. I have even gone the length—I'm no ashamed to admit it—of hinting to Tom Galbraith that he should exheebit more in London: the influence of such work as his should not be confined to Edinburgh. And jealous as they may be in the south of the Scotch school, they could not refuse to recognize its excellence—eh? No, no; when Galbraith likes to exheebit in London, ye'll hear a stir, I'm thinking. The jealousy of English artists will have no effect on public opeenion. They may keep him out o' the Academy—there's many a good artist has never been within the walls—but the public is the judge. I am told that when his picture of Stonebyres Falls was exheebited in Edinburgh, a dealer came all the way from London to look at it."

"Did he buy it?" asked Miss Avon gently.

"Buy it!" the Laird said, with a contemptuous laugh. "There are some of

us about Glasgow who know better than to let a picture like that get to London. I bought it maself. Ye'll see it when ye come to Denny-mains. Ye have heard of it, no doubt?"

"N—no, I think not," she timidly answers.

"No matter—no matter. Ye'll see it when ye come to Denny-mains."

He seemed to take it for granted that she was going to pay a visit to Denny-mains; had he not heard, then, of her intention of at once returning to London?

Once well round into the Frith of Lorn, the wind that had borne us down the Sound of Iona was now right ahead; and our progress was but slow. As the evening wore on, it was proposed that we should run into Loch Speliv for the night. There was no dissentient voice.

The sudden change from the plunging seas without to the quiet waters of this solitary little loch was strange enough. And then, as we slowly beat up against the northerly wind to the head of the loch—a beautiful, quiet, sheltered little cup of a harbor among the hills—we found before us, or rather over us, the splendors of a stormy sunset among the mountains above Glen More. It was a striking spectacle—the vast and silent gloom of the valleys below, which were of a cold and intense green in the shadow; then above, among the great shoulders and peaks of the hills, flashing gleams of golden light, and long swathes of purple cloud touched with scarlet along their edges, and mists of rain that came along with the wind, blotting out here and there those splendid colors. There was an absolute silence in this overshadowed bay—but for the cry of the startled wild-fowl. There was no sign of any habitation, except perhaps a trace of pale blue smoke rising from behind a mass of trees. Away went the anchor with a short, sharp rattle; we were safe for the night.

We knew, however, what that trace of smoke indicated behind the dark trees. By and by, as soon as the gig had got to the land, there was a procession along the solitary shore—in the wan twilight—and up the rough path—and through the scattered patches of birch and fir. And were you startled, madam, by the apparition of people who were so inconsid-

erate as to knock at your door in the middle of dinner, and whose eyes, grown accustomed to the shadows of the valleys of Mull, must have looked bewildered enough on meeting the glare of the lamps? And what did you think of a particular pair of eyes—very soft and gentle in their dark lustre—appealing, timid, friendly eyes, that had nevertheless a quiet happiness and humor in them? It was at all events most kind of you to tell the young lady that her notion of throwing up her holiday and setting out for London was mere mid-summer madness. How could you—or any one else—guess at the origin of so strange a wish?

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

WHO is this who slips through the saloon, while as yet all on board are asleep—who noiselessly ascends the companion-way, and then finds herself alone on deck? And all the world around her is asleep too, though the gold and rose of the new day is shining along the eastern heavens. There is not a sound in this silent little loch: the shores and the woods are as still as the far peaks of the mountains, where the mists are touched here and there with a dusky fire.

She is not afraid to be alone in this silent world. There is a bright and contented look on her face. Carefully and quietly, so as not to disturb the people below, she gets a couple of deck-stools, and puts down the large sketch-book from under her arm, and opens out a certain leather case. But do not think she is going to attack that blaze of color in the east, with the reflected glare on the water, and the bar of dark land between. She knows better. She has a wholesome fear of chromo-lithographs. She turns rather to those great mountain masses, with their mysteriously moving clouds, and their shoulders touched here and there with a sombre red, and their deep and silent glens a cold, intense green in shadow. There is more workable material.

And after all there is no ambitious effort to trouble her. It is only a rough jotting of form and color, for future use. It is a pleasant occupation for this still, cool, beautiful morning; and perhaps

she is fairly well satisfied with it, for one listening intently might catch snatches of songs and airs—of a somewhat incoherent and inappropriate character. For what have the praises of Bonny Black Bess to do with sunrise in Loch Speliv? Or the saucy Arethusa either? But all the same the work goes quietly and dexterously on—no wild dashes and searchings for theatrical effect, but a patient mosaic of touches precisely reaching their end. She does not want to bewilder the world. She wants to have trustworthy records for her own use. And she seems content with the progress she is making.

Here's a health to the girls that we loved long ago,

this is the last air into which she has wandered—half humming and half whistling—

Where the Shannon, and Liffey, and Black-water flow

—when she suddenly stops her work to listen. Can any one be up already? The noise is not repeated; and she proceeds with her work.

Here's a health to old Ireland: may she ne'er be dismayed;

Then pale grew the cheeks of the Irish Brigade!

The clouds are assuming substance now: they are no mere flat washes but accurately drawn objects that have their foreshortening like any thing else. And if Miss Avon may be vaguely conscious that had our young doctor been on board she would not have been left so long alone, that had nothing to do with her work. The mornings on which he used to join her on deck, and chat to her while she painted, seemed far away now. He and she together would see Dunvegan no more.

But who is this who most cautiously comes up the companion, bearing in his hand a cup and saucer?

"Miss Avon," says he, with a bright laugh, "here is the first cup of tea I ever made; are you afraid to try it?"

"Oh, dear me," said she, penitently, "did I make any noise in getting my things below?"

"Well," he says, "I thought I heard you; and I knew what you would be after; and I got up and lit the spirit-lamp."

"Oh, it is so very kind of you," she

says—for it is really a pretty little attention on the part of one who is not much given to shifting for himself on board.

Then he dives below again and fetches her up some biscuits.

"By Jove!" he says, coming closer to the sketch, "that is very good. That is awfully good. Do you mean to say you have done all that this morning?"

"Oh, yes," she says, modestly. "It is only a sketch."

"I think it uncommonly good," he says, staring at it as if he would pierce the paper.

Then there is a brief silence, during which Miss Avon boldly adventures upon this amateur's tea.

"I beg your pardon," he says, after a bit, "it is none of my business, you know—but you don't really mean that you are going back to London?"

"If I am allowed," she answers, with a smile.

"I am sure you will disappoint your friends most awfully," says he, in quite an earnest manner. "I know they had quite made up their minds you were to stay the whole time. It would be very unfair of you. And my uncle: he would break his heart if you were to go."

"They are all very kind to me," was her only answer.

"Look here," he says, with a most friendly anxiety. "If—if—it is only about business—about pictures I mean—I really beg your pardon for intermeddling—"

"Oh," said she, frankly; "there is no secret about it. In fact, I want everybody to know that I am anxious to sell my pictures. You see, as I have got to earn my own living, shouldn't I begin at once and find out what it is like?"

"But look here," he said eagerly, "if it is a question of selling pictures, you should trust to my uncle. He is among a lot of men in the West of Scotland, rich merchants and people of that sort, who haven't inherited collections of pictures, and whose hobby is to make a collection for themselves. And they have much too good sense to buy spurious old masters, or bad examples for the sake of the name: they prefer good modern art, and I can tell you they are prepared to pay for it, too. And they are not fools, mind you; they know good pictures. You may think my uncle is very prejudiced—he

has his favorite artists—and—and believes in Tom Galbraith, don't you know—but I can assure you, you won't find many men who know more about a good landscape than he does; and you would say so if you saw his dining-room at Denny-mains."

"I quite believe that," said she, beginning to put up her materials: she had done her morning's work.

"Well," he says, "you trust to him; there are lots of those Glasgow men who would only be too glad to have the chance—"

"Oh, no, no," she cried, laughing. "I am not going to coerce people into buying my pictures for the sake of friendship. I think your uncle would buy every sketch I have on board the yacht; but I cannot allow my friends to be victimized."

"Oh, victimized!" said he scornfully. "They ought to be glad to have the chance. And do you mean to go on giving away your work for nothing? That sketch of the little creek we were in—opposite Iona, don't you know—that you gave my uncle, is charming. And they tell me you have given that picture of the rocks and sea-birds—where is the place?"

"Oh, do you mean the sketch in the saloon—of Canna?"

"Yes; why it is one of the finest landscapes I ever saw. And they tell me you gave it to that doctor who was on board!"

"Dr. Sutherland," says she, hastily—and there is a quick color in her face—"seemed to like it as—as a sort of reminiscence, you know—"

"But he should not have accepted a valuable picture," said the Youth, with decision. "No doubt you offered it to him when you saw he admired it. But now—when he must understand that—well, in fact, that circumstances are altered—he will have the good sense to give it you back again."

"Oh, I hope not," she says, with her embarrassment not diminishing. "I—I should not like that! I—I should be vexed."

"A person of good tact and good taste," says this venturesome young man, "would make a joke of it—would insist that you never meant it—and would prefer to buy the picture."

She answers, somewhat shortly:

"I think not. I think Dr. Sutherland has as good taste as any one. He would know that that would vex me very much."

"Oh, well," says he, with a sort of carelessness, "every one to his liking. If he cares to accept so valuable a present, good and well."

"You don't suppose he asked me for it?" she says, rather warmly. "I gave it him. He would have been rude to have refused it. I was very much pleased that he cared for the picture."

"Oh, he is a judge of art, also? I am told he knows every thing."

"He was kind enough to say he liked the sketch; that was enough for me."

"He is very lucky; that is all I have to say."

"I dare say he has forgotten all about such a trifle. He has more important things to think about."

"Well," said he, with a good-natured laugh, "I should not consider such a picture a trifle if any one presented it to me. But it is always the people who get every thing they want who value things least."

"Do you think Dr. Sutherland such a fortunate person?" says she. "Well, he is fortunate in having great abilities; and he is fortunate in having chosen a profession that has already secured him great honor, and that promises a splendid future to him. But that is the result of hard work; and he has to work hard now. I don't think most men would like to change places with him just at present."

"He has one good friend and champion, at all events," he says, with a pleasant smile.

"Oh," says she, hastily and anxiously, "I am saying what I hear. My acquaintance with Dr. Sutherland is—quite recent I may say; though I have met him in London. I only got to know something about him when he was in Edinburgh, and I happened to be there too."

"He is coming back to the yacht," observes Mr. Smith.

"He will be foolish to think of it," she answers, simply.

At this stage the yacht begins to wake up. The head of Hector of Moidart, much dishevelled, appears at the fore-castle, and that wiry mariner is rubbing

his eyes; but no sooner does he perceive that one of the ladies is on deck than he suddenly ducks down again—to get his face washed, and his paper collar. Then there is a voice heard in the saloon, calling:

"Who has left my spirit-lamp burning?"

"Oh, good gracious!" says the Youth, and tumbles down the companion incontinently.

Then the Laird appears, bringing up with him a huge red volume entitled "Municipal London;" but no sooner does he find that Miss Avon is on deck than he puts aside that mighty compendium, and will have her walk up and down with him before breakfast.

"What?" he says, eyeing the cup and saucer, "have ye had your breakfast already?"

"Mr. Smith was so kind as to bring me a cup of tea."

"What!" he says again—and he is obviously greatly delighted. "Of his own making? I did not think he had as much gumption."

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said she. She had been startled by the whistling of a curlew close by, and had not heard him distinctly.

"I said he was a smart lad," said the Laird, unblushingly. "Oh, ay, a good lad; ye will not find many better lads than Howard. Will I tell ye a secret?"

"Well, sir—if you like," said she.

There was a mysterious but humorous look about the Laird; and he spoke in a whisper.

"It is not good sometimes for young folk to know what is in store for them. But I mean to give him Denny-mains. Whish! Not a word. I'll surprise him some day."

"He ought to be very grateful to you, sir," was her answer.

"That he is—that he is," said the Laird; "he's an obedient lad. And I should not wonder if he had Denny-mains long before he expects it; though I must have my crust of bread, ye know. It would be a fine occupation for him, looking after the estate; and what is the use of his living in London, and swallowing smoke and fog? I can assure ye that the air at Denny-mains, though it's no far from Glasgow, is as pure as it is in this very Loch Speliv."

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"Oh, indeed, sir."

They had another couple of turns in silence.

"Ye're verra fond of sailing," says the Laird.

"I am now," she says. "But I was very much afraid before I came; I have suffered so terribly in crossing the Channel. Somehow one never thinks of being ill here—with nice clean cabins—and no engines throbbing—"

"I meant that ye like well enough to go sailing about these places?"

"Oh, yes," says she. "When shall I ever have such a beautiful holiday again?"

The Laird laughed a little to himself. Then he said with a business-like air:

"I have been thinking that, when my nephew came to Denny-mains, I would buy a yacht for him, that he could keep down the Clyde somewhere—at Gourock, or Kilmun, or Dunoon, maybe. It is a splendid ground for yachting—a splendid! Ye have never been through the Kyles of Bute?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I have been through them in the steamer."

"Ay, but a yacht; wouldn't that be better? And I am no sure I would not advise him to have a steam-yacht—ye are so much more independent of wind and tide; and I'm thinking ye could get a verra good little steam-yacht for 3000*l*."

"Oh, indeed."

"A great deal depends on the steward," he continues, seriously. "A good steward that does not touch drink is just worth any thing. If I could get a first-class man, I would not mind giving him two pounds a week, with his clothes and his keep, while the yacht was being used; and I would not let him away in the winter—no, no. Ye could employ him at Denny-mains, as a butler-creature, or something like that."

She did not notice the peculiarity of the little pronoun; if she had, how could she have imagined that the Laird was really addressing himself to her?

"I have none but weemen-servants indoors at Denny-mains," he continued, "but when Howard comes, I would prefer him to keep the house like other people, and I will not stint him as to means. Have I told ye what Welliam Dunbaur says:

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind—"

"Oh, yes, I remember."

"There's fine common-sense in that. And do not you believe the people who tell ye that the Scotch are a dour people, steeped in Calvinism, and niggardly and grasping at the last farthing—"

"I have found them exceedingly kind to me, and warm-hearted and generous—" says she; but he interrupted her suddenly.

"I'll tell ye what I'll do," said he, with decision. "When I buy that yacht, I'll get Tom Galbraith to paint every panel in the saloon—no matter what it costs."

"Your nephew will be very proud of it," she said.

"And I would expect to take a trip in her myself, occasionally," he added, in a facetious manner. "I would expect to be invited—"

"Surely, sir, you cannot expect your nephew to be so ungrateful—"

"Oh," he said, "I only expect reasonable things. Young people are young people; they cannot like to be always hampered by grumbling old fogies. No, no; if I present any one wi' a yacht, I do not look on myself as a piece of its furniture."

The Laird seemed greatly delighted. His step on the deck was firmer. In the pauses of the conversation she heard something about—

tàntarà ! Sing tàntarà !

"Will ye take your maid with ye?" he asked of her, abruptly.

The girl looked up with a bewildered air—perhaps with a trifle of alarm in her eyes.

"I, sir?"

"Ha, ha!" said he, laughing, "I forgot. Ye have not been invited yet. No more have I. But—if the yacht were ready—and—and if ye were going—ye would take your maid, no doubt, for comfort's sake?"

The girl looked reassured. She said, cheerfully:

"Well, sir, I don't suppose I shall ever go yachting again, after I leave the White Dove. And if I were, I don't suppose I should be able to afford to have a maid with me, unless the dealers in London should suddenly begin to pay me a good deal more than they have done hitherto."

At this point she was summoned below

by her hostess calling. The Laird was left alone on deck. He continued to pace up and down, muttering to himself, with a proud look on his face.

"A landscape in every panel, as I'm a living man! . . . Tom'll do it well, when I tell him who it's for. . . . The leddies' cabin blue and silver—cool in the summer—the skylight pented—she'll no be saying that the Scotch are wanting in taste when she sees that cabin!

Sing tàntarà ! Sing tàntarà !

. . . The Highland army rues
That ere they came to Cromdale!

And her maid—if she will not be able to afford a maid, who will?—French, if she likes! Blue and silver—blue and silver—that's it!"

And then the Laird, still humming his lugubrious battle-song, comes down into the saloon.

"Good-morning, ma'am; good-morning! Breakfast ready? I'm just ravenous. That wild lassie has walked me up and down until I am like to faint. A beautiful morning again—splendid!—splendid! And do ye know where ye will be this day next year?"

"I am sure I don't," says his hostess, busy with the breakfast things.

"I will tell ye. Anchored in the Holy Loch, off Kilmun, in a screw yacht. Mark my words now: *this very day next year!*"

CHAPTER XXV.

A PROTECTOR.

"Oh, ay," says John of Skye, quite proudly, as we go on deck after breakfast, "there will be no more o' the dead calms. We will give Mr. Sutherland a good breeze or two when he comes back to the yat."

It is all Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Sutherland now!—every thing is to be done because Mr. Sutherland is coming. Each belaying pin is polished so that one might see to shave in it; Hector of Moirdart has spent about two hours in scraping and rubbing the brass and copper of the galley stove-pipe; and Captain John, with many grins and apologies, has got Miss Avon to sew up a rent that has begun to appear in the red ensign. All that he wants now is to have the yacht beached for a couple of days, to have the long

slender sea-grass scraped from her hull : then Mr. Sutherland will see how the White Dove will sail !

"I should imagine," says the Youth, in an undertone, to his hostess, as we are working out the narrow entrance to Loch Speliv, "that your doctor-friend must have given those men a liberal *pour-boire* when he left."

"Oh, I am sure not," said she, quickly, as if that was a serious imputation. "That is very unlikely."

"They seem very anxious to have everything put right against his coming," he says ; "at all events, your captain seems to think that every good breeze he gets is merely thrown away on us."

"Dr. Sutherland and he," she says, laughing, "were very good friends. And then Angus had very bad luck when he was on board : the glass wouldn't fall. But I have promised to bottle up the equinoctials for him—he will have plenty of winds before we have done with him. You must stay, too, you know, Mr. Smith, and see how the White Dove rides out a gale."

He regarded her—with some suspicion. He was beginning to know that this lady's speech—despite the great gentleness and innocence of her eyes—sometimes concealed curious meanings. And was she now merely giving him a kind and generous invitation to go yachting with us for another month ; or was she, with a cruel sarcasm, referring to the probability of his having to remain a prisoner for that time, in order to please his uncle ?

However, the conversation had to be dropped, for at this moment the Laird and his *protégé* made their appearance ; and, of course, a deck-chair had to be brought for her, and a foot-stool, and a sunshade, and a book. But what were these attentions, on the part of her elderly slave, compared with the fact that a young man, presumably enjoying a sound and healthy sleep, should have unselfishly got up at an unholy hour of the morning, and should have risked blowing up the yacht with spirits of wine in order to get her a cup of tea ?

It was a fine sailing day. Running before a light topsail breeze from the south-east, the White Dove was making for the Lynn of Morven, and bringing us more and more within view of the splendid circle of mountains, from Ben Cruachan

in the east to Ben Nevis in the north, from Ben Nevis down to the successive waves of the Morven hills. And we knew why, among all the sunlit yellows and greens—faint as they were in the distance—there were here and there on slope and shoulder stains of a beautiful rose-purple that were a new feature in the landscape. The heather was coming into bloom—the knee-deep, honey-scented heather, the haunt of the snipe, and the muircock, and the mountain hare. And if there was to be for us this year no toiling over the high slopes and crags—looking down from time to time on a spacious world of sunlit sea and island—we were not averse from receiving friendly and substantial messages from those altitudes. In a day or two now the first crack of the breechloader would startle the silence of the morning air. And Master Fred's larder was sorely in want of variety.

Northward, and still northward, the light breeze tempering the scorching sunlight that glares on the sails and the deck. Each long ripple of the running blue sea flashes in diamonds ; and when we look to the south, those silver lines converge and converge, until at the horizon they become a solid blaze of light unendurable to the eye. But it is to the north we turn—to the land of Appin, and King-airloch, and Lochaber ; blow, light wind, and carry us onward, gentle tide ; we have an appointment to keep within shadow of the mountains that guard Glencoe.

The Laird has discovered that these two were up early this morning : he becomes facetious.

"Not sleepy yet, Miss Mary ?" he says.

"Oh, no—not at all," she says, looking up from her book.

"It's the early bird that catches the first sketch. Fine and healthy is that early rising, Howard. I'm thinking ye did not sleep sound last night : what for were ye up before anybody was stirring ?"

But the Laird does not give him time to answer. Something has tickled the fancy of this profound humorist.

"*Kee ! kee !*" he laughs ; and he rubs his hands. "I mind a good one I heard from Tom Galbraith, when he and I were at the Bridge of Allan ; room to room, ye know ; and Tom did snore that night. 'What,' said I to him in the morning,

'had ye nightmare, or *delirium tremens*, that ye made such a noise in the night?' 'Did I snore?' said he—I'm thinking somebody else must have complained before. 'Snore!' said I, 'twenty gramm-puses was nothing to it.' And Tom—he burst out a-laughing. 'I'm very glad,' says he. 'If I snored, I must have had a sound sleep!' A *sound* sleep—d'ye see? Very sharp—very smart—eh?'—and the Laird laughed and chuckled over that portentous joke.

"Oh, uncle, uncle, uncle!" his nephew cried. "You used never to do such things. You must quit the society of those artists, if they have such a corrupting influence on you."

"I tell ye," he says, with a sudden seriousness, "I would just like to show Tom Galbraith that picture of Canna that's below. No; I would not ask him to alter a thing. Very good—very good it is. And—and—I think—I will admit it—for a plain man likes the truth to be told—there is just a bit jealousy among them against any English person that tries to paint Scotch scenery. No, no, Miss Mary—don't you be afraid. Ye can hold your own. If I had that picture, now—if it belonged to me—and if Tom was stopping wi' me at Denny mains, I would not allow him to alter it, not if he offered to spend a week's work on it."

After that—what? The Laird could say no more.

Alas! alas! our wish to take a new route northward was all very well; but we had got under the lee of Lismore, and slowly and slowly the wind died away, until even the sea was as smooth as the surface of a mirror. It was but little compensation that we could lean over the side of the yacht, and watch the thousands of "sea-blubbers" far down in the water, in all their hues of blue, and purple, and pale pink. The heat of the sun was blistering; scorching with a sharp pain any nose or cheek that was inadvertently turned toward it. As for the Laird, he could not stand this oven-like business any longer; he declared the saloon was ever so much cooler than the deck; and went down below, and lay at length on one of the long blue cushions.

"Why, John," says Queen T., "you are bringing on those dead calms again. What will Dr. Sutherland say to you?"

But John of Skye has his eye on the distant shore.

"Oh, no, mem," he says, with a crafty smile, "there will not be a dead calm very long."

And there, in at the shore, we see a dark line on the water; and it spreads and spreads; the air becomes gratefully cool to the face before the breeze perceptibly fills the sails; then there is a cheerful swinging over of the boom and a fluttering of the as yet unreleased headsails. A welcome breeze, surely, from the far hills of Kingairloch. We thank you, you beautiful Kingairloch, with your deep glens and your rose-purple shoulders of hills; long may you continue to send fresh westerly winds to the parched and passing voyager.

We catch a distant glimpse of the white houses of Port Appin; we bid adieu to the musically-named Eilean-na-Shuna; far ahead of us is the small white lighthouse at the mouth of the narrows of Corran. But there is to be no run up to Fort William for us to-night; the tide will turn soon; we cannot get through the Corran narrows. And so there is a talk of Ballahulish; and Captain John is trying hard to get Miss Avon to pronounce this Bal-a-chaolish. It is not fair of Sandy from Islay—who thinks he is hidden by the foresail—to grin to himself at these innocent efforts.

Grander and grander grow those ramparts of mountains ahead of us—with their wine-colored stains of heather on the soft and velvety yellow-green. The wind from the Kingairloch shores still carries us on; and Inversanda swells the breeze; soon we shall be running into that wide channel that leads up to the beautiful Loch Leven. The Laird reappears on deck. He is quite enchanted with the scene around him. He says if an artist had placed that black cloud behind the great bulk of Ben Nevis, it could not have been more artistically arranged. He declares that this entrance to Loch Leven is one of the most beautiful places he has ever seen. He calls attention to the soft green foliage of the steep hills; and to that mighty peak of granite, right in the middle of the landscape, that we discover to be called the Pap of Glencoe. And here, in the mellow light of the afternoon, is the steamer coming down from

the north: is it to be a race between us for the Bal-a-chaolish quay?

It is an unfair race. We have to yield to brute strength and steam kettles.

Four to one Argyle came on,

as the dirge of Eric says. But we bear no malice. We salute our enemy as he goes roaring and throbbing by; and there is many a return signal waved to us from the paddle-boxes.

"Mr. Sutherland is no there, mem, I think," says Captain John, who has been scanning those groups of people with his keen eyes.

"I should think not; he said he was coming to-morrow," is the answer.

"Will he be coming down by the Chevalier in the morning, or by the Mountaineer at night?" is the further question.

"I don't know."

"We will be ashore for him in the morning, whatever," says John of Skye cheerfully; and you would have thought it was his guest, and not ours, who was coming on board.

The roaring of the anchor chain was almost immediately followed by Master Fred's bell. Mary Avon was silent and *distracted* at dinner; but nothing more was said of her return to London. It was understood that, when Angus Sutherland came on board, we should go back to Castle Osprey, and have a couple of days on shore, to let the White Dove get rid of her parasitic seaweed.

Then, after dinner, a fishing excursion; but this was in a new loch, and we were not very successful. Or was it that most of us were watching from this cup of water surrounded by the circle of great mountains, the strange movements of the clouds in the gloomy and stormy twilight, long after the sun had sunk?

"It is not a very sheltered place," remarked the Laird, "if a squall were to come down from the hills."

But by and by something appeared that lent an air of stillness and peace to this sombre scene around us. Over one of those eastern mountains a faint, smoky, suffused yellow light began to show; then the outline of the mountain—serrated with trees—grew dark; then the edge of the moon appeared over the black line of trees; and by and by the

world was filled with this new, pale light, though the shadows on the hills were deeper than ever. We did not hurry on our way back to the yacht. It was a magical night—the black, overhanging hills, the white clouds crossing the blue vaults of the heavens, the wan light on the sea. What need for John of Skye to put up that golden lamp at the bow? But it guided us on our way back—under the dusky shadows of the hills.

Then below, in the orange-lit cabin, with cards and dominoes and chess about, a curious thing overhead happens to catch the eye of one of the gamblers. Through the skylight, with this yellow glare, we ought not to see any thing; but there, shining in the night, is a long bar of pale phosphorescent green light. What can this be? Why green? And it is Mary Avon who first suggests what this strangely luminous thing must be—the boom, wet with the dew, shining in the moonlight.

"Come," says the Laird to her, "put a shawl round ye, and we will go up for another look round."

And so, after a bit, they went on deck, these two, leaving the others to their *bélique*. And the Laird was as careful about the wrapping up of this girl as if she had been a child of five years of age; and when they went out on to the white deck, he would give her his arm that she should not trip over any stray rope; and they were such intimate friends now that he did not feel called upon to talk to her.

But by and by the heart of the Laird was lifted up within him because of the wonderful beauty and silence of this moonlight night.

"It is a great peety," said he, "that you in the south are not brought up as children to be familiar with the Scotch version of the Psalms of David. It is a fountain-head of poetry that ye can draw from all your life long; and is there any poetry in the world can beat it? And many a time I think that David had a great love for mountains—and that he must have looked at the hills around Jerusalem—and seen them on many a night like this. Ye cannot tell, lassie, what stirs in the heart of a Scotchman or Scotchwoman when they repeat the 121st Psalm:

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
 From whence doth come mine aid ;
 My safety cometh from the Lord
 Who heaven and earth hath made.
 Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
 He slumber that thee keeps :
 Behold, He that keeps Israel
 He slumbers not nor sleeps.

Ask your friend Dr. Sutherland—ask him whether he has found any thing among his philosophy, and science, and the new-fangled leetereature of the day that comes so near to his heart as a verse of the old Psalms that he learned as a boy. I have heard of Scotch soldiers in distant countries just bursting out crying when they heard by chance a bit repeated o' the Psalms of David. And the strength and reliance of them : what grander source of consolation can ye have ? 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever.' What are the trials of the hour to them that believe and know and hope ? They have a sure faith ; the captivity is not forever. Do ye remember the beginning of the 126th Psalm—it reminds me most of all of the Scotch phrase

'laughin' maist like to greet'

—'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that

dream. 'Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing : then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south !'

The Laird was silent for a minute or two ; there was nothing but the pacing up and down the moonlit deck.

"And you have your troubles, too, my lass," said he at length. "Oh, I know—though ye put so brave a face on it. But you need not be afraid ; you need not be afraid. Keep up your heart. I am an old man now ; I may have but few years to reckon on ; but while I live ye will not want a friend. . . . Ye will not want a friend. . . . If I forget, or refuse what I promise ye this night, may God do so and more unto me !"

But the good-hearted Laird will not have her go to sleep with this solemnity weighing on her mind.

"Come, come," he says cheerfully, "we will go below now ; and you will sing me a song—the Queen's Maries, if ye like—though I doubt but that they were a lot o' wild hizzies."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ALPINE FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

THERE is no grander spectacle than sunrise in the Alps. The atmosphere is so perfectly clear that distant objects seem close at hand, only too soon to be obscured in the haze produced by the hotter rays of the noonday sun. My first view of this great awakening of Nature was from the summit of one of the Jura peaks about three o'clock on a May morning. The sky assumed the deepest violet hue ; and as the sun rose behind it, the edges of the clouds were streaked with golden and scarlet rays. Then, as with a joyful bound, the orb of day burst forth on the horizon, and all Nature seemed to be hymning its morning song of praise. Far away rose one pure virgin peak of stainless snow against the azure sky ; it was the summit of Mont Blanc, a hundred miles distant. Imagination might easily picture it as the pinnacle of some celestial city.

We can scarcely wonder, when this god of the sky clothes himself with his sparkling robe and golden crown, that heathen nations made him their first object of worship. The early inhabitants of Switzerland sang hymns of triumph at the break of day. Then fire became the symbol, and the shepherds on the Alpine slopes believed they could bring their god down to earth by collecting a handful of dried leaves and rubbing two pieces of wood together. The red spark was kindled, the tongue of flame broke forth, and then they brought their offerings to propitiate a being so powerful. Milk, butter, and sweet-smelling herbs were poured into it. Happy indeed was it when nations were satisfied with these simple offerings, and did not demand hecatombs of cattle or the blood of men for their deities. Relics of such superstitions are to be found even in this en-

lightened age : when a fire bursts out in a Swiss chalet, the shepherd may be seen with a small cup of milk in his hand, slowly pouring it drop by drop into the devouring element.

To return to that daybreak scene in the Jura. The snow had not yet melted on the roadside ; but over the white surface, and beneath the pine woods, thousands of crocuses and other spring flowers of varied hue raised their lovely chalices, content to adorn that lonely height, where the steps of man so seldom trod. To the lover of botany, not the least attraction of " the playground of Europe " lies in its Alpine plants. Those travellers who can visit Switzerland about the month of June have their reward in the wonderful profusion and variety of the tapestried pastures. A month later, I was wandering over the slopes of the Val des Ormonds, gathering cluster after cluster of flowers, drinking in the sweet air, listening to the bells of the cattle, and admiring the rich brown of the picturesque wooden chalets of Sepey ; whilst above all towered the peaks of the Diablerets, then covered with snow, soon to be melted under the July sun.

Here were acres of the beautiful white narcissus, beloved of the gods, with its powerful scent, so dangerous to the nerves, that for this reason it was consecrated to the Furies, who stupefied with its odor those who had incurred their vengeance. The commonest of this class, which we know well as

The daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and slake
The winds of March with beauty,

were over ; but the smaller kind, sometimes called Lent lilies, might occasionally be found. There were large patches so brilliantly blue with the small gentian that the grass could scarcely be seen ; this was the *G. verna*, a star of about half an inch across, with a pure white eye ; even more beautiful than the grander bell, which is often used for edging our gardens. The varieties of this class of plants are very numerous, and few display so full a series of colors. It has been said that red, blue, yellow, and white are never found in the same class ; yet they are all exhibited here, with many compound colors.

Though the snowdrop had only left its

leaves to mark its habitat, yet there was the spring snow-flake, so easily mistaken for it, which, from its loveliness and purity, the Swiss have dedicated to St. Agnes, the patron saint of young virgins, and call it 'St. Agnes' flower. The silvery artemisia spreads its highly aromatic leaves, from which the bitter liqueur called *crème d'absinthe* is distilled. One variety is known by the name of the " old man," so gray and powdery is its appearance. In France it is the *garde-robe*, as the housewives place it in their drawers to save their apparel from the attacks of the destructive moth. Tarragon is another of the same genus, giving flavor to salad and vinegar ; and all are dedicated to Diana, the goddess of chastity and purity, from the appearance of the leaves. The cardamine was there, sometimes called the cuckoo flower, as it is found when that bird utters its welcome note. It was introduced into England in 1629, and is described in an old book called the " Paradise of Pleasant Flowers " as being sent to the author " by my especial good friend, Tradescante, who brought it among many other dainty plants from beyond the seas, and imparted thereof a root to me." Here is the blue chicory, and harebells richer in color and variety than Scotland can show, justifying the poet's words :

The harebell bright and blue,
That decks the dingle wild,
In whose cerulean blue
Heaven's own blest tint we view ;
On days serene and mild,
How beauteous, like an azure gem,
She droopeth from the graceful stem !

Saxifrages are most numerous, and form a beautiful covering to rocks and old walls. The silvery margins to the leaves mark the *longifolia* ; and the mountain-climber when he sits down to his frugal dinner will not forget to gather the golden variety, so well known as the *cresson de roche*, to add a piquant flavor to his bread. It grows at a height of eight thousand feet ; whilst the *bryoides* has been found above eleven thousand feet high. Here is the favorite of Linnæus, which he named the pink dianthus, or flower of God, with its delicious fragrance ; the purple aster ; countless hyacinths ; tall blue and white campanulas ; the sweet-scented yellow Alpine wallflower ; and the chaste and elegant wood-anemone :

Nymph of the wood and forest glade,
 In thine own fair vestal robes arrayed,
 In the calm of the silent silvan bowers,
 'Tis sweet to gaze on thy drooping flowers;
 Chaste and pure as the driven snow,
 Yet faintly tinged with a purple glow;
 Like mountain crests
 On some Alpine height,
 When the snow-drift rests,
 In the evening light!

One more must be added to this long list, the pretty *Clochette des Alpes*, its delicate stem bearing two bell-shaped lilac flowers, fringed at the edges, growing out of a tuft of round leaves like a shilling, and therefore named soldanella. From all these let us make up our bouquet, placing round it the maiden-hair, the holly fern, the cystopteris and numberless club-mosses and lichens.

But the flowers are not the only attraction to the lover of nature. Ere the sky is colored, or the light breeze announces the approach of day, the birds give the signal for Nature to awake. There are those that seldom descend lower than the snow-line, and love the wild and magnificent peaks. Such are the now rare birds the golden eagle and the lammergeier, only met with in the deepest recesses of the Tyrol. Organized for the highest flights, they are the true sailors of the atmosphere. There is also the *chouca* or chough, a crow of intensely black plumage, with a yellow beak and bright red claws, which loves the snowy regions. Those tourists who seek the glaciers of Monte Rosa and the Col du Géant will perhaps remember large flocks of them uttering their discordant notes among the broken rocks and steep precipices. Every thing that rises to a dizzy height in the air has a charm for them. Tall fir-trees, steeples, old towers, the battlements of castles overlooking the valleys, isolated peaks, sharp-pointed *aiguilles* are the places they choose for their nests. Sociable hermits of the air, condemned like those who dwelt in the desert of Thebes to the most frugal and austere food, they delight in solitude, and the more space that separates them from man the more are they in their element.

There are other interesting species which the Swiss naturalists describe for us. The snow bunting, as well as the accentor, chooses the stony bare ground which lies between the place where vege-

tation ceases and perpetual snow begins. Nine thousand feet above the sea do they seek and find the insects necessary for their existence; beetles, butterflies, and spiders are nestled in the crags and clefts of the rocks, placed there by Him who giveth food to every living thing in due season.

It has often been remarked by naturalists that the song of birds is borrowed from the sounds heard around. Whether that be true or not, the cry of a bird has often formed its name. Some of these have passed down to us from age to age, and from people to people. Take the crow as an instance; in the Sanscrit we find it called *kara-va*, in Greek *korax*, in German *krähe*, in Latin *corvus*, in French *corbeau*. The imploring cry of the crane is expressed in many languages by its name; German *krane*, in French *grane*, in Latin *grus*, in Greek *gera-nos*. Where is the sportsman who, when hearing that the Sanscrit name for partridge is *titiri*, would not recognize the sound he has so often heard in the evening? A particular page in Aristotle puzzled naturalists, until the curlew's cry pronounced its own name, and cleared up the mystery.

One very remarkable but shy Alpine bird should not be omitted. When the traveller is passing through the pine forests he will hear a sound proceeding from their deep recesses resembling "crack," or at some seasons "curr." It is the nut-cracker, which feeds on the pine-cones, and is rarely seen. Long before other birds have begun to build, in March, ere the snow has melted off the ground under the trees, it builds its nest; and instead of being noisy, it becomes silent and stealthy in its movements. Standing beside the torrent as it rushes down over the huge boulders, the observer will notice a conspicuous little bird, with throat and breast of white, darting arrow-like up the stream, or perched upon a rock. It is named, like its British congener, the dipper. Then there is the beautiful wall-creeper, with its ash-colored back and breast, crimson and black wings, and black tail tipped with white, ranging to above ten thousand feet, playing on the snow-beds, and feeding on the scanty vegetation which here and there takes root among the rocks.

Strange to say, there is an abundant

supply of insects upon which these birds live, even in the most desolate regions. The Desoria or glacier flea thrives in a temperature seldom rising above the freezing-point; they may be seen in great numbers in the shallow pools of water under the glacier stones, and when disturbed, jump about and rush to the bottom, where they form an animated mass of black dots. Grasshoppers and beetles love the higher pastures; and many butterflies, very rare in England, may there

be collected as they flutter from flower to flower. Very interesting it is to notice the various examples of the wonderful way in which the Creator adapts the forms of animal life to their position. Let us learn a lesson of joy from each of them, breaking through the chrysalis, like the insect, to reach a higher life, and rising like the bird with its joyous song, "true to the kindred points of heaven and home."—*Chambers's Journal*.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.*

BY G. A. SIMCOX.

MR. BUCKLE'S reputation is unique in more ways than one; after a long preparation he burst upon the world with a masterpiece, and this masterpiece was received with instant acclamation by the public, and depreciated so far as possible by most of those to whom the public generally looks for guidance. The most singular thing of all is that during the period of preparation he deliberately abstained from any partial or tentative work, and that he entered upon the work of preparation with an utterly undisciplined, not to say unexercised intelligence. He was a very delicate child, and had hardly mastered his letters at eight, and was quite indifferent to childish games. Dr. Birkbeck was of opinion that he ought to be spared in every possible way, and never made to do any thing but what he chose. His great delight was to sit for hours by the side of his mother to hear the Scriptures read. Up to the age of eighteen he read hardly any thing but the "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," Bunyan and Shakespeare, whom he began at fifteen. He was sent to school for a short time to give him a change from home, with strict directions that he was never to be punished or forced to learn; nevertheless, out of curiosity, he learned enough to bring home the first prize for mathematics before he was fourteen. Being asked what reward he would have for this feat, he chose to be taken away from school. He knew hardly any thing, and was proud of

showing off what he knew. He would stand on the kitchen table, and recite the Creed and the Lord's Prayer in Latin and French, translating sentence by sentence. He would play with his cousin at "Parson and Clerk," always preaching himself, according to his mother, with extraordinary eloquence for a child. This is more like a precocious child of four than a clever and backward child of fourteen. The same may be said of his less intellectual amusements. "On one occasion, for instance, he turned every chair and table in the kitchen over, gave his nurse's daughter a pea-shooter, and had shooting matches with her; and on another occasion, when he went to call on his old nurse, turned every thing there topsyturvy, romped about, threw the daughter's cat out of the window, and, finally, walking with them down the street, sang and was generally uproarious, seizing fruit from the open shops, and behaving so as to make them quite afraid that he would get into trouble." He was sent again to a private tutor's, and there, though he never seemed to learn his lessons, he was always foremost. His health, however, failed, and again he had to be taken home. In the latter part of this time his father's conversation gave him an interest in politics and political economy, and by the time he was seventeen he had composed a letter to Sir Robert Peel on Free Trade. His father, a cultivated man who had been at Cambridge, and used to recite Shakespeare to his family, wished his son to be an East India merchant like himself. Buckle entered the office much against his will, but

* "Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle." By Alfred Henry Huth. Sampson Low & Co.

when he was a little over eighteen he was released by his father's death, which occurred on the 22d of January, 1840. His last words were to bid his son, "Be a good boy to his mother." Buckle was taken fainting from the room. He always repaid her self-sacrificing devotion with the tenderest attachment; he never really recovered from the shock of her death. She was a very remarkable woman. Miss Shirreff said, after meeting her in 1854:

"Apart from her being the mother of such a son, she was a very interesting person to know. It is curious how many people there are on whom their own lives seem to have produced no impression; they may have seen and felt much, but they have not reflected upon their experience, and they remain apparently unconscious of the influences that have been at work around and upon them. With Mrs. Buckle it was exactly the reverse. The events, the persons, the books that had affected her at particular times or in a particular manner, whatever influenced her actions or opinions, remained vividly impressed on her mind, and she spoke freely of her own experience, and eagerly of all that bore upon her son. He was the joy, even more than the pride of her heart. Having saved him from the early peril that threatened him, and saved him, as she fondly believed, in a great measure by her loving care, he seemed twice her own; and that he was saved for great things, to do true and permanent service to mankind, was also an article of that proud mother's creed, little dreaming how short a time he was to be allowed even for sowing the seeds of usefulness. . . . When I said above that Mrs. Buckle spoke freely of her own experience, I should add that her conversation was the very reverse of gossip. It was a psychological rather than a biographical experience that she detailed. I rarely remember any names being introduced, and never unless associated with good."

It is natural to compare Buckle's training, or want of training, with Rousseau's, and perhaps the reason it turned out so differently was, that it was conducted by a Calvinist mother instead of by a libertine father, and that the physical conditions were healthier. Rousseau when a child habitually turned night into day; it was an event when Buckle sat up to write to Sir Robert Peel. Entering life at eighteen his own master, with powers that had never been taxed, with an imagination ceaselessly stimulated, it is no wonder that he was enormously ambitious. He set to work at once to gratify his ambition. He travelled for more than a year on the Continent with his mother and an unmarried sister, studying the

manners of different countries, and taking lessons in the languages from masters, who taught him to talk them fluently, but could never break him of his British accent; the grammar he found he could master more quickly and thoroughly by himself. At the same time he began a course of omnivorous reading, and his wonderful memory very soon made him seem a prodigy of information, especially as, like Dr. Johnson, he had the talent of tearing the heart out of a book.

The way he began his studies with a plan of the "History of Civilization" in his mind is exceedingly characteristic. He began the History of the Middle Ages in Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," finishing thirteen pages in two hours, during which he referred to Hallam and Hawkins's little work on Germany for verification of dates. "This brings me from the invasion of Clovis in 496 to the murder of Sigebert by Fredegonde in 575. I have at the same time made copious abstracts of the times referred to." This is from the first entry in his diary, October 15th, 1843. Ten days later we read, "The sketch, then, of the History of France during the Middle Ages has occupied me just ten days, but then on one of those days I did not read at all (on account of a thick fog). And besides that I am now in better train for reading than I was at first, so that I think, on an average, I may say eight days will suffice for each history." He was aware that this proceeding was hasty and superficial, and he looked forward to completing his knowledge by further study of larger and more elaborate works, such books as Sismondi's "Histoire des Français," and by reading in biographical dictionaries the lives of all the notabilities of the period he was studying, for he made it a rule to go through a period in many books, instead of going through many periods in one book. One cannot say that his method of study was exactly uncritical; he found out the first day that Dr. Lardner quite deserved his reputation for inaccuracy, but he took no precaution against having to unlearn more important errors than a wrong name or date. A professional scholar does not feel that a fact is the foundation of an opinion till he is sure that he has reached the right point of view. In all but very exceptional cases this method leads to

more questions than answers, and constructive effort has to restrict itself increasingly to monographs, and the largest speculation generally turns upon the application and extension of one or two conceptions, such as the primitive family or the survival of the fittest. Now Buckle, like Bacon, thought that it was possible to pick out facts from the best second-hand authorities, like Hallam, or even from authorities which were not the best, like the "History of Helvetia," in two volumes, which he picked up for eighteenpence on a book-stall, and then to tabulate the facts picked out, and gradually sift them into a system.

Wherever he could he used translations, because he could go through them faster, but, as many works were not translated, he learned nineteen languages, seven of which he could write and speak serviceably (he introduced himself to Hallam by interpreting for him in Germany). At first he still found time for travel, and formed æsthetic preferences; he thought, till he saw Egypt and Petra, that he preferred beauty of form to beauty of color. He had a marked dislike to being bullied or cheated, which reminds us of Schopenhauer. At Naples, for instance, the boatmen threatened to leave him in a cave at Capri unless he would pay more than he had bargained for. He gave them his purse, but took care to stay and have them punished. At Dresden a chess-player gave out that Buckle was not good enough for him to play with; he placarded a challenge to play the braggart for five hundred thalers, with the result that he did not venture to show his face till Buckle left. Again, when he had bought a new carpet from a man who had promised him discount for cash, and then asked for the whole sum, Buckle quietly returned the unpaid bill to his pocket, and told him to call for payment that day two years.

At first chess was his favorite recreation, and by the time he was thirty he had some right to consider himself the champion player of the day, though with his customary independence he never studied printed games or openings, and had no chess-board at home which was not too small for his men. He had a special talent for giving odds, and knew by intuition what risks it was safe to run with a strange player, since the play of a

giver of odds can never be perfectly sound. He was a pleasant antagonist, whether he won or lost, but he avoided exposing his temper to too great trials. One player, known as "the telegraph," he would never engage, and at last gave the following explanation: "Well, sir, the slowness of genius is difficult to bear, but the slowness of mediocrity is intolerable." Even with this precaution chess was too exacting a game to be the sole relaxation of a student, and from 1850 onward he showed an increasing preference for the stimulus of society; he was beginning to be known, and as he refused to write except for immortality, it was natural he should talk.

"While his mother was well enough, he gave dinners during the season of from eight to eighteen persons two or three times a week, and dined out himself frequently; indeed he could not bear dining alone, and if without any special invitation, he would drop in upon some of his relations or more intimate friends to spend the evening. Of his talk, Miss Shirreff truly observes, 'The brilliancy of Mr. Buckle's conversation was too well known to need mention; but what the world did not know was how entirely it was the same among a few intimates with whom he felt at home, as it was at a large party where success meant celebrity. This talk was the outpouring of a full and earnest mind; it had more matter than wit, more of book knowledge than of personal observation. The favorite maxim of many dinner-table talkers, "Glissez, mais n'appuyez pas," was certainly not his. He loved to go to the bottom of a subject, unless he found that his opponent and himself stood on ground so different, or started from such opposite principles, as to make ultimate agreement hopeless, and then he dropped or turned the subject. His manner of doing this, unfortunately, gave offence at times, while he not seldom wearied others by keeping up the ball, and letting conversation merge into discussion. He was simply bent on getting at the truth, and if he believed himself to hold it he could with difficulty be made to understand that others might be impatient while he set it forth. On the other hand, it is fair to mention that, if too fond of argument, and sometimes too prone to self-assertion, his temper in discussion was perfect; he was a most candid opponent and a most admirable listener.' His memory was almost faultless, and always ready to assist and illustrate his wonderful powers of explanation. 'Pages of our great prose writers,' says Miss Shirreff, 'were impressed on his memory. He could quote passage after passage with the same ease as others quote poetry, while of poetry itself he was wont to say, "It stamps itself on the brain." Truly did it seem that, without effort on his part, all that was grandest in English poetry had become, so to speak, a part of his mind. Shakespeare ever first, then Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, were so

familiar to him that he seemed ever ready to recall a passage, and often to recite it with an intense delight in its beauty which would have made it felt by others naturally indifferent. "It was the same in all that was best in French literature, in Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, and, above all, Molière. Captain Kennedy recalls an instance of this ready memory on an occasion when they were in company together. The conversation turned on telling points in the drama, and one of the party cited that scene in 'Horace' which so struck Boileau, where Horace is lamenting the disgrace which he supposes has been brought upon him by the flight of his son in the combat with the Curiaes. 'Que voulez-vous qu'il fit contre trois?' asks Julie; and the old man passionately exclaims, 'Qu'il mourût.' Buckle agreed that it was very fine, and immediately recited the whole scene from its commencement, giving the dialogue with much spirit and effect."

A more formidable feat was reciting Burke's peroration on the loss of the American Colonies, to prove to Burke's biographer that it was Burke, not Sheridan, who applied the metaphor of shearing a wolf to the obstinacy of George III.

In other ways his life was the reverse of ascetic: he "cultivated" his sense of taste, at one time actually seeing his steaks cut at the butcher's; insisting on having toast made before his eyes every Monday, when the bread was more than one day old; and teaching his woman-kind how to make tea, which ought, it seems, to stand rather longer when the caddy is full than when it is nearly empty, and the proportion of tea-dust which does not need to be uncurled by the steam is larger. The same spirit of minute forethought ran through his management of money matters. He had never more than £1500 a year to spend, and had made up his mind that £3000 was the least he could marry on. (He never did marry; for one cousin whom he fell in love with at seventeen married some one else, and he was parted from another every way suitable because his family thought it wrong for cousins to marry.) He spent £300 a year on books, and it is not surprising that he taught his servant to bind the ragged ones in brown paper, and that he cherished comfortable old clothes. He could spend as well as spare; his books were luxuriously lodged in glass cases, and if a friend's family needed rest or change, he was anxious to press a hundred pounds on them as a loan. He was kind, too, in immaterial

ways, exercising the same minute forethought for others as for himself. From his first acquaintance with Miss Shirreff and her sister he was unwearied in his endeavors to assist them. Here are one or two fragments of his letters in 1854: "I feel it was very ill-natured on my part not to press Comte upon you last night when you so considerably hesitated as to borrowing it. To make the only amends in my power I now send it you, and beg that you will keep it as long as you like, for I promise that if I have at any time occasion to refer to it I will ask to have it back, so that you need have no scruple on that head. The only thing I will beg of you is that when not reading it you would have it put into some cupboard, as on several grounds I value it very much, and I never leave it out at home." "You sent me the first *three* volumes of Comte as I happen to remember, for I put them away directly they came. I am sorry you should have missed taking them with you, as in the country one particularly needs some intellectual employment to prevent the mind from falling into those vacant raptures which the beauties of nature are apt to suggest." This is ten months later: "I am truly sorry to receive so indifferent an account of your health. To hear such things is enough to prevent one from being an optimist—how much more to you who feel them. I have often speculated on what you and Miss Shirreff could accomplish if you were made capable of real wear and tear; but this is a speculation I could never bring to maturity, because of the strong suspicion I have that with a certain mind there must and will be a certain physical structure of which we may modify the effects but never change the nature. Look at Miss Martineau! Give her delicacy as well as power, and I believe that she could never have gone through the work she has." He was ready to criticise the second work of the sisters in *MS.*, while his own work was passing through the press.

The first volume was printed at his own expense, after negotiations with Mr. Parker, which showed a curious mixture of suspicion and generosity. Buckle would not consent to his *MS.* being submitted to any person whom he did not know; but he was sincerely anxious that Mr. Parker should have some indepen-

dent opinion, when he was ready to dispense with it. He was willing that Mr. Parker should assess the estimated profits of the first edition, and to accept half for his share; but if he disposed of the copyright of the first edition, he was determined to secure a sum down, and drew back when he found that the half profits, if any, were to be contingent on the result of the sales. He actually received £665 for the first edition of fifteen hundred copies, and £500 for the copyright of the second edition of two thousand.

His immediate success was deserved by the industry with which he had studied a clear and popular style, reading and re-reading the great masters, French and English, going through Johnson's Dictionary and Milton's prose works to enlarge his vocabulary, writing out in his own words the substance of a passage of Hallam and Macaulay, to see where his own inferiority lay. Besides, his habit of never leaving a subject in conversation till he had made his meaning perfectly clear must have served him as valuable practice in exposition, even if part of the audience were wearied at the time.

The author's want of systematic training was itself an advantage for the immediate effect of his work; he knew nothing but the prejudices he had escaped, the facts he had accumulated, and the doctrines he had marshalled them to support; he addressed a public as ignorant as he had been, and as acute as his father had been. He had followed the scientific movement of his day, and observed with prophetic insight that the discussion of the transmutation of species was the weak point in Lyell's great work on Geology, but he had not busied himself with the speculative movement then mainly political or theological. If he had done so he would have been in danger of losing himself in side issues. As it was he stated and illustrated clearly and weightily, so that the work will not have to be done again for any section of the Western world, the conception of an orderly movement of human affairs depending upon ascertained facts of all degrees of generality. This is his great service: his special theories were of value chiefly as they furnished headings under which facts could be classified. Such conceptions as the "principle of protection" and the "principle of scepti-

cism" are not made for immortality; it is not a key to the history of France to be told that there the spirit of protection manifested itself in secular affairs, while in Spain it manifested itself in spiritual. Nor can we explain the difference between the history of Spain and Scotland by observing that a bigoted clergy opposed the Crown in Scotland, and supported the Crown in Spain; or the difference between America and Germany by observing that the ablest minds of Germany devoted themselves to the deductive method and the accumulation of knowledge, and the ablest minds of America to the inductive method and the diffusion of knowledge.

He was never too far in advance of his day; he thought women ought to be educated, but not for careers in which they would compete with men. He made instinctively all the reserves for which the orthodox are fighting more or less hopefully now; he took over without discussion the sharp dualism between body and mind transmitted through Locke from Descartes. Even such a phrase as mental disease displeased him. Disease could only consistently be thought of in connection with a material organism. After this it is not surprising that he held that in another life there would be no difference between the genius and the idiot of this: they differed because their brains differed. At the same time, the difference between learning and ignorance might be more permanent, for it is by its own action that the mind acquires learning. He understood, and was half inclined to adopt, Kant's distinction between transcendental freedom and empirical necessity, although he was fully convinced by his statistical studies that any limited power of self-determination the individual might imaginably possess could safely be neglected in the scientific study of masses. Most important of all, he recognized as clearly as Pascal the logic of the heart. Instead of treating the convictions as a mere disturbing force warping the action of the pure reason, he dwelt eloquently upon their character as an orderly independent factor in our deepest convictions. This combination of fundamental conservatism with revolutionary energy upon two or three large yet definite questions is not unlike Mr. Bright—a politician who is, or was, un-

popular with just the critics who depreciated Buckle as a thinker.

One can hardly think that the literary class were so much to blame for their hostility as Mr. Huth supposes. They had emancipated themselves as far as they cared to be emancipated; they held implicitly a great deal that Buckle proclaimed emphatically; they held it with all sorts of qualifications which they felt not unreasonably it was easier to apply in practice than to formulate beforehand; they found plenty of crudity in Buckle's special theories, and were angry with him for not advancing knowledge upon special matters in the way in which Sainte-Beuve or even Macaulay did. It was not their fault that in their eyes individual facts, which Buckle made a point of despising, were more interesting as well as less uncertain than the general facts, which no doubt are more important. Besides, it was quite true, if not exactly relevant, that they might have found whatever they were inclined to accept in Buckle, in Comte, or Quetelet before. Their justification is complete when we remember that Buckle's method and generalizations have been quite unfruitful. Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer and Sir H. S. Maine have had followers; Buckle had only readers. At the time criticism did not hurt him, as he said himself he throve on it. His superiority to his critics was too evident. He was the lion of the literary season; he was elected a member of the Athenæum, after some ineffectual threats of clerical opposition; he lectured at the Royal Institution on the Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge, and Faraday, Owen, and Murchison severally thanked him for the great treat they had enjoyed.

In the midst of his success the great sorrow of his life came upon him: his mother's health had been failing since 1852, and in 1856 she feared that she should not live to see the reception of his work, and the fame that her counsel and sympathy had done so much to prepare. When at last her son showed her the first volume, with its magnificent dedication, he was frightened at her agitation. On the 11th of August, 1857, he writes: "Month after month she is now altering for the worse, at times slightly better, but perceptibly losing ground. Her mind

is changed even since I was here last: she is unable to read; she confuses one idea with another; and nothing remains of her as she once was, except her smile, and the exquisite tenderness of her affections. I while away my days here doing nothing, and caring for nothing—because I feel *I have no future*." "For the last six months of her life she was from time to time delirious, but such was her strength of mind that always when her son entered the room she became perfectly rational." He was no longer able to write except after the stimulus of conversation; and at last the sight of her "slowly but incessantly degenerating, mind and body both going," brought his work to a standstill, and Mr. Capel suggested that he should try the distraction of reviewing Mill's "Essay on Liberty." On the first of April, 1859, he entered in his diary, "At 9.15 my angel mother died peacefully, without pain." When all was over he sat down, "in the dull and dreary house, once so full of light and love," to write his proof of the immortality of the soul. It is very like St. Anselm's proof of the being of a God. It is a weak feeling that can believe that it adds to or creates its object; a strong feeling is sure that its object is eternal.

The next twelve days were spent upon his review of Mill's "Liberty," which is still memorable for the grotesque, pathetic, eloquent philippic on Pooley's case. It is never clear what we are to be indignant at: no doubt it was a miscarriage of justice that the judge did not find out that Pooley was mad: perhaps the law under which he was sentenced was getting rather rusty; still poachers are sentenced more severely, and Pooley was as great a nuisance as a poacher in a respectable neighborhood. But Buckle was in a state of exaltation where he had too little sense of the proportion of things to measure the personal responsibility of the judge or the importance of the case, but he saw correctly that while damaging his own position he was doing something to make further prosecutions for blasphemy difficult, and he had the sense to turn a deaf ear to the many letters from people with grievances that poured in upon him.

He said himself, about this time, "Only they are wise who can harden their hearts." His health was failing. Even

before his first volume appeared he fainted in crossing the park; though his hours of work were not immoderate, seldom exceeding eight a day, his recreations—chess and conversation—were equally exhausting. He was only able to work very fitfully upon his second volume, and before long he lost his nephew, a very promising boy, who could appreciate him, saying, "When you talk to me, uncle, it is like being in a dream." Children were always fond of him. A little girl whom he met in his walks at Blackheath could conceive no consolation for his leaving except the hope of being "his little girl." His landlady, who read his works, took charge of some children from India, and one of these soon found what liberties she could take with the philosopher.

When he visited Mr. Capel's pupils at Carshalton, he romped with them and got them holidays; they followed him about like a pack of dogs, and wrote home, "When he was here he was a jolly chap." "He is a very nice fellow, and never talks philosophy to us." His theories of education were simple; he was very much afraid of children being overworked, and thought that if moral suasion failed the cane was the safest punishment; keeping children in only made them dull.

But his forbearance was inexhaustible. When he fainted, after a discussion on political economy with Mr. Huth, he went upstairs to try to sleep for two hours. At the end of the time Mr. Huth heard the landlady's children singing loudly and jumping violently, as it seemed, just over Mr. Buckle's room. He stopped the noise and then went to inquire if he had slept. Mr. Buckle said, "No, the noise had prevented it." Why did he not ring the bell? "Oh, no, poor little things! it was their time for singing and jumping, not their sleeping time." When Mr. Huth's sons were travelling with Buckle in the peninsula of Sinai they told him how they had been amusing themselves by knocking off the tails of lizards to see how these jumped, while the lizards ran away as if nothing had happened. Mr. Glennie remarked that it was very cruel, and ought to be put a stop to, which made the boys angry; Buckle quietly said that it was the nature of boys to be

cruel, and that they would know better when they grew older; they were ashamed of what they had done, and did so no more.

His growing friendship with the Huths was the chief interest and consolation of his later years in spite of its rather unpromising commencement, which we will leave Mrs. Huth to describe.

"It was in 1857 that we became acquainted with Henry Thomas Buckle. Long before, we had heard him talked of by an enthusiastic friend, who told us that Buckle was then writing the 'History of Civilization.' Our friend, Mr. Capel, would not borrow a book from us to read without first asking 'my friend Buckle' whether it was worth reading, as he knew all books. If I praised a favorite author, I was told that my admiration was misplaced, as 'my friend Buckle' saw imperfections in him. 'But would not Mr. Huth like to call on my friend Buckle?' Mr. Huth decidedly objected, saying that if that gentleman's library contained twenty-two thousand volumes, and he had read them all, as Mr. Capel assured us, it would be an impertinence for a man who had not any thing very extraordinary to recommend him to intrude upon him. I was very glad of this answer, for I hated that 'friend Buckle,' whose name was constantly in Mr. Capel's mouth, and bored me intensely; who was always put forward to contradict me; who was said to know every thing, and who had seemingly done nothing. We were therefore considerably surprised when Mr. Capel came one day and said, 'I have told my friend Buckle that you wish very much to make his acquaintance, and he will be glad to see you if you like to call upon him.' My husband looked very black, but he had nothing for it but to go to 59 Oxford Terrace, where he was told Mr. Buckle was not at home, and he left his card. Later, when our dear friend made his last stay with us, I told him how we had been forced into our acquaintance with him; and he explained that he had only agreed to see us, as he thought it would be of advantage to Mr. Capel, who was going to have a son of ours at his school. At that time he had never expected our acquaintance to develop into a friendship."

Mrs. Huth soon found there were two Mr. Buckles, one who lived among cold abstractions, and took the highest and the widest view. "The other Buckle was tender, and capable of feeling every vibration of a little child's heart; self-sacrificing, to a degree which he would have blamed in another, and habitually concentrating his great intellect on the consequences of individual actions to the actor." His calm and cheerfulness were but rarely interrupted. Once Mr. Capel surprised him in a flood of tears, "You don't know how I miss my mother." He could never bear to go into his

drawing-room after her death. An old lady, neither handsome nor clever, as she said herself, with neither rank nor title, "bore witness to his great sympathy; it was more than human, and imparted a more than earthly soothing effect: he never forgot that his mother had been fond of me!"

When his second volume was finished he was too weak to work or to meet Mr. Mill, whom he admired and greatly wished to know. He wandered through Wales and Yorkshire, fraternizing with policemen and village schoolmasters, who surprised him by their interest in "Essays and Reviews," and "a still bolder man, Mr. Buckle." He roamed through the worst parts of Birmingham, keeping the middle of the road, and carrying a heavy stick. At last he set out for the East. He had long wished to see Egypt, but his decision was almost a caprice; the sense of having no future had made him capricious. At first it seemed as if it was to be a happy caprice; he made every possible provision for the safety and comfort of himself and Mr. Huth's two boys, then fourteen and

eleven, whom he took with him: he was so anxious beforehand that he had no need to be anxious afterward, and his spirits on the Nile were so high that his biographer apologizes for sending a dull letter home on the ground that Mr. Buckle will sing ri-too-rall-loo-rall-too, and so on. They both studied eagerly to please him, though it was necessary to take away the Shakespeare to give Robinson's "Biblical Researches," a fair chance. Thanks to Mr. Buckle's good arrangements, his party was the first for five years that had seen Petra leisurely by daylight. Unhappily the rains at Jerusalem interfered with Buckle's plans for camping out during their stay there. The discomfort and bad food at the hotel brought on an illness which he could not throw off; and though he was able to push on to Nazareth, Beyroot, and Damascus, and enjoy that magical city, unmistakable typhoid fever set in, and he sank under the lowering treatment of the native doctor. His monument, as massive as his works, erected by his only surviving sister, attests his faith in immortality.—*Fortnightly Review*.

JEMMY BLINKER.

(IN MEMORY OF A GREAT SCHOLAR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.)

Air—"The Brown Jug."

DEAR Tom, this brown beaker, so clasped and so cracked,
Was once Jemmy Blinker's, a scholar exact;
He gave it to me when he died in his bed,
This bowl, with his Homer bound trimly in red.
And now once a year, since the flight of his soul,
I read in his Homer and drink from his bowl—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

O rare Jemmy Blinker, where now shall we find
A scholar like him, of omnivorous kind?
Not this volume he tasted, or that, for his whim,
But a book was a book and a banquet to him:
Its date and its title and binding he knew,
And its place in the Bodleian Library too—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

O rare Jemmy Blinker, oh where shall we find
A scholar like him, of the Polyglot kind?
For his Latin, could Cicero rise from the dead,
He would wonder to find his own echo so spread;
And for Greek, every twig he could hunt to its root,
In Sanscrit, and Gothic, and Gaelic to boot—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

When you caught him in one of his musty old nooks,
 Half buried behind a big rampart of books,
 With his soft-shaded hair and his delicate skin,
 You ne'er had suspected the giant within ;
 But Jem was a tough one, and never knew pains
 In his vulcanite bowels and bend-leather brains—
 Rare Jemmy Blinker !

Our readers are now a light-skirmishing race,
 Who skim frothy fancies with grasshopper grace,
 But Jem with a folio like Hercules would wrestle,
 And he pounded the stuff in his brain with a pestle ;
 His memory beat all the rhapsodist crew,
 For Homer both forward and backward he knew—
 Rare Jemmy Blinker !

'Twas a feast to behold him, with pipe and with coffee,
 Grinding his teeth o'er some rugged old strophe ;
 His wit never failed when a verse was to mend,
 With a gash in the front and a gap in the end ;
 And keen as a terrier nosing the vermin,
 He smelt a hiatus like Porson or Hermann—
 Rare Jemmy Blinker !

At famous book-sales with the clock he was seen,
 In a snuffy old shirt and a coat of pea-green ;
 Few volumes he bought, but when Blinker was there
 Be sure that the lumber contained something rare ;
 He once stood an Aldus, so costly a winner,
 That he lived a whole week without port to his dinner—
 Rare Jemmy Blinker !

One winter at Rome, when he journeyed with me,
 No pictures he went, no processions, to see ;
 No vespers he heard and no matins could say,
 But he sat in the Vatican day after day ;
 And when he came back from his tour antiquarian,
 He published the text of an old Greek grammarian—
 Rare Jemmy Blinker !

So mighty was he *variantes* to fish up,
 I never knew why he was not made a bishop ;
 Perhaps such a fellow, who shaped his own notions,
 Might shake an old creed with unseemly commotions :
 I once heard it whispered, though not Unitarian,
 He brewed in his brain a slight tincture of Arian—
 Poor Jemmy Blinker !

He had faults I confess, but what mortal has not ?
 We moderns, he said, on the shelves would soon rot ;
 Bombastic was Shakespeare, and once he detected him
 Cribbing from Pindar, when no man suspected him ;
 John Ruskin was flighty, Tom Carlyle was crude,
 And all were admired most when least understood—
 Said learned Jemmy Blinker !

His books he loved well, but loved not less his bottle,
 Like Socrates, Solon, and sage Aristotle—
 For the Greeks were great drinkers, he said, and if you, sir,
 Denied it, you'd find that he knew what he knew, sir;
 He'd rise in his chair, like a god, and belay us
 With book, page, and letter of old Athenæus—
 Rare Jemmy Blinker!

One day in his study—what fate could be sadder?—
 He clomb to the shelf, No. 10, on a ladder;
 And while fumbling up there for a Cassiodorus,
 He came tumbling down with a rumble sonorous:
 And he broke his hip-bone, and the doctors him bled,
 And we wept briny tears when he died in his bed—
 Poor Jemmy Blinker!

Then fill up the glass, Tom, of port do not scrimp us,
 'Tis nine years to-day since he rose to Olympus;
 Not lightly again shall we see such a tinker
 Of wormy old vellums as glorious Blinker.
 I read in his Homer, I drink from his bowl,
 And I pray that the gods may give peace to the soul
 Of rare Jemmy Blinker.

Blackwood's Magazine.

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH BARRINGTON DOES A GREAT
 DEAL OF TALKING.

MISS BARRINGTON proved as good as her word. Two days after the ball she bade a cordial farewell to her friends at Holmhurst, and drove away from the door, her prim, elderly maid facing her on the back seat of the carriage, and her neat luggage following in a cart, under the charge of two servants. The number of hitherto invisible retainers who started up to render Miss Barrington some small service on the last day of her sojourn in any country-house was something astonishing; but she did not object to the practice, and indeed had done something to encourage it, holding, as she did, that one of the few unmixed delights that accrue to the possessor of a full purse is that of indiscriminate tipping.

The Ashleys, one and all, bemoaned her departure loudly; and a perceptible gloom fell upon the household after she had gone. But was this owing solely to grief over the loss of their guest, or had her casual remark that she expected Mademoiselle de Mersac to pay her a visit, early in the ensuing month, any

thing to do with it? It is a fact that Helen had been given to suppose that she, and not her cousin, was to have been thus favored; and if this unexpected change of programme produced some feeling of soreness and disappointment in her breast, and a little anxiety in that of her parents, who can blame them?

It must, at all events, be recorded to their credit that they vented none of the ill-humor they may have felt upon Jeanne, but were only a trifle silent and dispirited during the remainder of the day. Miss Barrington, as they all knew, was a capricious old person, liable to all kinds of passing fancies, which those who valued her friendship must needs put up with. It was certainly not a little vexatious that she should have chosen to defraud Helen of her visit to London, but that she might be contemplating the far more serious injury of robbing her of her potential husband was a notion that had not as yet suggested itself to any one of them.

And to Helen, at any rate, joy came in the morning. For upon her plate at breakfast-time she found a very kind note from her godmother, inclosing a check for fifty pounds, and at the same

time requesting her to order for herself, by way of a Christmas present, two dresses, with regard to the materials and trimmings of which no restriction was laid upon her. The same post brought a little pile of foreign letters to Jeanne, two of which were evidently from M. de Fontvieille and from her brother's bailiff respectively.

Pierre Cauvin's composition was in the highest degree creditable to him. The style of it was ornate, the orthography ingenious if somewhat peculiar, and the absence of erasures testified that the whole production was probably the result of more than one rough copy. He began by offering humble thanks to Providence for his continued preservation in good health, and likewise for that of all his subordinates, whom he made it a point to mention severally, so that the first page of his letter, with its long string of harshly-sounding Arab names, read not unlike one of the genealogical chapters of the New Testament. This duty accomplished, he went on to express a respectful hope that mademoiselle had not suffered from the effects of the bleak climate of the north. He had taken some pains, he said, since mademoiselle's departure, to discover whether the English winter were as formidable as it had been represented, and had gained a little reassuring information from the captain of a yacht which had lately come into harbor. "He is a native of Cahousse, in the island of Ouaïte," wrote Pierre, "which, according to him, is one of the British Isles, though I have not been able to discover it upon the map. He tells me that in his part of the country snow and frost are seldom seen, but I have remarked that the stories of sailors should be received with caution. This one would have me believe, for instance, that, during the summer months, there are often as many as a hundred yachts such as his master's—a vessel, mademoiselle, fitted up with inconceivable luxury—lying off the little town where he lives, and that this is but a small fraction of the number of pleasure-ships that carry the English flag. I answer him nothing; but mademoiselle is aware that an Auvergnat is not the man to let himself be taken in by an Englishman. I ask pardon of mademoiselle if I seem to speak disrespectfully of the nation to which madame

her honored mother belonged; but the truth is that *Messieurs les Anglais ne sont pas malins*"—(the phrase is hardly to be translated satisfactorily). "We have but few of them here this winter, owing to the war; and the shopkeepers and landlords complain much of their absence. The country, mademoiselle, continues to rejoice in a profound tranquillity. The Arabs have not moved as yet; but one must not trust too much to them. The autumn rains have answered to our utmost hopes"—etc., etc., etc. At this point Pierre entered upon agricultural topics, and fell into a more vernacular strain of language.

M. de Fontvieille wrote somewhat despondently. He was very lonely, he said, very dull, and old age was gaining upon him every day. He had no longer the slightest hope of any successful termination to the war, and foresaw yet worse troubles looming on the horizon. Why he had been destined to live on into these bad times, after nearly all his contemporaries had been removed, was more than he could understand; and he should pray for the end, were it not that he longed to embrace his beloved children once more. He cheered up a little, however, on the last page, and related, with manifest glee, how he had purchased a magnificent pearl necklace from a distressed Moor, and with what crafty devices he had managed to get the better of that needy unbeliever.

And now Jeanne had to open her third letter, which she had reserved for the last, not upon the schoolboy's principle of pudding first and plums afterward, but rather because she had feared that, had she read this letter before the others, the remembrance of it would probably have entirely marred her enjoyment of them, for she had seen at once that it was from M. de Saint-Luc.

After all, it proved to be only a friendly but formal reply to one which, in a fit of compunction, she had addressed to him soon after her arrival in England. It opened with "Dear Mademoiselle," and closed with an assurance of the writer's respectful homage; it contained little information of a personal kind, except the modest mention of a slight wound, already nearly healed, and a pardonable self-congratulation upon the conduct of the regiment, which was now

serving under General Bourbaki ; it dwelt at some length upon the gallantry and cheerful endurance displayed by Léon ; it touched briefly upon the prospects of the campaign ; and was, in short, as unlike the missive of a lover to his affianced bride as any thing could well be. Nothing could have been more discreet, nothing less calculated to ruffle the susceptibilities of the lady to whom it was addressed ; yet, in spite of its matter-of-fact tone—perhaps in consequence of it—it caused Jeanne to feel some sharp twinges of conscience.

It was not because her whole heart belonged to Barrington that she reproached herself : she had been quite clear in her mind, from the first, that nothing in the nature of love was due from her to M. de Saint-Luc. Nor did she deem herself much to blame in that she had left her future husband for so long without any direct news of her or inquiry after his safety. But what troubled her was an uneasy feeling that this man, whom she had always despised, was treating her with a generosity which she had certainly not deserved at his hands. Hitherto she had looked forward to her marriage simply and solely with reference to its bearing upon Léon's fortunes and her own. Of M. de Saint-Luc she had thought as little as a patient for whom leeches have been prescribed is apt to think of the suffering in store for those loathsome creatures, who, however, have obviously not altogether the best of it in the unpleasant business. To her he had been only a means—and a most distasteful means—toward an end. But now she began to wonder whether, after all, it were worthy of her, or even just, to regard him in this light. M. de Fontvieille and the Curé of El Biar had both given her to understand—though not perhaps in so many words—that it was permissible to marry one man and to love another ; but when they had thus soothed her scruples, that other had been many hundred miles away, which certainly made a difference. Neither of them would have been likely to sanction those long rides of which mention has been made ; even less would they have approved of the dialogues between their protégée and the Englishman, in which so little of importance was said, and so much inferred. The truth was that

Jeanne had, for some time, been unconsciously stifling a conviction that out of all this some issue must come ; that she would scarcely be able to part from Barrington without some sort of mutual avowal ; and Saint-Luc's letter was but as a flash of additional light thrown suddenly upon the point from which she had, until now, sedulously averted her eyes. Not that she actually faced it even yet. She did not say to herself that Barrington loved her, or that he must have conjectured what her feelings were toward him. She did not dwell upon the thought that, if he and she were really all in all to one another, nothing—not even Léon's interests—ought to keep them apart. How could she, when the man whom she loved had as yet given her no right to do so ? But as the upshot of a good deal of confused and perplexed self-communing, she did determine that the chestnut mare should return forthwith to the Broadridge stables, where, if she had only known it, Barrington and Leigh were, at that very moment, deep in a conversation, in the course of which her name had recurred at tolerably frequent intervals.

The two friends had visited every stall and loose-box, had duly criticised the condition of their occupants, had seen some of the horses go out for exercise, and now Leigh had seated himself upon an upturned bucket before the stable-door, and was puffing at a short wooden pipe, while, with half-closed eyes and patient mien, he listened to a protracted discourse from his host, who was pacing to and fro as he talked, and pausing, every now and then, in front of his auditor, to emphasize a point or round a period.

"I admit the justice of your arguments," the orator was saying—"I admit that there are serious objections to my marrying a lady who is not English by birth, and who will of course be, all her life, more or less under the influence of the priests. I don't mind going even further, and allowing that there are certain subjects upon which she and I might very possibly not find ourselves in complete sympathy. Moreover, I fully agree with you in thinking that such a girl as Helen Ashley is far better fitted to become the wife of an English country-gentleman than Mademoiselle de Mersac, and that, in the matter of marriage, a

wise man will pay more heed to the long years to come than to the passion of the present."

"Didn't know I'd said all that," remarked Leigh parenthetically; "but it sounds very sensible."

"It is sensible, and therefore you said it. Or else you said it, and therefore it is sensible. A Yarmouth bloater is not more impregnated with salt than you are with common-sense. You are the best of fellows, my dear old Leigh, but you are a Philistine of the Philistines."

"Ah, I don't understand that kind of slang; but if a Philistine means a man who does his best to see facts as they are, instead of perpetually trying to mystify himself and everybody about him, I glory in being one."

"Of course you do, and quite right too. I never said there weren't good points about a Philistine. We are what we are; we can't help our natures, and may as well be proud of our several excellences. I, for instance, am not commonplace, and I am glad of it. Jeanne is not commonplace; our intercourse has not been commonplace; and why, in Heaven's name, are we to hurry it into a commonplace ending?"

Leigh knocked out the ashes from his pipe against the heel of his boot, and looked up with an air of wearied toleration.

"If I can make out what you are driving at, may I be—married myself!" he ejaculated. "When you began to talk, I certainly understood that what you were arguing to prove was that you would be doing a wise thing in marrying this French girl, though the rest of the world would probably think otherwise. Now, as far as I can see, you are protesting against such a 'commonplace' notion. But if you don't intend marriage, what on earth *do* you intend? You say you are not going in for a mere flirtation; you are forever swearing that you can't live without the girl; and yet, you know, you won't be able to go on galloping about the country with her, and larking over fences till the end of your life, unless you get at least as far as an engagement. And in the mean time, as a matter of detail, she happens to be engaged to another fellow."

Mr. Leigh stated the case quite correctly. His friend had indeed shifted

his ground in the course of argument, as was habitual with him; but Barrington was not the man to be put out by any charge of inconsistency. He simply noded it, and proceeded to follow out his train of thought.

"No doubt," said he, "we shall settle down some day, as Mr. and Mrs. Barrington, and have people here to stay with us, and ask the neighbors to dinner once a month, and go to church on Sundays—no, by the bye, I suppose we shall not go to church together. All that will be very delightful, and I ask for nothing better; only don't you see that, when that time comes, there will be an end to the 'schöne Liebeszeit'? Marriage, which to people of your stamp is the goal and crown of all love-making, is to me simply the death-blow of romance. Not of love, mind you—I don't say that—but unquestionably of one of the subtlest charms of love. Remove the element of uncertainty, and you enter upon an entirely new phase of the sentiment. I am uncertain now, and I rejoice in being so. Suppose I were to ask Jeanne point-blank to-day to be my wife, how do I know that she would not refuse me? How do I know that she would not consider herself bound in honor to this broken-down *viveur* whom her friends have driven her into accepting? And there again is another argument against hurry. It is quite even betting that M. de Saint-Luc gets knocked on the head before the war is over; and if that happy deliverance should come about, I could step into his place with much greater propriety and less fuss, don't you see? But the fact is, Leigh, that you and I should never see these questions in the same light if we were to talk till Doomsday. Your idea of happiness is a bachelor life. Failing that, you would like to get your courtship over as quickly as possible, and take a fresh start as a pattern husband and father. Your ideal world is a pleasant, fertile valley, neatly marked out into pastures and ploughed fields, with flocks and herds, and crops in due season. You would be quite content to plod along it, in a steady, equable way, for the remainder of your days; and all the time you would be so engrossed in watching your prosperity increase, and your children growing up like what's-his-names about your table, that you would never

once raise your eyes to the measureless blue overhead where the skylarks are trilling, or to the heights where, far removed from the confused chatter, and oaths, and groans, and laughter of men, the snowy summits sleep on, in calm beauty and grandeur, from century to century."

"The right honorable gentleman resumed his seat amidst prolonged cheering, and the proceedings, which had lasted up to an advanced hour, then terminated."

That was all the response that Barrington got from his confidant, who now rose, and sauntered away toward the house. But when he had gone some ten paces on his way he faced about, and called out,

"I say, are you really off the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes; I believe so."

"Oh! Well, it's no business of mine, and I don't suppose for a moment that you will be guided by me; but, if I were you, I would have something settled definitely, one way or the other, before I went." And, with these parting words of advice, Mr. Leigh vanished.

As for Barrington, he shrugged his shoulders with a slight deprecating smile, as who should say, "What else could you expect? Does a thorn bear grapes, or a thistle figs?"—and shortly afterward, mounting his horse, rode across the park toward Holmhurst.

He congratulated himself upon his good fortune when he found Jeanne alone in the library; but the manner of his reception was scarcely what he had anticipated. Jeanne was feeling a little nervous and disturbed in mind; and when Mr. Barrington was announced, wished, perhaps for the first time in her life, that he were away. But as there was no getting rid of his physical presence, she set herself to put him at a moral distance—a task never very difficult to her. She laid aside the half-written letter upon which she had been engaged, rose, shook hands, and resumed her seat with a certain chilly dignity of demeanor which had often damped Barrington's spirits before now. He did not, however, choose to notice it, but drew a chair up beside hers, and remarked that it was a beautiful day, and that he hoped she was coming out for a ride. She said no; she did not think she would be able to ride that day.

"What a bore!" exclaimed Barrington. "I did hope we should have managed a ride this afternoon, because I don't know when our next one will be. To-morrow I am obliged to do a little justicing, and the day after I have got to go away on a long-promised visit to some friends."

"Your aunt told me you would be going away soon," Jeanne observed.

"Yes. I wish to goodness I wasn't; but I can't get out of it now, I'm afraid. We shall meet again though, before very long, I hope."

To this no reply was forthcoming.

"You *are* going to stay with my aunt in January, are you not?" Barrington asked, rather anxiously.

"Perhaps. I have not thought much about it yet. I suppose your friend Mr. Leigh goes away too?"

"Leigh? Oh, yes, he goes, of course. It is a great nuisance. I wish I had not engaged myself to these people."

"Oh, you are sure to enjoy yourself when once you are away," said Jeanne. "But we shall all miss you both," she added politely.

Barrington grunted. "I don't care about being missed in that collective sort of way," he said. After which there was silence for a few moments.

"You will give Zephyr a gallop every day, I hope?" resumed Barrington presently. Zephyr was the name of the chestnut mare.

"I think not. I made up my mind this morning, before you came, that I would not ride any more."

Was Barrington very much to be blamed if he fancied that his approaching departure might have something to do with this resolution?

"Riding all by one's self is dull work certainly," he said, while a satisfied smile, which he could not altogether repress, gathered about the corners of his mouth.

"I like riding alone," answered Jeanne. "I have been accustomed to be left to myself all my life, and I often think it is much pleasanter not to be obliged to talk to somebody. But, for several reasons, I do not wish to use your horse any longer. You have been very kind to allow me to keep her all this time."

"Might one venture to ask your reasons?" Barrington inquired.

"Well, one of them is that I am afraid

I have not been enough with my cousins lately. They must have thought it rather rude in me to leave them as I have done. And, besides, I am sure it is not right to make use of another person's horse as if it were one's own. What should I do if any accident happened?"

Barrington protested that he had not the slightest fear of any harm coming to his property while under such skilled guidance as that of Mademoiselle de Mersac; and, moreover, that the safety of Zephyr was a matter of complete indifference to him, so long as that of her rider was not endangered, and a good deal more to the same effect; but Jeanne was not to be shaken, and at last closed the discussion by a decisive "I am very much obliged to you, but I do not intend to ride Zephyr again."

"You are not yourself this morning," said Barrington abruptly. "Is any thing the matter?"

"No. At least nothing particular. It is only that I have had letters from France."

"No bad news of your brother, I trust. Was your letter from him?"

"No; it was from—somebody else." (M. de Saint-Luc's name had not once been mentioned between these two people since the day of their first meeting in Broadridge Park.) "But Léon is quite well, I am thankful to say. It is not that."

"I suppose it is about somebody else's safety, then, that you feel anxious," suggested Barrington in a somewhat altered voice.

"I am not anxious at all," answered Jeanne; "not more so, that is, than I have been ever since Léon left me; only I feel that I have been enjoying myself too much. I cannot exactly explain what I mean; but you would understand if you were in my place. One does not really forget," she continued, speaking more to herself than to her listener. "One's heart does not ache the less because one talks and laughs like other people; but yet it seems a shameful thing, and almost a treachery to the absent, that one should be pleased and amused so easily. How terrible it is to think that, at this very moment, Léon may be lying wounded, with nobody to take care of him! And M. de Saint-Luc too," she added with a visible effort.

Barrington was not in the least jealous. That quick sympathy and profound acquaintance with human nature which he especially prided himself upon enabled him to surmise, without any difficulty, what Jeanne's present frame of mind was, and what had led her into it. She had a tender conscience and a keen sense of duty, he thought; and for these fine qualities he magnanimously admired her the more. Still it would not do to let her fall under the sway of an exaggerated self-distrust.

"Oh, but you must not torment yourself in that manner," said he cheerfully, "because that is quite a wrong way of looking at things. If you were to shut yourself up in your room all day, and speak to nobody, who would be the better for it? Do you think it would increase your brother's happiness to know that you were making yourself miserable? Or do you suppose him so silly as to imagine that you do not care for him, because you can still enjoy a gallop in the fresh air? It would be as reasonable to say that there was treachery in admiring a beautiful sunset—or music—or pictures."

But Jeanne shook her head. "It is useless to make excuses like that," she sighed, a little impatiently. "I am sure it has been all wrong from beginning to end. I wish, I *wish* they had let me stay at home in Algiers!"

"I am sorry you wish that," said Barrington in a low voice. "Though, perhaps," he added presently, "I have more reason to wish it than you."

He glanced up as he spoke, and found Jeanne's great, serious eyes turned full upon him. And then there passed between them a long look—one of those looks which it is so exceedingly reprehensible for a young man to indulge in, seeing that he may thus acquire knowledge to which he has no fair right without committing himself to words.

It was not the first time that Barrington had thus interrogated Jeanne's eyes; and now, perhaps, they could tell him little that he did not already know. Once before, it may be remembered, he had found himself in a somewhat similar situation, and had lost his head, and said something—he hardly remembered what. And then Madame de Breuil had come in, leaning on her stick, and had brought

him to his senses in a trice. No such calming apparition was required to keep his lips closed upon the present occasion. To give Barrington his due, it was not out of prudence, nor from any misgivings as to the strength of his purpose, that he remained silent, but in part owing to the motives which he had avowed to Leigh earlier in the day, and in a still greater degree, because he was really uncertain how Jeanne, in her present temper, would be likely to receive an open declaration of love. It was quite within the limits of possibility that she might take it as an insult. He looked volumes, therefore, and said nothing; and presently Mademoiselle de Mersac herself dispelled the tension of the moment in the most unromantic manner in the world. She called Turco, who all this time had been sleeping peacefully under the table; and, as the huge brute came out, stretching himself and wagging his tail lazily—"He has got something wrong with his ear," said she. "I wish you would look at it, and tell me what you think is the matter."

After that there was no further danger of a distressing scene. Who could revert to heroics after reporting upon the condition of a dog's ear? Barrington, half-relieved, half-vexed, went down upon his knees, made the necessary investigations, delivered his opinion, and was about to sit down again, when the Miss Ashley's came in, rosy and radiant, from their morning walk, and cordially begged him to stay to luncheon.

He spent another two hours, or more, in the house, but he was not permitted to be alone again with Jeanne. He bade her good-by in the presence of the whole Ashley family, and, with their eyes upon him, did not dare to say more than,

"It is not good-by for long, though, I hope. If I am not back here in the course of a week or two, we shall be sure, at least, to meet in London."

To which Jeanne, with a perfectly unmoved countenance, responded, "I hope we may—if I go there."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON THE MARCH.

BARRINGTON was so accustomed to being missed whenever he went away, and he himself regretted so much the necessity of leaving home just now, that he

almost apologized to his friends at Holmhurst as he shook hands with them all, and bade them farewell for a time. But in truth the loss of his society afflicted nobody very greatly at this especial juncture. Jeanne was thankful to be relieved from a position of which the falseness had at last fully dawned upon her; Mr. and Mrs. Ashley were beginning to suspect that their daughter's nose had been a little put out of joint of late by her magnificent cousin; and Helen herself, having no doubt whatever upon this point, hailed the change with positive joy. Moreover, Christmas was at hand; and that alone was sufficient to keep the thoughts and the fingers of the whole family occupied.

Everybody above the age of eighteen hates Christmas, and nowadays everybody says so; but Holmhurst was in all things some twenty or thirty years behind time, and to have suggested in that house that the last week of December and the first of January were not the two merriest of the whole twelvemonth would have been almost tantamount to a confession of atheism. The jollity of the season, so far as the actual members of the household were concerned, took, it must be confessed, a somewhat heavy and substantial form; still, such as it was, they welcomed it for old associations' sake, and if it brought them no other blessing, the preparations for it provided them at least with plenty of work. There were blankets to be counted, flannel petticoats to be made, and toys to be selected for the school-children's Christmas-tree, not to speak of the church decorations, which were always elaborate, and which the rector's wife, being fat and lazy, gladly handed over to the care of "those dear, good Ashley girls." And besides all this, every room in the house had to be got ready for the annual visit of certain uncles, aunts, and cousins, some of whom were asked because they were well-to-do, and others because they were conspicuously the reverse; for Mr. Ashley prided himself upon observing all the old traditions of Christmas, even down to the entertaining of poor relations. Jeanne helped with the flannel petticoats, and earned some praise by her neat and speedy workmanship.

"I learned to sew quickly during the summer," she explained in answer to

some expressions of surprise from her cousins. "We had a great deal of work to do for the wounded, and there was not always much time to spare."

"If I had a brother, or a—or anybody I cared a great deal for at the war," said Helen, "I should go off to France at once as a nurse, so as to be ready to take care of him when he was wounded."

"Perhaps he wouldn't be wounded," remarked Jeanne.

"Oh, he would be sure to be, sooner or later. At least I don't mean that—only I should like to be there in case, you know."

"One must learn nursing before one can be of any use."

"And Helen always turns faint at the sight of blood," put in Blanche. "The other day a man in the village got dreadfully hurt by a threshing machine, and of course they insisted upon our seeing him, as people in that rank of life always do; and Helen pushed me into the room first, and stood close behind me with her eyes shut the whole time—you know you did, Helen."

"I don't enjoy looking at horrid things," confessed Helen; "but of course I could do it if it were really necessary."

"I suppose we can all do what we are obliged to do," observed Jeanne. "One says things are impossible; but they have to be done, and somehow they *are* done. This time last year I should have thought it quite impossible to live as I am doing now, knowing that Léon is in constant danger, and not even having a letter from him for weeks; and yet here I am, you see, and I can eat and sleep easily enough, and help you to make petticoats."

"Yes, and flirt with young men, who by rights should belong to others, too," poor Helen may have thought; but she only said, "You must often be anxious in this bitter weather."

"I try not to think about it; it is no use imagining things. When I heard last they were at Bourges, where at least they would have four walls and a roof to protect them. I try to hope they are there still."

It was as well that she could not see her brother at that particular moment. Had she been able to do so there would have been an end of her petticoat-making for the rest of the afternoon; for in

truth she had never let her mind dwell much upon the details of campaigning, and could hardly have borne to think of Léon as actually suffering from cold or hunger. The reader, however, being presumably more callous, will hardly object to turn away for a time from our heroine, as she sits before the fire with her needlework in her hand, her cousins' unending chatter in her ears, and her own thoughts in her mind, and to pay a flying visit to two other personages of the story, who have been out of sight for some months, and whom he will find working out their destiny under much less comfortable circumstances.

Far south of Holmhurst, in wealthy, grape-bearing Burgundy, the scene, in these last days of 1870, is as wintry as a Siberian view and as cheerless as the prospects of France. Hill and valley, field and vineyard, lie buried beneath the snow. From the sky, leaden overhead, but growing inky toward the horizon, a few flakes are still falling, driven before a moaning wind which raises eddying white columns from the ground as it sweeps on, and lays bare the boughs of the sparse trees. Across this melancholy landscape an enormous railway train, composed almost entirely of cattle-trucks and vans, and dragged by two puffing engines, is slowly, very slowly making its way. Gradually it slackens speed, while the leading engine sends forth a prolonged whistle—for the signals of a wayside station have just come in sight—and soon it comes to a standstill altogether. The loosely-coupled trucks bump one against the other; the hiss of the escaping steam dies away; the engines join in one last discordant shriek; and then all is still. But ere long a murmur of growls and maledictions begins to make itself heard. "Accursed railways of the devil! here is the tenth stoppage in the course of fifteen miles. If they can't advance, why don't they let us get out and march!" "*Nom de Dieu!* is it worth while to bring a man all the way from Perpignan to freeze to death in a horse-box? They would have done better to shoot us all at home; it would have been sooner over and have cost less." "Ah, when I told you that these station-masters have all come to a good understanding with the Prussians! It is to give their dear friends time to retreat at their ease

that they keep us here starving of hunger and cold." Lean, dirty faces peer out through the unglazed apertures which do duty for windows; hoarse grumblings grow louder and louder. "Go on then—never mind the signals!" "Are we to stay here all night?" "What are you waiting for? The enemy?" "*En avant, sacrebleu! en avant!*" Finally the wag of the crowd pipes out, in feeble imitation of the sonorous warning familiar to more fortunate travellers, "*Les voyageurs pour la ligne de Besançon, Belfort, Berlin, en voitu-r-e!*" Whereat there is a shrill chorus of laughter, for it does not take much to amuse the French soldier, and when want and suffering have done their worst upon him, his indomitable good-humor will still come bravely to the front.

These men had been already twelve hours cramped up in their miserable boxes, with nothing to eat but mouldy biscuit, nothing to drink but water, and no plentiful supply of either. Some of them had their fingers and toes frost-bitten, many were ill, a few dying, or near it. They were an undisciplined lot for the most part, but they neither did nor said any thing much worse than has been recorded. In a third-class carriage, near the front of the train, were a handful of officers—a colonel of cavalry, wrapped in his cloak and sleeping profoundly; an engineer, in spectacles; a major of artillery; a fat doctor, and a few young men wearing a species of uniform which might have belonged to any branch of the service. One of the latter put his head out of the window and hailed a passing guard.

"What is it now? What are we stopping for?"

"How should I know?" returned the man sulkily, with a jerk of his shoulders, and slouched on to talk to the engine-driver. Officers were held in no great respect in France in those evil days; even their own men did not always take the trouble to salute them; and when one is only a lieutenant in a *corps franc*, one must not be too punctilious. The snubbed questioner withdrew his head quite meekly, and sank back upon the wooden seat with a gesture of mute resignation.

"You don't happen to have a cigarette about you, do you, de Mersac?" asked his opposite neighbor.

"Not I. Nor any thing to drink either. Nor any thing to eat, if you come to that."

"Good. Precisely my own condition. And the worst of it is that I am much too cold to sleep."

"All that would be nothing if there were any necessity for it; but to think that all this time we might just as well have been at Bourges! that we are sent into action almost too weak to sit upon our horses simply because we are governed by a set of dolts who imagine that they can dispatch an army from one place to another as easily as a telegram!"

"Ah, the old story! Twenty thousand men are wanted to cut off the Prussian communications in the east. Nothing easier—make it forty thousand, so as to leave a margin. March them all down to the station double-quick; send off train after train as fast as they can be got ready; get the line hopelessly blocked; and then trust in Providence to put things straight somehow or other, and set to work composing proclamations. That is the way to carry on war according to the great citizen Gambetta. I wish I had him here!"

"Patience, young men, patience," said the fat doctor placidly. "Be thankful that you have still all your limbs about you. You will see the Germans soon enough, never fear!"

"That we certainly shall not if we are to perish of cold in a railway carriage like so many flies." But at this moment another loud whistle pierced the air; the train began to move again, and the jerk awoke the sleeping colonel, who drew down his legs, rubbed his eyes, and asked, "Where are we? At Autun?"

"God knows," answered the artilleryman. "Are we going to Autun? Apropos, M. de Saint-Luc, have you any idea where we *are* going?"

"Not much. I have my own impressions; but I have been told next to nothing officially."

"The report at Bourges was that our destination was to be Besançon."

"I don't know what we should do when we got there."

The gunner shrugged his shoulders; but one of the younger officers struck in eagerly, "We should invade Germany—at least that is what everybody is saying. It is only a question of one victory,

after all. We raise the siege of Belfort, we intercept the enemy's communications, and we relieve Paris."

"I see."

There was still a little spirit left among those who had fought so well and been beaten so often, a little confidence in their rulers, a lingering grain of faith in Fortune. Léon and his brother officers soon forgot all the sufferings of the present in proving to one another the feasibility of some such surprise as the gossips of Bourges had prophesied. Saint-Luc smiled as he listened to them, but took no part in the discussion. He himself, knowing something of soldiering and of the state of Bourbaki's army, had despaired long since; but it was not for him to discourage others, nor was he the less ready to struggle on to the end.

"In the mean time," said he at last, "let us hope that our next stoppage may be at a town where we can get some food for ourselves and for our horses; for if we go on at our present pace we shall hardly reach Besançon before the day after to-morrow."

Their deliverance, however, was at hand. At a small wayside station the Éclaireurs received orders to leave the train; and the colonel had his work cut out for him to collect his men and get his shivering horses upon terra firma. Some of the latter had died upon the journey; others had to be abandoned; many of the men were found unable to stand, and were told to remain where they were. It was no very formidable body that moved away at length from the station toward the village whose name it bore, but which lay some two miles away from it. Saint-Luc admitted none but old soldiers into his corps—the nature of their service as scouts demanding experience as well as courage—and he had had proofs enough that those who rode behind him could do and bear as much as can be expected of mortals; nevertheless, as he glanced over his shoulder at them now, he thanked his lucky stars that there were no Germans in the immediate neighborhood.

"A handful of Uhlands could make short work of us," he thought. "What is one to do with starving men on starving horses? One thing is certain, they must be fed. I wonder whether there are any decent people in the village."

Apparently there was nobody there at all, decent or otherwise. No trace of an inhabitant was to be seen in the wide, snow-covered high-road, or in the low white houses that bordered it; pigs and poultry—usually the inseparable adjuncts of a French village—there were none; every door was closed and every window shuttered; only from a chimney here and there arose a tell-tale thread of blue smoke. Saint-Luc had seen this kind of thing more than once before, and knew very well what it all meant. His orders to his officers were soon given. They were to get what was necessary—civilly if possible, but at all events to get it; they were to pay for every thing they took; and, above all, they were to lose no time. He himself rode on, accompanied by Léon, his adjutant, to a farmhouse a few furlongs out of the village, where there was an empty straw-yard and stables and outhouses and a rick or two. Here, much shouting, thundering at the door and threatening of arson, as a last resource, revealed the presence of a lean old woman of forbidding aspect.

"What do you want?" asked this inhospitable person sullenly, thrusting her head out of a half-opened window.

"Something to eat, to begin with," answered Léon. "We are not particular; give us what you have got and let us go, and we will pay you a fair price. We have money."

"Well, then, you will not have what you want, money or no money. I know you with your money! Break open the door if you like—you are the stronger—and eat me, for you will find nothing else here. And you will not find much flesh upon my bones, I promise you."

"My good woman," began Saint-Luc.

"Good woman here, good woman there! I tell you we have got nothing. Do you understand?—nothing! First come, first served. The Prussians took all we had; then came the Garibaldians and helped themselves to the rest; and now there are but the four walls and the bare boards left for you."

"I can't waste any more time," said Saint-Luc. "Tell them to force the door, de Mersac."

"Stop, you thieves! you villains! Do you call yourselves Frenchmen, and would you ruin a poor widow? I will let you in."

Bolts and chains were slowly withdrawn; the door was gingerly opened an inch or two, and a skinny hand appeared through the aperture. "Pay first," said the voice of the old woman from within.

Saint-Luc laughed, and handed out a couple of napoleons. "That will do till we see what you are going to give us," said he, pushing past her into the darkened kitchen, where a fine wood fire was blazing. "You might remember that we are friends, and that we are fighting your battles for you, old mother."

"Friends or enemies, it comes to much the same thing. Ah! those Garibaldians! People who call themselves friends, and rob you of your last sou, and use the churches for stables—thank you! the Prussians suit me quite as well."

"Nobody is going to rob you," said Léon, who had followed his chief into the house, and was looking about him with somewhat hungry eyes. "And why did you tell us those lies? You peasants are all the same."

"How was I to know you had money?" retorted his hostess, upon whom the sight of gold had already produced a slight mellowing effect. "I am not the only one who tells lies in these bad times, young gentleman. And what I said was not so far off the truth either. I can kill two or three fowls for you and the other officer, and there is a little bacon; but as for the soldiers, I could not feed them if you offered me a fortune. Search the house if you don't believe me."

Léon took her at her word. There would be no harm in having a look round, he thought, while the chickens were roasting, and it was absolutely necessary that something should be discovered for the men's eternal soup. French soldiers, as is well known, have a semi-miraculous gift for the concoction of that savory mess out of the most unpromising materials; and though Léon's researches were not crowned with any brilliant success, yet a sufficiency of scraps was ultimately collected, in the farm-house and elsewhere, to furnish what was required, and to restore the flagging spirits of the whole corps.

They were not hard to please, those gallant, ragged fellows. Give them soup, a fire to warm themselves by, and a tumbler or two of rough red wine, and they asked for nothing more. Enthusi-

astic they were no longer; but they were patient and willing, accustomed to hard knocks, hard fare, and scant thanks; ready for active service in any form; and now the rumor that they were for once about to take the offensive sufficed in itself to console them for a great deal. None of them had more than a very vague idea of where they were and of whither they were going; but these were mere matters of detail, and besides it was nothing new to them to be in the dark as to their whereabouts. The colonel, never given to be communicative, disliked being asked questions, and his officers, knowing this, seldom interrogated him. When they did so their curiosity was not often gratified. Léon, who upon this occasion ventured to throw out a hint or two, got no information for his pains.

"Werder must be somewhere between Vesoul and Gray, I take it," said he, buckling up his sword, when the hasty repast was at an end; "but I suppose we shall know all about it before long. We are off on the old errand of course—feeling for the enemy to begin with, searching for our own general afterward, and thinking ourselves more than lucky if we find the second as easily as the first. Well, it is better to be an *éclaireur* than a general, after all; one obeys orders and asks no questions—that is simple enough. Only I *should* like to know whether our object is to join Faidherbe or to make a raid into Germany."

Saint-Luc was standing by the window looking out at the darkening landscape and the snowflakes, which were still dropping at intervals and freezing as they fell.

"There are so many things that one would like to know," he remarked. "I should like, for instance, to know why I was born; but nobody will ever be able to tell me that; and then I should like to know where I am to sleep to-night, which is a mystery that will be solved in a few hours. And I should like to know what certain people far away are doing at this moment, though I have no doubt at all that it is a very good thing for me that I can't. Did it ever occur to you that if we knew the whole truth about every thing, nine tenths of us would most likely go and hang ourselves? Come, let us get to horse again, and follow our noses; and don't you trouble yourself too much to find out whither the road is lead-

ing you. The more you knew of it the less you would like it perhaps."

Already the bugles had sent forth their brief summons, and the regiment only awaited the colonel's order to march. A few of the villagers—poverty-stricken, timorous-looking folks—had emerged from their hiding-places on discovering that the invaders were Frenchmen this time, not Prussians nor Garibaldini, and had now come shivering out into the road to see the last of these ragged horse-men, and to bid them God-speed. For good wishes cost nothing; and if there be any thing that can warm the heart of the French peasant, it is probably the touch of hard coin.

As the little band began to move with a muffled trampling over the snow, and the clank of a sabre or the champing of a bit here and there, some of the men set up a low, melancholy chant. It was the familiar strain of the Marseillaise that they sang; but what a different Marseillaise from that which had rung triumph-

antly and defiantly throughout the length and breadth of France a few short months before!

"Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs!"

The chorus spread through the ranks, one man after another taking it up in a sad perfunctory sort of way, and grew fainter and fainter as they passed out from the village, and wound round the shoulder of a low hill—a straggling troop of shadowy riders in long blue cloaks that soon faded into the gathering darkness.

"Would one not say they were a regiment of ghosts singing their own dirge!" muttered the old woman who had entertained Saint-Luc and Léon. "Soldiers were another race in my time. That colonel is a fine man, but he has not the look of a joyous comrade. *Enfin!—puisque ça paye.*"

And with that she bolted and barred her door once more, and sat down to count her earnings.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

- A WHITE RAJAH.

IN the month of June, 1868, James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak (known in the East as the White Rajah), died at Burrator, on the edge of Dartmoor. Others who have had greater opportunities for larger action have no doubt produced greater results, but in the annals of British worthies there is no purer or nobler name than the one we have just written. The little church of Burrator and the neighborhood had been already consecrated in the memories of Western men by the presence and the kindly work of Sir Francis Drake. It seemed not unfitting that the Rajah should seek his last home and his grave in such a spot. He knew he was to die there. He chose himself the very corner of the churchyard where he wished to take his last long rest. It would have been difficult to have found, even in our own romantic land—in Moirdart or in Sutherland—a more fitting place of refuge for the last days of James Brooke. He had chosen his last home far away from the sordid bustle of our great towns—under the solemn shade of the wild Sheepstor—by the side of a Dartmoor brook which, close

to the cottage, becomes a waterfall—almost in sight of Plymouth Sound (it can be seen from Sir Francis Drake's aqueduct, just above the house), from which, in the old days of English story, had sailed forth so many of our great Western captains to help England at the hour of her sharpest need, or to win for her the dominion of the seas. But even during the seven or eight years of his life at Burrator he had made himself as beloved by the rough Moorsmen as he had been by the Borneon Dyaks, superstitious reverence apart. James Brooke and human misery could never be neighbors. If trouble fell upon a Moorsman's cottage, there was one door at which he could knock, sure of the kindly help, and of the kindly look and word which made the help go down with people cast in so rough a mould. That was the door of Rajah Brooke, who, by the ignorance of some, by the jealousy, by the wounded vanity, by the treachery again of others, has been held up as a bloodthirsty and self-seeking man. The Dyaks of Borneo knew better—the stout old admirals who held the Eastern seas for England for so many

years knew better—the great statesmen of England, with one or two sad and shameful exceptions, knew better—the officers of our Dutch rivals in the Indian Archipelago knew better—the Moorsmen of the West knew better. In a word, those among whom he had lived and worked, and those among whom he died, knew James Brooke better. Ill would it have fared with any glib politician, prodigal of his own good name, greedy and envious of the good name of others, who had dared to revile Rajah Brooke between Tamar and Chagford, between the northern and southern Tors of Dartmoor. As in Borneo the great orator would have seriously compromised his own safety, so on Dartmoor he would have run shrewd risk of making acquaintance with the shaft of a deserted mine, or at least with the headwaters of a famous Devonshire stream. Nor should it be forgotten that it was not from strong balances at his banker's, not from his own great wealth, that the Rajah continued to the very last to help his poorer neighbors, but from his own straitened means and narrow income. His own patrimony had been sunk in the Eastern seas. The scant revenues of Sarawak at that time could only afford him an income of which an English county court judge in his learned retirement would not have thought much; and on this income there were constant claims. What the Rajah, without cant or ostentation, freely gave to his poor neighbors was balanced by his own self-denial. It was the old story of Sir Philip Sidney—a gentle Englishman of kindred spirit—"his need is greater than mine." And this was the man who was hunted down by slander to the last! The solemnity of death has not protected his grave.

The story—and it is a touching one—of the Rajah's death and funeral will be more properly told at the end of this brief notice of his life and actions. The last and final scene of all must not come first. But now concerning the book,* "The Life of Sir James Brooke," which has given us occasion to say a few words about its subject. When his will was

opened it was found that he had left his papers and letters in the hands of Mr. Spenser St. John, formerly Consul-General at Borneo, and actually the resident British Minister at Peru. This must give a supreme value to the book in the eyes of all who are desirous of arriving at the truth of this Borneon story. Mr. St. John first went out to the Archipelago in the Meander as private secretary to Sir James, remained with him in this capacity for a long time—indeed until, with the Rajah's full assent, he accepted office at Brunei under the British Government. He was deeply attached to the Rajah—nobody was better acquainted with his history, public or private—and no doubt it would have been impossible to find amongst his followers a more highly qualified man. We notice, as a characteristic of the book and as showing how honestly Mr. St. John has endeavored to perform his task, that while full and ample justice is done to his nobler qualities, the smallest foible of the Rajah is duly registered. The poor man was not clever at keeping accounts and double entry—he is not excused an error in vulgar fractions. He was over-indulgent to the middies and youngsters about him; one would almost imagine at times in these pages that we were reading the life of the great Mr. Midshipman Easy.

"Mr. Brooke [*i.e.*, the Rajah] had a large cabin, and this was the rendezvous of as unruly a set of young officers as it has been my fortune to meet. He had a nephew on board, Charles Johnson, a staid sub-lieutenant, who endeavored to preserve order, but it was of little avail. The noisy ones were in the ascendant, led by a laughing, bright-faced lad, who, when he was a midshipman in the Agincourt, in 1845-47, had become acquainted with Mr. Brooke, and whose fondness for cherry brandy was only equalled by his love of fun. No place in the cabin was respected; six or seven would throw themselves on the bed, careless whether Mr. Brooke was there or not, and skylark over his body as if he were one of themselves. In fact, he was as full of play as any of them. The grave secretary [Mr. St. John] seated at the writing-table could but look on with astonishment at the liberties taken with his chief, for whom he felt then almost veneration, so highly did he esteem the work he had been performing in the East. But these young imps thought of nothing but fun; they ate his biscuits, drank his cherry brandy, laughed, sang, and skylarked, till work was generally useless, and nothing was done."

When the chief and the secretary differ

* "The Life of Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak." By Spenser St. John, F.R.G.S., formerly Secretary to the Rajah. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1879.

on more important matters, the chief is in the wrong. After laying the book down, we are really not sure which could give the other checkmate at chess. In a word, the Rajah was the Rajah; but Mr. St. John was the "guide, philosopher, and friend." We are glad to notice these little points, for they afford a fair presumption that Mr. St. John has honestly endeavored to give a true picture of the man—weaknesses, errors, and all. He has, in a word, painted the Rajah as Oliver Cromwell wished to be painted, but he has paid great attention to the wart. With all this, here is his conclusion, and no one knew the Rajah better: "I have described him as he appeared to me, and I leave the reader to form his own opinion; but as I also have formed mine, I may say that I consider him to have been one of the noblest and best of men."

It is also desirable to call attention to another point. We must distinguish between what Mr. St. John actually saw with his own eyes when he had been for some time at Sarawak and the events which he records as having happened before he himself came upon the scene and began to understand something of Borneon affairs. From 1848 to 1868 we take him as a very trustworthy guide; but as to what happened when the Rajah first came to the country—when we find the Rajah and the secretary at variance—we are not quite sure that the Rajah was in the wrong. For example, when Mr. Brooke was at Kuching with the Royalist in 1840, and was induced to give his help to the Rajah Muda Hassim against the Malay rebels, Mr. St. John tells us that the English should, if any thing, have rather helped the rebels against a ruffian of the name of Makota, who had oppressed them in a terrible way. We have not the smallest doubt that Makota richly deserved the gallows, with short shrift indeed. But we feel that Mr. St. John is a very impartial man when he tells us of his clients, that "their religious position led them to despise the infidel, and their greed induced them to encourage piracy and warlike expeditions in order to obtain slaves and plunder"—in other words, they were just the set of scoundrels whom Lord Exmouth would have dealt with in a very summary way had their lot been

cast on the northern shore of Africa in his days. What Mr. Brooke did was to stipulate, as the price of his assistance, for the pardon of all save the two or three chiefs. Even for these, when the affair was over, he extorted a similar pardon from Muda Hassim. As far as the affair itself is concerned, Mr. St. John's account of it reads like the story of a Christmas pantomime. Nobody seems to have been hurt but a poor British sailor; and his hurt, we hope, was not very severe, as it is spoken of in a casual sort of way. Mr. Brooke, by supporting the Government, restored peace to the country without loss of life, obtained pardon and immunity for all, and gained an influence over the Rajah which he never lost. It was owing to this act of intervention that he afterward became Rajah himself, and that the poor Dyaks are able to live at peace and enjoy the fruits of their industry. Who was in the right?—the Rajah who was present at the time, or Mr. St. John, who formed his opinion "from information" many years afterward? Making this distinction between the two parts of the book, and noticing briefly the secretary's little foible for recording his chief's weaknesses in a way which, as our French neighbors would say, "leaves nothing to be desired," we may say that there are few men living who could have told the true tale of Borneon piracy as Mr. St. John has done it, or who could have described the position of the Chinese in Borneo and Singapore with half his authority and knowledge of the facts.

We do not wish to review "The Life of Sir James Brooke," but in a few pages (taking Mr. St. John's book mainly as a guide) to tell the story of Rajah Brooke's life. There will be plenty of people found to pull it to pieces, or to hit a blot in it—if any such is to be found. There is the Rump of Sir James's old slanderers; there are others who, wishing well to the Rajah and to his memory, may be induced to differ from Mr. St. John's views. It is known in select Sarawak circles that many and grave dissensions gathered round the Rajah's later years; but on these we do not intend to waste a word; all interest in the Borneon drama is concentrated round James Brooke. The

suppression of piracy in the Eastern seas is the great event of Rajah Brooke's life. We may attempt to describe this with some hope of success; we should certainly fail if we tried at too much. The only book which we will recommend our readers to take up with Mr. St. John's is entitled "Letters and Journals of Sir James Brooke." These were published many years ago; but from the charm of the style, as well as from the interest of the matter, they can even now be read with advantage as an appendix to Mr. St. John's work.

James Brooke was born in Benares in the year 1803. He was the son of Mr. Thomas Brooke, an old Indian civilian, a man of high character and good sense, but certainly not a remarkable person in any way. Like other Indian children, the little boy was sent home at an early age; and, like other Indian children, he was handed over to the care of his grandmother, who did her best to spoil him. He was sent to the grammar-school at Norwich, then under the rule of Valpy; but he did not like the grammatical tortures of the place, so he ran away, and back to his indulgent grandmother, where he was sure to find liberal treatment. A private tutor was then tried upon him; but neither was this experiment crowned with greater success. The tutor was sent away this time, and the boy was remitted to another school. He ran away again; neither in a public nor in a private way could he be induced to enjoy the intellectual treat. The plain truth must be told—James Brooke was a sad pickle. We think, however, that Mr. St. John wastes a good deal of valuable ink in his lamentations over the Rajah's want of regular training. On Mr. St. John's own showing, Sir James was a constant and a hard student from the age of sixteen. Few men were better read in history, in theology, in natural history, in public law—in a word, in any thing which concerned his career or interested his mind. It may amuse some of our readers to hear that throughout life, and to the last, he was a great reader of novels—especially delighting in Miss Austen's works. He might not have taken a high place at a competitive examination, or have done any form of pedant work in a satisfactory way; but though a self-taught man, Sir James

Brooke had taught himself a great deal. He had a firm hold of as much knowledge, under many important heads, as can be obtained from books.

Be this, however, as it may, it was soon arranged that the naughty boy was not to be a professional student. At the age of sixteen he was packed off to India to join a native regiment. Here he seems to have lived a life of fun, of frolic, of pig-sticking, and of so much adventure as usually falls in the way of a "sub;" but in 1825 more serious work fell in his way. He was then twenty-two years of age—a bright young soldier, panting for adventure and distinction. In Assam, during the Burmese war, he raised a body of irregular cavalry, and at their head charged the enemy home in a way which used to cut the knot of many a military difficulty. This, however, he seems to have done once too often, for on one occasion he fell into an ambuscade. "Brooke," as Mr. St. John writes, "came galloping up, and, putting himself at the head of his men, foremost fighting fell." He was left for dead; but his commanding officer was not a man to give up his gallant young subaltern without an effort. "Take me to his body," was his instant command. "Poor Brooke," said he, bending over him, and then taking his hand, as he thought for the last time. "He is not dead!" The young officer was brought into camp, with a bullet lodged in his lungs. It was a long and painful recovery, the end being that he was invalided home. He remained at home nearly five years; but on attempting to rejoin his regiment he was shipwrecked—and so he tried again. The second trial, however, was not more successful. He had put to sea in a ship which lost time between the Lizard and Madras, so that Brooke was "too late." He had broken his furlough, though not by his own fault. He resigned, and was not very sorry to do so, as Mr. St. John slyly suggests, for he liked his company in the Castle Huntly, and wanted to see China and the Chinese seas. To China he went and filled his mind with pictures of the Indian seas. This voyage determined his after-career. He returned home in 1831; and here is Mr. St. John's account of him, which corresponds precisely with what the writer of

the present notice has heard over and over again from those who knew him well in those days. "He was handsome, elegant in look as well as in manner, fond of the lighter accomplishments of music and poetry, *so winning in his ways as to be beloved by all those he met*, and full of ability, and with his friends brilliant in talk. Yet in general society he was reserved, and rarely gave sign of the power which was in him." A true picture indeed! There was in the man to the last a something so gracious and so "winning" that, in the old Roman phrase, he seemed to "play round your heart." You could have no harsh or unkindly thoughts in the presence of one who appeared not to know the meaning of the word. In his old age, as in his youth, it was the same to the last. The "toddlin' wee things" at Burrator would hang round the old chief, and play with his poor helpless hand. His hair was scant and white, and his step so weak that he could scarcely creep up the path to his cottage; but he would prattle with the children as one of themselves. Yet speak to him then of the fortunes of his other "children" in the distant East, and of the great things in which he had been concerned, and the old fire would come back to the eye, the same keen glance read your inmost thought. This, until one day there came on him that "far-away" look which all who have seen in the eyes of those they love can never mistake for any other look upon earth—but, even so, gracious and winning to all was James Brooke, and to the last.

In a very few sentences we must skip over a certain space of time, until we can land Mr. Brooke in the Sarāwak River. Taking up our brief abstract of a long tale where we left it, we find that Brooke at this time of his life fell in love, and thought of Parliament. His suit did not prosper, and the lady did not live long afterward. He was ever chivalric and gentle in his bearing to women, like a gentleman of the old school; but he was never again a suitor for a lady's hand. Nor did any thing come of the parliamentary scheme. He finally hit upon the notable project of buying a brig, freighting it with merchandise and sailing for China. This he actually did, but the adventure turned

out a failure. The future Rajah of Sarāwak had clearly mistaken his line when he tried to be a "supercargo." Shortly after his return to England from this futile expedition his father died, leaving him about £30,000. He bought a yacht called the *Royalist*, of 142 tons burden; and so we find him at the age of thirty-two, a young gentleman in possession of the fortune above named—less the purchase-money of his yacht—a member of the famous squadron; just like so many others who have scoured the Solent from the Southampton water to the Needles, with an occasional run across to Cherbourg, and possibly, once in their lives, a trip to distant Athens and remote Constantinople. What Mr. Brooke did was to take this very trip at once, in order to test his vessel and his crew; and then set sail for Singapore from Devonport, in December, 1838, which port he reached in safety after a prosperous run. His object at this time was geographical discovery.

In the year 1838, to parody Metternich's famous definition of Italy, Borneo was a geographical riddle. It might have been marked upon the maps with an alligator in place of a tiger, to signify—the unknown. The Dutch knew something about it, but they kept their knowledge to themselves. In 1838 less was actually known of Borneo than in 1879 of the North Pole or of the headwaters of the Nile. In those days a candidate qualified for the Travellers' Club by an adventurous journey to Naples—a place which he can now reach, and in a Pullman's sleeping-car, for little more than a ten-pound note, and in little more than two days and nights of travel. People knew that the coasts of Borneo were infested with bloodthirsty pirates; of the interior—nothing. Now it so happened that when Mr. Brooke reached Singapore a certain Muda Hassim, living on the banks of a river called the Sarāwak River, had, to the astonishment of all men at Singapore, done a kind act by some shipwrecked seamen. All Borneons, then, were not men-eaters—they did not all carry their heads beneath their shoulders. The Governor and Mr. Brooke talked the matter over. The owner of the *Royalist* wished to go somewhere; the governor wished that Muda Hassim should be

thanked. Mr. Brooke agreed to carry his message if he could find out where the Sarāwak River was. Thus it came to pass that James Brooke first visited Borneo. After sailing some days the Borneo coast was sighted from the Royalist; and after a few more days of surveying, Mr. Brooke found and entered the Sarāwak River, and finally reached Kuching, so soon destined to be the capital of his own dominion.

We have now to tell of how James Brooke came to be a ruler in Borneo. We must do this very briefly, for space would fail us to tell the tale as it should be told; besides, here is Mr. St. John's book. No man knows Sarāwak, or Brunei, or the forests of Borneo, better than Mr. St. John, and we must refer our readers to his pages. The province of Sarāwak was in a sort of nominal dependence upon the Sultan of Borneo Proper—Omar Ali, who held his somewhat mouldy court at Brunei—a kind of "Venice of hovels," as Mr. Brooke afterward described it. A cunning ruffian, named Makota, was at this time governor of Sarāwak; but by his brutality, greed, and insolence, he had goaded the province into rebellion. Muda Hassim, uncle of the Sultan, and heir-presumptive to the throne, had been sent down from Brunei to restore order. This he was quite unable to do. In conclusion, partisan fighting, pestilence, and famine were rife throughout the province. Muda Hassim, who had hospitably received the white man that had dropped in upon him from the clouds, entreated Mr. Brooke to help him. If he, the Sultan's High Commissioner, failed in his enterprise, he was a lost man when he got back to Brunei. His object was, having pacified the province, to get back there, where, as next heir to the throne, he had his own little interests to look after. He even promised Mr. Brooke the government of the province, of course under the suzerainty of the Sultan, if he would help him to restore order. Long did the Englishman hesitate and pause—he even sailed away from Sarāwak to see if matters would settle themselves; but on coming back some months afterward, found things rather worse than better. At length he decided that he and his dozen sailors would help Muda Hassim,

but on condition that full pardon was extended to all the rebels—save two or three chiefs, for whom he also obtained forgiveness in the long run. Mr. St. John seems to think that the right thing would have been to get rid of Makota, and to have treated with the rebels. Mr. Brooke, at the time, and after months of consideration, thought otherwise. It might not have been so easy to get rid of Makota; it was not so clear, if you could have got rid of the existing government and set up the rebel chiefs in its place, that you would have much bettered matters. The rebel chiefs themselves were great men among the pirates, and were just as ready to slay and plunder the Dyaks as the Malay Makota himself. Mr. Brooke did interfere, and the chapter in Mr. St. John's book in which this terrible warfare is described is ludicrous beyond description. In the motley army of Sarāwak the Chinese waited for the Malays, the Malays for the Chinese. When they got near, but still at safe distance from the enemy, the troops would let off their guns into space, and piously fall to prayers. Then a council of war would be called, and then in the heat of argument the chiefs would dance their war-dances, and grind their teeth at the absent foe. Makota himself was the chief coward, as the chief leader; and in his ingenuity at finding reasons for keeping himself out of harm's way, could have given long odds to stout Jack Falstaff himself. After giving up the job in despair, Mr. Brooke went back to Kuching. Muda Hassim implored and prevailed upon him at last to return; and this time, mainly by cutting off the supplies of the rebel camp, and at the cost of one wounded sailor, Mr. Brooke prevailed. The rebels surrendered, the white chief obtained pardon for all, and returned to Kuching. Not without delay, and not without hesitation, Muda Hassim at last kept his word; for after the victory, if such it could be called, Makota had regained his own influence. On the 24th of September, 1841, the owner of the Royalist became Governor of Sarāwak, with full powers, and about a year afterward the appointment was confirmed by the Sultan at Brunei.

How he used power we have yet to show; and, in showing it, to state the

claims of Rajah Brooke to the reverence and affection of his countrymen. We must have expressed ourselves badly indeed, and have sailed under very false colors, if we have left the impression upon the reader that James Brooke was a cut-and-dried philanthropist, who went out to the East to convert the natives, as he might come across them. In the pages of "Maga" there shall never be found a disrespectful word of the many fearless and noble men who have sacrificed their lives in missionary work. There is room enough in the world for David Livingstone as well as for James Brooke. Each worked in his own way, starting from his own antecedents; but Livingstone, followed by Gordon, will not in the long-run have put a stop to greater horrors, or done more to promote the happiness of his fellow-creatures, than was actually accomplished by Rajah Brooke when he had once fixed his dwelling on the Borneon coast. Independently of that love and good-will to all, in which lay the secret of his power, there was this peculiarity about the Rajah, that God's image, cut in ebony, or it mattered not in what dark wood, was to him purest ivory. He did not morally come down sixteen pairs of stairs to patronize and exhort the *native*. To the last you would hear him speak of "a Malay gentleman, a great friend of mine;" or of a Dyak peasant, "for whom I had the highest respect." Among Malays and Dyaks he was just like an English country gentleman living among his friends and dependents, and acted toward them in the same way as the Englishman would have done with his Englishmen.

When he got the power, Rajah Brooke did make as clean a sweep of the pirates as ever stout Sir Edward Pellew did of the Algerine corsairs: he did put an end to the misery from which the Land Dyaks had suffered long before a European had been taught to distinguish between a land Dyak and a sea Dyak. Where, until his time, wholesale murder, rape, and plunder had been the rule, he made the rule to be the exception, and the "exception" (we ask pardon for the phrase) was as certain of punishment as if it had occurred on the home circuit. Within the dominions of Rajah Brooke an assassin or a thief was as safe as a

horse-stealer would have been before a Yorkshire jury. The fact was, that Mr. Brooke had not formed any clear design when he had landed at Kuching for the first time, and became mixed up with Sarawak affairs. He was drawn on from one step to another, believing at each step that he was doing "the right thing," until at last he became ruler of Sarawak, and insured for himself a place in our English annals. The facts in Borneo and in the Borneon seas seem to have been somewhat as follows—certainly as far as the north-west coast was concerned. The aboriginal inhabitants are Dyaks, but these Dyaks are divided into sea Dyaks and land Dyaks. The difference between these is as the difference between the wolf and the sheep—between Cain and Abel. The land Dyak lived as far as he could get up the great rivers. When he ventured down to the coast, or launched his boat upon the water, the sea Dyak was there to seize him as a slave, or to murder him and carry his head home as a trophy. Even let him lurk as cleverly as he might in his little up-stream village, the sea Dyaks would follow him there, burn his house, and carry off the women and children—if they did not murder them on the spot. But the sea Dyaks might be said in a way to carry on the retail business of piracy. The Malays, who are the nobles and rulers both in Borneo and in the neighboring islands, took the matter in hand in a more complete and wholesale manner. These are the men who established piratical strongholds, from which their fleets issued forth and swept the seas in large craft—carrying 150 or 200 men, mainly sea Dyaks, well armed for war. Whatever they came across was fair prey. They would as soon have attacked an English bark—Hume at the prow and Gladstone at the helm—as they would have seized a poor Dyak's fishing-boat. Worse than the Malays were the Arab adventurers—more subtle, more daring, more successful in their horrible trade. The taint of piracy had infected the land. The Sultan's court at Brunei was under the influence of the piratical party. The Sultan's relations, the Sultan's chief advisers, were—at least many of them were—interested in piracy. Makota was a pirate. In fact Borneo, when Rajah

Brooke took the matter in hand, was somewhat like another country which it might be invidious to name—where the African slave-trade and the agreeable incidents of the Middle Passage were in full swing. This was the state of facts with which the Rajah had to deal; and at first he did so single-handed, but his influence soon availed to bring English men-of-war and the blue-jackets upon the scene. It may be said, and with truth, that most of the piratical strongholds were carried, most of the piratical war fleets annihilated by officers of the British navy, with men of the British navy under their command. This is true; but it is also true that it was Rajah Brooke who, by his instances and his personal influence with one admiral after another, and with one sea captain after another, brought them upon the scene, directed them where to strike, and was ever helping with his own people. It is asking a good deal of our credulity to require the admission that Admirals Parker, Keppel, Cochrane, Farquhar, Belcher, Mundy, and other such men, being present on the spot, and having made careful inquiry into the matter, were all in the wrong, and Admirals Hume, Cobden, and Gladstone in the right. We will say nothing of the result of inquiries before courts of competent jurisdiction, where the matter was carefully looked into, and where it was decided that the acts of piracy were gross, flagrant, and a stain upon humanity. Admirals, judges, witnesses, professional and others, were simply fools, or blinded to the truth, which shone forth with unusual lustre before the eyes of three or four home politicians, who would have been not a little puzzled to assign their right places on the map to the islands of Gilolo and Celebes. Division after division in the House of Commons, in which the friends of the pirates cut as distinguished a figure as a knot of Repealers (we will not say Home-Rulers) would do in our day, remained without the smallest effect. It does seem a little strange—perhaps a little hard—that men's throats should be cut in the Eastern seas because a borough vote is shaky in the British House of Commons; but government by party must be carried on.

We have dwelt at length upon this point, for it is the turning one upon

which men will form their decision as to the value of Sir James Brooke's work upon earth. To Mr. St. John's book we must refer our readers for details of the naval actions in which he was fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of the officers in the service of the British Crown who were then acting in the Eastern seas. Sir Henry Keppel came first in order, and between him and Rajah Brooke there ever remained the firmest confidence and friendship. To the last the Rajah's face would brighten up when the Admiral's name was mentioned. "What, my old friend Harry Keppel!" and even now you will see a shade fall over the brave old sailor's face when you speak to him of Rajah Brooke. He knew the man. It was not, however, without reference to the Admiral on the station, Sir William Parker; nor without further reference to the Home Government; nor without special call from the native sovereign, the Sultan of Brunei—that the operations which resulted in the crushing defeat of the pirates were carried through. Captain Keppel began the work; Sir Thomas Cochrane—not a hasty man, not an officer without experience—continued it, and at last found himself compelled to submission the Sultan himself, who had again fallen into the hands of the piratical party. At Brunei (as we should phrase it) "public opinion had again taken a piratical turn." Mr. Brooke had now accomplished the first stage of his lifelong task. He had brought down the power of Great Britain upon these fierce and pitiless hordes who had too long infested the Borneon sea. He had exacted pledges from the native chiefs, from the Sultan downward, that piracy should be given up, and had good reason to hope that he had "broken the neck" of the infernal custom. As it turned out, the snake was scotched, not killed. Mr. Brooke now thought the time had arrived when he might visit England once more. He left Sarawak in the care of Mr. Arthur Crookshank, that true and faithful follower who twenty years afterward closed his eyes at Burrator. Mr. Crookshank is still living; therefore words of praise from us might seem to be fulsome, and out of place. We may, however, be permitted to add that the Rajah always

spoke of this gentleman with affection and respect, and considered him in ability, in courage, in fidelity, second to no other of those who had followed his fortunes. While speaking of his followers, it would be wrong to omit mention of Mr. Charles Grant, who afterward joined him, and to whom the Rajah was greatly attached. There always appeared to be something peculiarly sympathetic in the relations between Sir James and Mr. Grant, who had joined him when a mere youth, and faithfully followed his fortunes throughout. Mr. Grant and Mr. Crookshank were present at the funeral on Dartmoor, and certainly it would have been difficult to find two men more attached to him in life, as they were faithful to him even in death. The Rajah always spoke of him with the strongest affection. This gentleman, too, is still living, so we will say no more. The Rajah of Sarawak landed at Southampton on the 1st of October, 1847. James Brooke had sailed from Devonport in December, 1838. He was then owner of the *Royalist*—nothing more. He had, in the interval, all but destroyed the piracy of the Eastern seas, and was a prince in Borneo. The whole story is the chapter of a romance.

We have now to speak of him as the guest of the Sovereign—as the companion and friend of our English statesmen. Universities and corporations united to do him honor, and certainly he could not complain of the reception given him at home. It was the same to the last, whenever the feeling or opinion of his countrymen could be fairly put to the test. It is the worst of it, that the bulk of the people who are reasonable are also quiet. The noise of the few prevails over the silence of the many. A quack doctor will overpower the business of a whole market-place. Two or three noisy curs will keep a village awake all night. This is what poor Rajah Brooke did not remember in after years, when two or three of the most persevering bawlers in the country yelped at his heels without pause or stint. During his stay in England the sky was bright and serene; but, had he been blessed with the usual dose of suspicion and distrust, he would have seen a cloud, though not bigger, as yet, than a man's

hand, rising on the horizon. This cloud was an agent to whom, in an unfortunate moment, he had intrusted the management of his affairs in England. This worthy creature had formed a nice little plan for a nice little company to work Borneo and the Eastern seas. The profits or proceeds were to be divided between Sir James Brooke and himself. The Rajah in the Eastern seas was to become the "idol of his countrymen," the agent was to blow the trumpet at home, and the trick was done. It was as easy as lying or thimblery. The Rajah would have none of it; so the agent turned upon him. By ill-luck this man got hold of the late Mr. Hume, who would no doubt have kicked him out of the front door at Bryanstone Square had he known him for what he was proved to be afterward. But it would have taken the pressure of a hydraulic machine to get out of Mr. Hume's head an idea which he had once adopted. The more and the more often he was proved to be in the wrong, the more he stuck to his text. In Mr. Cobden he found a willing ally. Large as his views may have been on economical subjects, on all others Mr. Cobden was one of the narrowest-minded men who ever lived. Greatness which was not the greatness of the Manchester school stank in his nostrils. Could you have converted the pirates from their evil ways by consigning to them cargoes of fast prints and piece-goods, and by helping them to establish mechanics' institutes at Balambangan or elsewhere, Mr. Cobden would have been with you heart and soul. But blow pirates out of the water! was such a thing ever heard of? Each of them might every year have consumed so many shillings' worth of gray shirting. Besides, Mr. Cobden actually and truly abhorred naval and military operations. Glory such as Rajah Brooke had won was "anathema" to him. So it came to pass that a service-pipe of "unadorned eloquence" was turned upon the Rajah as soon as he left England. Those two men between them were sore trials. The Rajah lived down their slanders and absurdities; but they no doubt embittered the last twenty years of his life, and worked much mischief on the Eastern seas, which was only put to rights at the cost of much bloodshed and misery.

We read in Mr. St. John's book that the poor Rajah was at times thrown quite off his balance by their continuous and malignant calumny. "One day, galled by some furious assault of Hume and Cobden, he sprang to his feet, and said, 'I wish I had the two before me, sword in hand, on the sands of Santubong.'"

Meanwhile, on February 1st, 1848, James Brooke, Governor of Labuan, Commissioner and Consul-General in Borneo, sailed in the *Meander* (Henry Keppel was captain) for Singapore, which port he reached on the 20th of May. At Singapore he was welcomed with the intelligence that the Queen had made him a K.C.B. His troubles were now at hand. He made a beginning of the settlement at Labuan, which did not come to good: he had a bad attack of fever. When he returned to Sarawak he found that the Seribas and Sakarang pirates had got back to their old trade. Mr. St. John writes: "The Seribas, in their last raid, had obtained about one hundred heads, a few captive women, and a small amount of plunder. Sir James Brooke grew restless, could not sit still or sleep, but was continually wandering about the house, both night and day." The end of it was, that on the 24th of July, 1849, the battle of Batang Marau, known as "Farquhar's action," was fought between the English and the pirate fleet, consisting of 105 war-boats manned by 4000 men. When the pirates had been chased ashore and took to the jungle, Sir James Brooke might, by a single command, have caused the occupation of a tongue of land, which would have cut off their retreat into the interior, and not a man could have escaped. "I will not do it," was the reply; "perhaps they have been punished enough." The result of this and of the subsequent operations was the actual destruction of piracy on the Borneon coast.

At this point we will extract two passages from Mr. St. John's book illustrative of this piratical warfare, and which may serve as samples of the work. Farquhar's battle had been fought, and it was determined to follow up the blow by immediate action on the Paku branch of the great river. They ascended this, though not without great difficulty, when

"Captain Farquhar landed his force and marched them to the top of the cleared hill, and there took up a strong position. Every thing was in active preparation; some of us had returned to the boats to get completely ready for the march, when suddenly a distant yell was heard. A volley of musketry, shouts and cries, a bustle on the summit of the hill, and the English, forming into line, told that something of importance had occurred. We rushed on shore. At first no explanation could be given of the alarm. 'Some cried, 'Kalong is dead,' others Bunsu, others Tujang, some that all three were killed—when the return of a Dyak, bearing a wounded companion, gave the first intelligence. The wounded man said that they were ahead, when a party of Seribas dashed from under cover of the bamboos, and killed a great many: he himself was severely wounded; he believed that all the young chiefs were dead—he was sure that one was. The headless trunk of Bunsu and the frightfully mangled body of Tujang were now brought in; but Kalong, the eldest son, had escaped. Not knowing the strength of the enemy, and wishing to be prepared, the English were ordered to fall back a little and form a line along the summit of the hill.

"This slightly retrograde movement began to produce a panic among the natives, who imagined that our men were retreating, and they commenced rushing to their boats. At first I thought that the enemy in overpowering force must be approaching; but the Rajah, speaking quietly to the men as they passed us, and laughing, observed, 'Don't be afraid,' and turning to us, said, 'Let us advance.' We instantly pushed up the hill. This had an immediate effect—the men turned and followed the Rajah in crowds.

"Quiet being restored, we heard some account of the skirmish. The clearing party had advanced some hundred yards into the bamboo jungle, when Tujang, high-spirited but rash, pushed on ahead, and was followed by his elder brothers. Over-confident, they were almost unarmed, and without their fighting-jackets, and had advanced with a few men beyond immediate support. Tujang and Bunsu were stooping to pull out the bamboo spikes, when from behind a thick clump out dashed twenty of the enemy, and cut them down before they could draw their swords. Kalong, seeing his danger, sprang back and was saved; and the immediate advance of some Malays under brave Patah, who poured in a volley on the enemy, saved the wounded, and enabled them to recover the bodies of the slain.

"It was a melancholy hour for the old Orang Kaya of Lundu. The father was but a little way behind when they fell. Proud of his sons, and especially fond of Tujang, he at first could only find vent for his grief in bitter reviling of those whom he accused of deserting his sons. He retired with his tribe to their boats, and sent Kalong to the Rajah to request permission to return to Lundu to bury his children. The surviving son came, and in a subdued voice said, 'I have lost my two younger brothers.' 'Tell the Orang Kaya,' replied the Rajah, 'not to grieve; his sons died like brave

men.' A proud though faint smile of satisfaction was for a second visible, as praise from their great chief was indeed appreciated by them. Unwilling to allow his brothers' death to pass unrevenged, Kalong wished to remain with us; but the old Orang Kaya, bowed down by grief, begged him to return home.

"One would have thought that the measure of his grief had been full, but another incident occurred which filled it to overflowing. The Rancee steamer had been left at last night's anchorage, and a cutter, bearing the dead body of a sailor who had accidentally shot himself, arrived at the moment the Lundu chief was passing. There was a little bustle on the steamer's deck; a rope caught the hammer of a musket left at full-cock by shameful carelessness; it went off; the ball passed between two of the officers, grazed a boy, struck the Orang Kaya's son-in-law, killing him on the spot, and finished by burying itself in the breast of a Malay. The old man, completely overcome, burst into tears, and holding up his fingers to the officers, could only say, 'Three sons in one day,' and continued his melancholy journey. From him the enemy could expect no mercy, and every Seribas that came in his way during his passage down the river was killed; many fell by his own hand."

Here is another incident of the same transaction, which appears to be worthy of quotation. This also took place after Farquhar's action.

"One village was surprised by the Malays, and the inhabitants had only time to save themselves in the woods. A mother, being hard pressed, let go the hand of her son, a boy of ten, who was seized by our men. He was brought on board our *prahu*, and Sir James took him under his protection, had him clothed and well fed, so that before he had been on board many days he grew quite confidential. As we were coming down the river, near the site of his village, the little fellow asked, 'Where are you going to take me?' 'To Sarāwak.' 'I wish you would land me, and let me find my mother.' Sir James hesitated, but being assured by the natives that a Dyak boy of ten could manage for himself, it was determined to land him where he had been picked up. He was loaded with presents, and with food for three or four days. To prevent his being annoyed, a Malay guard was left at the landing-place until the last Dyak ally had passed on. This little fellow remained three days alone in the jungle, but never wandered, and was found by his mother at the spot she had left him. This conduct, so different to what is customary in native warfare, had an excellent effect: as soon as possible after the expedition his mother sent him to Sarāwak, with presents to the white man who had been kind to her boy."

The tale is told in the ninth chapter of Mr. St. John's book, and in the tenth Mr. Gladstone's strictures on the matter are fully considered. This action with the pirates roused the slan-

derers at home to a point of insanity. Now was the agent's opportunity—now was the time when Mr. Hume fairly committed himself, and could never draw back; now was the time when the hose of "unadorned eloquence" poured forth a steady stream. Mr. St. John's book must be consulted for details of the action. The naval officers bore witness—the court at Singapore adjudicated on the question of piracy—the House of Commons at home was forced to a division, and the slanderers were left in a ridiculous minority. In subsequent years (and more shame that it was so) commissioners were appointed to inquire into the subject (among others) on the spot, and found there was no question before them. The best and greatest men in England, and the Dutch officers in Borneo—every thing that was decent at Singapore—all stood by the Rajah, and wished to trample the oft-repeated falsehood out of existence. In course of time it died out, though the Rajah's proud spirit never quite recovered from the effects of the persecution. . . .

The Rajah lived nineteen years afterward; but in dealing with the question of Bornean piracy we have dealt with the great question of his life. The horrible system was crushed forever and a day. The peaceful trader could carry his merchandise from Borneo to Singapore, or where he wanted, and sail back with his return cargo without fear of capture and death. The poor peasants could raise their little crops, and live on in their own way, without looking for the midnight yell, the savage rush, violation for their women, murder for themselves and their children. Where the bloody hand had reigned triumphant there was peace; where misery, happiness. Never was there a more contented or more prosperous community than Sarāwak under the humane and merciful rule of Rajah Brooke. This is what he accomplished in those distant seas, but the storm of obloquy still raged at home. Men of mark like Lords Ellesmere, Grey, and Blantyre, and Mr. Henry Drummond, and a hundred others, remained firm to the Rajah; but what is the use of argument with men who are determined not to be convinced? In a moment of weakness Earl Russell, who was himself assured of the

righteousness of the Rajah's cause, threw a sop to Mr. Hume, whose support in Parliament was just then of importance. Two gentlemen, Mr. Devereux and Mr. Prinsep, were sent out to Singapore as commissioners to inquire into facts, and there they found the editor of a local newspaper, as the representative of the Hume-Cobden party at home. The affair was nonsense at the beginning, and nonsense it remained to the end. The appointment of these commissioners was felt by the Rajah as an outrage to the day of his death.

It may be proper to add that the agent who had stirred up all this strife came to trouble at home. The seal was torn off the charter of his precious company by the competent court, and the world knew him no more. Another company was formed, called the Borneo Company, with the Rajah's full assent, which we do not for one moment wish to confound with the first: but even here matters did not go on happily till the end. Who was to be the master? The Rajah, who had called the province into existence; or the Company, which desired—and legitimately so—to work it at a profit. The Company would have improved the Rajah off the land, as an incumbrance no longer of use. The Rajah here too prevailed in the long-run, and was able to maintain his own position and to appoint his own successor. We will not say a word to stir up the waters of strife.

The chief anxiety, however, of the later years of his life lay in his relations with the British Government. Let him have been in the right or in the wrong, his firm conviction was that Sarāwak could not stand alone. Rather than any thing else, he would have preferred that England would have taken over the country and added it to the British dominions. Failing this, let England give protection; failing that, recognition, with occasional visits from British ships of war. The constant burden of his song was, "In the long-run Sarāwak cannot stand alone." When he failed with England he made a few feeble and half-hearted attempts to negotiate with foreign Powers, with the full knowledge of Ministers at home; but nothing came of it. Who was in the right, who was in the wrong, time will show; but recogni-

tion has been obtained. Lord Palmerston was not the man to swallow the unfounded slander which passed for wholesome food with Messrs. Hume, Cobden, Gladstone, and the like.

One of the most interesting chapters of Mr. St. John's book is the one which contains the story of the Chinese insurrection. It holds your attention like a chapter in "The Last of the Mohicans." The Rajah used always to say that he could understand all human beings he had met with—save the Chinese. We will not dwell upon this incident, for it has not given rise to any controversy.

Another point we must touch upon, though we will do so with the greatest delicacy and caution, was what may be called the Family trouble. The Rajah had selected his eldest nephew as his successor. The nephew wished to construe the act by which he had been appointed Viceroy to be an appointment to the chief dignity during his uncle's lifetime. The Rajah, then old, and suffering from paralysis, started from England and received the unqualified submission of Captain Brooke. He appointed as his successor his second nephew—the present Rajah of Sarāwak. The eldest is since dead. It seems altogether beside the purpose of the present notice to make emphatic mention of the Rajah's mission to Siam. For this, and for other side matters which are not relative to the main issue of our theme, we must refer the reader to the book itself.

Four times did the Rajah pass back between Borneo and England; and in England his friends were among the best and noblest of the land. He had suffered seriously from small-pox at Sarāwak, and the horrible disease had somewhat scarred and marred the beauty and lines of the face; but nothing could affect the graciousness and dignity of his bearing to the last. Sir Francis Grant's picture—a photograph from which is given by Mr. St. John—will afford a general idea of what he was in 1847. In appearance, as in mind, he was a "king of men." Then came the fatal stroke of paralysis. It was the beginning of the end.

Meanwhile it came out that this self-seeking man had sacrificed his patri-

mony at Sarāwak, and was drawing from it a pittance scarcely sufficient for decent life. His friends at once subscribed a sum which enabled him to buy the little cottage on Dartmoor in which he died. One fit of paralysis succeeded another, and at last (as the immediate consequence of a fit of coughing) a final attack, and the end came. In the arms of his old follower, Mr. Arthur Crookshank, the Rajah resigned his pure and noble spirit. A great grief, which will end only with their lives, fell upon all who had known and loved the man.

A rumor went out among the Moorsmen that the kind old Rajah—their friend and helper—had breathed his last. The funeral was appointed for a bright and beautiful morning in June; but, although the hay harvest was on, not a stroke of work was done that day on the Moor. In the best clothes they could find (the poorest of them had contrived to procure a bit of crape), the people gathered round the cottage, and waited patiently and reverently till the

procession was formed. According to the ancient custom of the Moor, the coffin is carried by straps passed underneath it—not placed upon the shoulders of bearers. Now, on the occasion of the Rajah's funeral, the procession paused at every third or fourth step, in order that a new set of mourners might hold the straps. This is their way of paying reverence to the dead. These poor rough fellows wanted to tell their children, and their children's children, that they too had helped to carry Rajah Brooke to the place of his rest. The churchyard was reached, and amid the stifled sobs of the great crowd the funeral service was read by the good vicar of the place. Thus lived and thus died James Brooke.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor
poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

MY JOURNAL IN THE HOLY LAND.*

BY MRS. BRASSEY.

CONCLUSION.

Monday, November 22.—After all the rain of yesterday, the morning dawned bright and beautiful. I felt so much better that it was decided, after much deliberation, to push on to Jerusalem. We therefore started, but had not gone far before the rain came down again in absolute torrents. We halted under shelter, and held another council, but our minds were still made up to go on. Many things beyond the comfort of the moment had to be decided. There was no boat from Haifa or from Acre until the 27th, so that if we turned aside now to either of those places it would only give us a longer time in the tents. We were, all of us, reluctant to abandon our original plan of reaching Jerusalem by the 25th. This fever is so capricious in its attacks that it is quite possible I may keep pretty well for the next few days,

but even if I were to break down completely, Tom declares he would have me carried in a chair slung between two mules sooner than not take me as fast as possible to the only place where it would be possible to find an hotel and a doctor in this uncivilized region.

We therefore set forth boldly once more, and struck across the plain of Es-draelon, celebrated in Bible story, as well as in more modern times. Notwithstanding all the hard fighting which has gone on in its neighborhood, we saw nothing more warlike than a few gazelles, who fled with graceful speed before our approach. A dirty little Arab village stands now on the site of ancient Jezreel, but a few remains of its old stones and fragments of the original dwelling-houses were still to be seen as we rode through its ruined streets.

It was only half-past five in the afternoon when we halted for the night at Jenin. This is a small town, completely surrounded by beautiful groves of orange trees, laden with ripe fruit. They, in

* For previous instalments of this Journal see *ECLECTIC* for November and December, 1879.

their turn, were fenced in by hedges of prickly pear, reaching far above our heads, every one of the thick, fleshy leaves being edged by its own blossom and fruit. Our way led through the town, and we passed crowds of women selling oranges, citrons, lemons, figs, walnuts, pomegranates, nuts, and acorns. This was all very fragrant and picturesque, but I felt dead-tired, and longed to see my tent before me. When, however, we at last reached the camping ground just beyond the town, the mules had not arrived, and nothing was ready. It still rained heavily, and we were fain to dismount and take shelter in an old Arab tomb, where we huddled together beneath a few rugs and waterproofs. It appeared a weary while, waiting thus for nearly two hours, in the cold and dark, and I need scarcely say that when at last the tents were ready, the moment was welcomed with delight.

Next morning we made an early start, and travelled for seven hours and a half straight on, only stopping a little while every now and then, when it became absolutely necessary for us to rest. The pleasantest halt was at Jeba, where we ate our luncheon in a grove of olive trees. Just after that we passed a most beautiful cavern, hewn out of the rock, and supported by two pillars. Every part of it was covered—tapestried, I might say—with maidenhair fern; pillars, roof, walls, every inch of rock, were hidden and made green by the delicate, close-growing fronds.

Partly to look at this cavern, and partly because I could not ride fast, Tom and I had lingered behind the rest of the party. We noticed that a large number of Turks and Greeks passed us, and overtook those of our party who were in front; but no sooner had they done so than it became evident some sort of scrimmage had begun. We could see that Karam was off his horse, and had his revolver out, and it seemed high time, for one of the strangers was holding *his* revolver unpleasantly close to Karam's head. Other men too were galloping up, and it really looked rather formidable. We immediately pulled out our revolvers and cantered as quickly as possible to the scene of action, where we met some of our muleteers and servants hurrying to the rescue. Whether

we were too large a party and were evidently too well prepared for a fight, I know not, but peace seemed to be restored in a moment, and we all put up our revolvers and rode on as quietly as possible without further annoyance, while our would-be assailants remained behind, vociferating and gesticulating.

What had been rain with us was snow as it fell upon the high mountains around, and this morning Hermon, Jebel Sumnin, and all the loftiest peaks were white and glistening. The effect was very fine, and it was a lucky chance which showed us the country under such a new and unexpected phase—a phase too adding greatly to its beauty. After Ramac had been left behind, the full splendor of the panorama burst upon us from the top of a steep hill. Nothing could be at once more varied and more complete than the scene; in the far distance a shining strip of sea, on either hand hills rising one above the other, some capped with snow, others with their sheltered sides covered by groves of olive trees, while on those nearer to us many villages could plainly be seen.

Samaria, now called Sebaste, was our next stage. Its ruins still remain, and are very extensive; especially fine are the pillars of what once must have been a splendid colonnade, three thousand feet long. Few of its columns, however, are left standing. The olive trees hereabouts are covered with large branches of mistletoe. It has a red berry, and the leaf is smaller than with us, but otherwise it is an exact and delicate likeness. We cut off some large boughs, and I hope to make the seed grow in England. Little, if any, of the original city of Samaria now remains standing, but its site is well defined.

Two hours more of steady riding brought us to Nablous, the ancient Scchem, and the capital of the province of Samaria. We found the tents pitched on the shoulder of Mount Gerizim, overlooking the town and the well-watered and cultivated country along which we had been travelling. The olives are now ripe, and for the last few days we have seen the men beating them down from the trees, for the women and children to collect in baskets and carry to the mills to be crushed. There are also other signs of life around. We have observed more

traffic of Arabs, camels, and donkeys to-day than usual; and there is actually a telegraph wire along the valley as far as Acre. Altogether we seem to be approaching the region of civilization once more.

Wednesday, November 24.—A bright, clear, cold morning, with a strong east wind blowing. I am obliged to spare myself as much as possible, so Albert and Tom took a local guide (he turned out to be an old Turkish soldier who had been wounded in the Crimea), and went without me—a little out of our way—up Mount Gerizim to see the fine view from the summit, and the place where the Samaritans still keep their annual Pass-over. Twelve lambs are roasted whole in pits, with appropriate ceremonials, at night, and then eaten by the orthodox Jews, standing with their loins girded, and amid every sign of sudden and hurried departure. Dean Stanley gives an admirable account of the proceedings; and he saw them to perfection when he was travelling here with the Prince of Wales a few years ago.

In the mean time Evie and I had mounted, and had ridden slowly on with Karam and the mules through the town, which is one of the largest in Palestine. It is built on the side of Mount Gerizim, or the "hill of blessings," while Mount Ebal, the "hill of cursings," rises exactly opposite. The valley here is so exceedingly narrow that it is quite easy to understand how the Law could be read aloud from a central position and the representatives of the six tribes hear every word distinctly. The bazaars occupy the main street, and are handsome, lofty, arched buildings, probably of Roman origin. The principal things sold in them seemed prosaic enough, such as soap, cotton, and oil; but there were also corners glittering with embroidered saddles and rich housings, with abbas and gay clothing for men, women, and children; elaborate specimens of needlework, in many-colored silks, and threads of gold and silver. There were, besides, what Arabs consider real *articles de luxe*—Manchester cottons and Birmingham and Sheffield knives.

Half an hour's jogging easily along brought us to Jacob's Well, where our Lord talked with the woman of Samaria; and here we halted, waiting for Tom and

Albert to join us. The well is at this moment dry, but the pit remains, and the winter rains always fill it. Close by is Joseph's tomb, a plain, white, oblong monument. After passing this, our way lay across a large plain, rich in soil, but dreary and uncultivated to the last degree. The reason that it is left untilled is that the Bedouins swarm for miles around, and any unhappy peasant who tried to make a homestead for himself anywhere here would be pretty sure to be harried by them, and to lose his crops as fast as they ripened.

Then we climbed a steep ridge, and so gained a magnificent outlook over an extensive area. We could gaze around us to our heart's content as we halted for luncheon and a little rest before beginning the descent into the valley. On our way down we passed the ruined village of Shiloh, where the Ark rested for so long, and whence the Benjamites carried off wives for themselves upon one occasion, when all the women were dancing at some festival in honor of the Ark.

Soon after leaving Shiloh we lost our way, as usual. This invariably happens because Karam is too proud to take a guide, and never will even condescend to ask the way. He has an excellent bump of locality in general, but it fails him occasionally, and as he won't supplement his own knowledge in any way, we are always making little détours, and going off the direct track. When one is as weak and tired as I am, this becomes a serious grievance. He possesses, besides, a most frightful temper. Indeed we have found him, on the whole, decidedly inefficient, and though his contract has been taken at an enormously high price, he economizes by not providing a sufficient number of tent-pitchers and other attendants. This causes great delay in our start and on our arrival, and makes things generally uncomfortable. However, we found our way at last, and reached Sinjil soon after six o'clock. It was quite dark, for the moon had not yet risen. The tents had been pitched on a hill just beyond the village, in a spot commanding a beautiful view of the distant sea, when the moon shone full upon it later on.

Thursday, November 25.—We are independent of the tents this morning. We therefore made an early start, and

soon reached Ain-el-Haramyel—the Robber's Fountain. It is now almost dry, but the rocks are still covered with lovely trailing ferns and creepers, and a sort of clematis, more beautiful still, which has large white star-like blossoms an inch and a half across. Thence we rode through a curious ravine, where the limestone takes all manner of odd shapes, and forms natural cornices, pillars, and so on. Both here and on the long level plateau we crossed just after every nook and corner has been taken advantage of, and covered with fig-trees planted by ones and twos. At this season of the year, when these trees are leafless, their gray gnarled branches, springing out of the gray limestone—for the soil they grow in can hardly be seen—produce a strange effect, as if they were all carved out of the solid stone. The ploughing here, too, is conducted under great difficulties. We watched some oxen to-day who, after ploughing a piece of ground a couple of yards square, had to jump down a ledge of rock at least two feet deep, and plough a few feet more; then make another jump, and so on, until the whole surface of a steep hillside had been ploughed. The ploughs are of wood, and of the simplest principle and rudest construction, only scratching up the earth a few inches deep. I should think they have seen no change since the days of Tubal Cain.

We passed Bethel, where so many interesting scenes recorded in sacred history have happened. Then we saw Ramah of Benjamin, and Gibeah of Saul; and then Nob, the city of the priests. Almost directly afterward, as we turned the brow of a hill, the realization of one of my most persistent dreams ever since my childhood lay before me, for I saw, spread out like a picture, the walls of Jerusalem. It is quite impossible to describe, or even convey, the least idea of the feelings evoked, and the associations raised by this first view, and I shall only attempt a simple description of our visit to the famous city.

To begin with what we saw first—the walls. They are both curious and picturesque, with Saracenic battlements and gateways, decorated with carved lions, roses, and other devices. Three enormous convents, Russian, Latin, and Armenian, have been built outside the city.

Old Jerusalem was barely two miles in extent, but the effect of the original boundaries has been sadly dwarfed by glaring white walls which have been run up round every cluster of buildings here and there. Where the Temple of Solomon once stood, on a high platform of enormous stones, stands now the Haram,* which contains within its area the beautiful Mosque of Omar, and the Mosque El Aksa. The next building which strikes the eye is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, its large gilt cross cutting the air with its clear bold outline.

But by this time we had descended the hill and were crossing the brook Kedron. Exactly opposite, on the other side of the stream, rose the Mount of Olives, and a slight circuit brought us into Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate. Here we had some slight difficulty with the Custom-House people about our luggage, but soon settled the matter, and then went on past the old citadel until we reached the Mediterranean Hotel. It was full, indeed crowded, and at first the landlord declared he could not take us in. However, by dint of a little squeezing and judicious packing of the guests already arrived, a couple of bedrooms were found. One was pretty good, and into it Albert at once carried me, for I was utterly unable even to stand. He laid me on the bed, and immediately hastened downstairs to take the things off my saddle, but in those few moments some one had stolen my pistol and pocket-handkerchief, and in spite of all inquiries and offers of reward, we have heard nothing of them. It is very provoking to have lost my nice little pistol in this manner, especially after having brought it safely for so many miles.† The table-d'hôte was crowded with French, Americans, and Germans, and seemed very noisy and lively after our recent solitary, quiet lives.

Friday, November 26.—I think everybody was glad to rest until the late table-d'hôte breakfast at noon. After it was over we rode first round to the Jews'

* The Haram-es-Sherif—"the Noble Sanctuary." See Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," p. 168.

† The pistol was, after many months, restored to me by the Consul, Mr. Moon, who had discovered it in a sort of pawnbroker's shop, where it was alleged that Karam had sold it.

Wailing Place, where a few of the original stones of the Temple still remain. To this sacred spot Jewish pilgrims of all ages, ranks, sexes, and countries come every Friday to weep over the destruction and to pray for the restoration of Jerusalem. It is a most extraordinary sight; old and young men kneel there and kiss the stones with the greatest fervor, some of them praying and reading, and all of them crying. Old and young women and little children are seated on the pavement reading the Talmud, and the histories of the destruction of the Temple and the prophecies of its restoration. They sob all the while as if their hearts would break; their eyes are red and swollen, and their cheeks inflamed with much and continued weeping. Though they are all Jews, each is dressed in the costume of his or her country.

The continuation of our ride took us round outside the walls of the city, by the pool of Siloam, down the valley of Hinnom, past the tombs of Jehoshaphat and Zechariah to the garden of Gethsemane, which lies at the foot of the Mount of Olives. It is a small square garden, chiefly remarkable for some very ancient olive-trees. At present it is intensely modern and commonplace in appearance, with its small neat beds of flowers; but there seems to be no doubt that it occupies the site of the former garden. It is kept in order by the piety of some Latin monks, who devote a great deal of time apparently to the care of its rosemary borders. Then we went on to the Tomb of the Virgin, and the Chapel of the Agony close by. Here the whole thing became a sort of melancholy profanity, the attendants pointing out to us the exact spot where the drops of sweat fell from Our Saviour's brow, the impressions left by the forms of the disciples when they fell asleep, and the spot where the servant's ear was cut off. In spite of what was revolting to common-sense, there was, however, something very touching in the faith with which the poor pilgrims, from all parts of the world, regarded each hallowed spot.

We then went on to the summit of the Mount of Olives, and spent some time on the top of a ruined mosque there, whence we had an extensive view of the city of Jerusalem and the surrounding country. What most strikes the eye in

such a panorama as this is the vast inclosure of the Haram, which stands on the summit of Mount Moriah, and contains the mosque called the "Dome of the Rock," standing on the site of the Jewish Temple. There is also another large mosque of El Aksa within the inclosure, and many a tapering minaret besides. Elaborate archways and groups of cypress-trees are also most happily placed at every available spot in its vast area. North of the Haram is another rise of the ground, now covered with houses and gardens, and toward the south a lesser hill completes the continuous ridge. Mount Zion forms the southwest quarter of the city. From the Mount of Olives one can trace exactly the line of walls surrounding Jerusalem. In most places they are evidently of Saracenic origin; but in a few places the magnificent masses of bevelled masonry show that the courses of the foundations of the Temple still remain. Most of the extent of wall is in excellent preservation, and from its great height it forms an important feature in the scene. All the buildings stand out with exquisite sharpness against the intense blue of the sky. If we turned to the other side, there was a still more extensive view of the desert country of Judæa, the Dead Sea—it was a surprise to see it so blue—and the mountains of Moab beyond, their peaks glowing in the golden sunlight, and their valleys purple with deep violet shadows. One bright-tipped peak, higher than the rest, is supposed to be Mount Nebo, whence Moses' dying eyes beheld the promised land. So clear was the atmosphere that, although the Dead Sea is eighteen miles off, it appeared to be quite close to us. Indeed, in this clear Syrian atmosphere it is utterly impossible to appreciate distances; one can only believe what one is told as to the relative position of places, for one's own eyesight and judgment are invariably at fault.

Saturday, November 27.—It is always a matter of considerable difficulty to see the buildings within the walls of the Haram. A few years ago the sacred precincts were alike impenetrable to Jew and Christian, but nowadays there is a stipulated entrance-fee, which requires to be largely supplemented by backsheesh. To make matters easy, the Consul sent the Vice-Consul and his own cavass to take

us into the inclosure. Poor Akurah insisted on following us, but only to be sternly driven back when we reached the gates, for any attempt to bring him within the inclosure would only have resulted in his being instantly shot.

The first effect on entering the Haram is very striking, for the eye lights at once on the beautiful "Dome of the Rock," with its many-colored mosaics, glittering like mother-of-pearl in the sunlight. On one side of it is a long colonnade, from which the Pool of Bethesda is to be seen. In a corner stands the Golden Gate with its lovely columns and capitals. In another a graceful minaret, and four or five arches stand by themselves in different places, looking as if they were part of an unfinished colonnade. The whole of the interior is dotted about with little tombs, and prayer stations built of old stones, beautifully carved, and taken from the old Temple.

We were first taken to examine carefully a beautiful cupola, called the "Dome of the Chain," supported on seventeen columns, which is said to have been the judgment-seat of David. In this spot, the story goes, will the balance of judgment be settled on the last day, and the great chain which hangs down from the middle will kill all the bad, leaving the good untouched. Little but the foundations now remain of the original Jewish buildings, but every thing tends to prove that the site is the same as that of the Temple; and the spot is hallowed to the Christian by the personal ministry of the Saviour, as well as to the Jew by its association with the history of his race.

There is a curious mixture of Mahometan and Jewish superstition apparent within its walls. For instance, we were shown the foot-prints of Mahomet, left as he ascended into heaven; and the finger-prints of the Angel Gabriel, who held down the rock to prevent its following the Prophet. The interior of the mosque is so dark that it is almost impossible at first to distinguish any thing, and the first thing our eyes beheld when they grew accustomed to the dim light was the site of the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. Beneath it is a hole leading down into a cave, for the blood of the sacrificed victims to flow into. This cave is also called the Well of

Spirits, and we were taken down to see it; and also the place where the rock gave way on one occasion to prevent Mahomet from hurting his head.

The decoration is Byzantine in style, and really very fine. The dome is covered with mosaic work, on a gold ground, something like that of Monreale, at Palermo. All the pillars and side arches are built up of pieces of the ancient Temple, and are of marble and alabaster, covered with gilding; but the heads, tails, and feet of the animals used in Jewish decoration have been ruthlessly chopped off, for the true Mahometan will not admit the image of any living thing either in his house or his place of worship. I was much attracted by a curious old chandelier; the bottom looked like an old leathern shield, from which rose up tiers upon tiers of little oil lamps. It must look exactly like the gigantic half of an orange when it is lighted up.

A small cupola, standing by itself, marks the spot from which the Prophet started on his way to Paradise; and a little beyond is shown a small curious recess where he received instructions from the angels touching the heavenward journey. At the bottom of the steps is an exquisitely carved pulpit; close by is a marble fountain shaded by cypress-trees. Little islands of rock stick up here and there within its white rim, and it used to be filled from the pools of Solomon, though now it contains scarcely a drop of water.

We were next shown the Mosque of El Aksa, used in the thirteenth century as a Christian church by the Crusaders. Though it is much larger than the cupola of the "Dome of the Rock," it cannot compare with it in richness and purity of style. Most of the buildings within the inclosure of the Haram are distinctly Saracenic in architectural character, but of much older date than the days of Saladin. I have seen, in Cordova and Granada, Cairo and Damascus, a good deal of Saracenic architecture, yet, in my poor judgment, I have never seen any thing so fine as the architecture encircled by the walls of the Haram.

This Mosque of El Aksa stands in a corner of the next area of the Haram. It is on a much lower platform than the Mosque of Omar, and in the corridor by which you enter two slabs of black

marble are let into its white walls. Faithful Mahometans are blindfolded and told to kiss first one and then the other opposite; if they make a good shot they will go to Paradise; if a bad one, to Gehenna. It is rather a difficult crucial test, I should think, and it would be a great temptation to keep half an eye open and so make sure of one's aim. Just within the great doorway is a cistern called the "Well of the Leaf."

The story says that in the days of Omar one of the faithful pilgrims came to this well to draw water. His bucket fell to the bottom, and he went down to get it. To his great surprise, a door opened before him, and he found himself in beautiful fragrant gardens, in which he walked for some time with great satisfaction. Before leaving this delightful place he plucked a leaf from one of the many trees, stuck it behind his ear, and so ascended to the upper earth without difficulty; but there is no record of whether he brought his bucket up or not. Of course the story spread, till at last it reached the ears of Omar, but only as an impudent invention, for no door could be found by any investigating travellers. Omar, however, treated the rumor with respect, and said there was a prophecy that one of the faithful should enter Paradise alive. Every thing depended on whether the leaf retained its verdure, and so could maintain its claim to have grown upon a tree of Paradise. This test was triumphantly passed, for the leaf was green as ever, and so the story has lived to this day, and so it is always told on the brink of the "Well of the Leaf."

The Mahometans seem fond of tests. If the true believer can pass between two columns, outside the Mosque El Aksa, standing very close together, he leaves all his sins behind him. Now the thinnest of our party could only just manage to squeeze through, and fat Mussulmans must assuredly find it difficult. A still more difficult test is at another place, a little beyond the same mosque, where Solomon's throne once stood. Here hangs—visible only to the eyes of the faithful (and even they must wait for death to unseal their vision)—the bridge, thin as a hair, and sharp as a sword, between earth and Paradise. Beneath it yawns the abyss of Gehenna, and the faithless will miss their footing, and

tumble headlong into its depths, while the true believer crosses the bridge easily and swiftly. Passing still along the wall, we came to the garden gate. Within are most beautiful carvings, and some fine pillars, said to have been brought from Gaza, by the Queen of Sheba, as a present to Solomon.

It was quite the afternoon before we reached the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which occupies the site of the church built by Constantine over our Lord's tomb. Just inside the door is a slab on which it is supposed the body of Christ was laid in order to be anointed, and it is worn quite into holes by the kisses of devout pilgrims. It is quite touching to see the faith these poor creatures place in every possible and impossible site. Many of the peasants of the South of Russia save up their money for half a lifetime in order to make this journey, which they perform in the most economical way possible. They travel as deck-passengers on board ship in all weathers, and walk when they are on land. When at last Jerusalem is reached, they take up their abode in the Russian hospice, and there the wretched priests never let them go till they have stripped them of their uttermost farthing, so that they literally have to beg their way back, and often starve on the roadside.

Within the church built on the exact spot known as the Holy Sepulchre three round holes lead in three different directions into the body of the building. They are about the size of a man's arm, and through them the supposed sacred fire is made to issue on the Greek Easter Sunday. Hard by the traveller is shown the pillar to which our Lord was bound when scourged, the original crown of thorns, the holes in the ground where the three crosses were found, the exact centre of the world, the tombs of Adam and Eve, and other traditionary sites, made holy by the fervent adoration of myriad pilgrims.

The nave of the church belongs to the Greeks. Connected with the aisle are a number of chapels, in each of which some memorable incident in the story of the Crucifixion is said to have occurred. The general effect of this irregular aggregation of buildings is more impressive than I had anticipated. There is less tawdriness too, less of meretricious or-

nament, than is generally to be found in both Greek and Latin churches.

Sunday, November 28.—Attended morning service in English church. I was disappointed to see so small a congregation in a city in which England has for so many years maintained a bishop and assistant clergymen. The harsh persecution to which proselytes are subjected from the members of other creeds perhaps afford some explanation of the failure of our missionary efforts in Jerusalem. The only really effectual work in this direction is achieved through the instrumentality of the schools.

In the afternoon we walked out through the Damascus Gate, the most picturesque of all the gateways, to the so-called Tombs of the Kings. They are extensive excavations in the solid rock, but would only be interesting to an antiquary.

Karam has been behaving worse than ever, and to-night he was nearly going to prison. He escaped this fate; but we have dismissed him, and are only too glad to have parted with him.

Jerusalem, Monday, November 29.—All our baggage and the tents having been sent off under the care of old Hadji Hassan and Ibrahim, we wished good-by to our friends at the hotel, left Karam scowling on the doorstep, and started afresh with a new dragoman and a very grand Arab escort, Akurah gambolling in front.

Our road at first wound round the foot of Mount Olivet, and led us to Bethany, where we alighted to look at the tomb of Lazarus. To this day a sepulchre remains, cut in the rock, with the stone rolled away. We descended a few steps to enter it, and tried to realize some of its associations, for in itself there is not much to see. After leaving Bethany we rode drearily on through the Wilderness of Judæa, under a burning sun. Not a blade of vegetation was to be seen; nothing but rocks, stones, and sand. The history of this district would consist of the records of deeds of robbery, violence, and bloodshed. It is certainly easy to conceive the ideal misery of the scapegoat turned out into such a desert with the sins of the people cast upon him by the High Priest, as depicted so truthfully by Mr. Holman Hunt. The road is very good, paved most of the way, and evidently Roman in its origin. We passed

the Wady el Kelt, a little stream running through a gorge 500 feet deep. Its precipitous sides are pierced by holes apparently inaccessible to any but birds of the air; yet we were assured that many hermits of old had lived in them, and that one anchorite especially had resided for many years in one such cavity, uncombed and unwashed, nourishing his poor castigated body on four raisins a day.

Cherith was next crossed, the brook where Elijah was fed by the ravens, and soon after we reached Ain el Sultan, or Fountain of Elisha, said to have been turned by him from bitter into sweet water. Curiously enough, here, as at the fountain of Moses close to Mount Sinai, a small shrub grows, bearing red berries, which, thrown into brackish water, will make it taste perfectly sweet and remove all ill effects. I have heard of it from many travellers, though I never tried it myself. The waters of the fountain are quite warm; there were thousands of little fish swimming about in the basin just below where the water fell from the rock. The stream went gently meandering on, through almost park-like scenery, between banks of soft and mossy grass. It would have been delicious and home-like if it had not been for the steamy and oppressive atmosphere. We all felt overcome with lassitude, and by the time we reached the encampment I was so tired that I began half to regret having undertaken the journey. However, the tents were comfortable, and looked very picturesque, with the large fires near them. It was quite a large camp; seventeen tents, some of them occupied by Americans and Germans, who were travelling the same way. While we were dining, some women from Jericho came and performed a curious dance with swords, to the sound of uncouth musical instruments and harsh guttural cries. Later on a band of men performed a similar dance, and after we got rid of them we were all very glad to go to bed. There was not much sleep, however, for any one, for the various Arab escorts made strange noises during great part of the night, while they kept up the camp fires, to scare away the wild beasts which abound in the low scrub between here and the banks of the Jordan.

Tuesday, November 30.—We were the last party to start from the camping

ground this morning, and a ride of a little more than an hour brought us to Riha. This is decidedly the filthiest and nastiest village we have seen in all our travels, which is saying a great deal. The plain of the Jordan has lost most of its ancient fertility, but still abounds with myrtle, oleander, henna, and a horrid little thorny acacia called *nubb*, with hooked thorns, which tear all one's clothes to pieces. There are numbers of birds of brilliant and beautiful plumage in these bushes—golden orioles and many other varieties.

A ride of about an hour and a half brought us to the banks of the Jordan, which are so thickly fringed with bamboos and canes that you can only get down to the water in one place, where the jungle has been cleared away. It is to this spot that the great bathing pilgrimage takes place; and tradition says that here our Lord was baptized. We lingered some time on the banks, reading, filling bottles with water, gathering canes and other things as reminiscences. Presently a large herd of camels with their young ones slowly emerged from the cane bushes on the other side, and came down to the water in groups of twenty or thirty to drink—as many at a time as could press forward without getting out of their depth in the rapid current of the river. There must have been between two and three hundred of them. Some were black, some white, and the rest of all shades of gray and brown. It was wonderful to see them with their heads half hidden in the water, sucking it up as if they never meant to stop. The wise beasts were laying in a stock for many days, as they belonged to a tribe of Arabs far away on the east side of Jordan, "a barren land, where no water is," and had been driven down to drink and feed.

The way, after leaving the river, lay through a desert of sand incrustated with salt and sulphur; a dead level, except for an occasional low hillock of drifted sand. The sun was hot and scorching, the atmosphere misty and oppressive, and a dull, mirage-like haze hung over every thing. It was certainly not difficult to believe that we were in a natural basin or valley more than one thousand feet below the level of the sea, where the pure air of heaven found it very difficult to enter. An hour's ride over this desolate

country brought us to the Dead Sea. It is beautifully blue, and its banks are thickly covered by fantastic shapes of bleached drift-wood, which look like the skeletons of antediluvian animals. The land is wonderfully rich a little way off, toward the banks of the Jordan, and only requires scratching to produce abundant crops. We ate our lunch on the melancholy shore of the lake. Albert went off to bathe first, but did not enjoy it much, though he said the extraordinary buoyancy of the water must be felt to be believed.

In the afternoon we started to go up Mar Saba. It took us five hours and a half of stiff climbing through splendid gorges of rock, absolutely bare of vegetation. The fresher air, as we ascended, was very grateful at first, but by the time we had reached the top it was bitterly cold, and quite dark. I felt thoroughly knocked up, and could scarcely sit on my horse. In fact I had to be carried to my bed, and there I remained until late next day. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we could just catch a glimpse of the towers of the convent of Mar Saba. The encampment of a French lady and her son was between us and the convent, the attendant Arabs being picturesquely grouped in the ruddy glow of the drift-wood fire.

Wednesday, December 1.—After breakfast Tom and Albert went to visit the convent of Mar Saba, founded by St. Saba, A.D. 419. They found a large building, strongly fortified, and inhabited by an order of monks chosen from the lowest classes of men, without intellect, education, or refinement, whose chief amusement consisted in feeding flocks of birds, somewhat like blackbirds, only with bright yellow wings, which are peculiar to this district. The convent belongs to the Greek Church, and is one of the richest in the East. This accounts for the strong fortifications necessary to guard its treasures from the surrounding tribes of predatory Arabs.

About noon we started on our return to Jerusalem, and as I was rather better, we determined to go round by Bethlehem. We followed the south side of the brook Kedron for half an hour, and then crossed it. A couple of hours' farther ride brought us near to Bethlehem, and just as we were approaching this most

interesting city we saw the miscreant Karam in the distance. He was mounted on a mule, from which, in true Eastern fashion, he dismounted when still at some distance from us, and prostrated himself many times on the ground, and then, as he approached our horses, kissed our feet, put them on his head, and, in short, pretended to be generally sorry for his misdeeds. I must say that I did not feel in the least touched, and regarded all this merely as an amusing piece of Oriental acting; but it quite melted Tom's heart, and he forgave him and took him back. Ill-timed mercy, as it afterward proved to be.

We arrived at the convent of Bethany (founded by the Empress Helena) in less than half an hour, and found that Karam had already persuaded the monks to provide us with an excellent lunch. Afterward we went to look at the Church of the Nativity, part of which belongs to the Greeks, part to the Armenians, and the north side of the choir to the Latins. Each sect has its separate winding staircase leading to the Chapel of the Nativity, which is in the crypt underneath the church. The altar is very simple. It has a large silver star over it, on which is written in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." No one who has not been there can realize the effect of reading these words on the very spot itself, for there is every reason to believe it authentic. Round the star are sixteen massive silver lamps which are constantly kept burning. In one corner is the small Chapel of the Redella or "Manger." The place where the manger stood is now replaced by a marble trough, the original one being supposed to be in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, at Rome.

The chapels have to be carefully measured out, inch by inch, between the different Christian sects who claim a share in them; but, in spite of every precaution, scenes of violence and bloodshed constantly occur!

As we left the church our steps were dogged by vendors of rosaries, carved mother-of-pearl shells, and crosses, who followed and tormented us till we were far beyond the precincts of the town. Then we came to the Well of Bethlehem by the gate, and saw the grotto built on the spot where the shepherds were sup-

posed to have been "watching their flocks by night" when they saw the star arise in the East. On our way back we met crowds of pilgrims, principally Russians, making their pilgrimage to the sacred shrine. We passed Rebecca's tomb on our way back, and two hours' steady riding brought us to Jerusalem.

Thursday, December 2.—Our tents and baggage had not gone through Jerusalem, but straight on from Mar Saba to Ramleh, so we started from the hotel in light marching order about 9 A.M. this morning. The road was good and less steep than usual, and led through a pleasant country, but the jog-trot pace of the horses is most trying. Close to the site of the ancient Kirjath-Jearim, where the Ark was kept until David took it to Jerusalem, is a beautiful Gothic church dedicated to St. Jeremiah. A few years ago this locality was made dangerous by an Arab chief, whose lawlessness kept the whole country side in awe. We next passed Emmaus, and soon after, finding a magnificent carob-tree over a well, stopped to lunch and rest during the heat of the day. We had not sat there long before a large Russian party came up and dismounted also to rest near us. They had hired a large steamer, and had come direct from the Crimea to the Holy Land. The road presented nothing of interest from this point, and we missed our way again as we approached Ramleh. It was no wonder, for the tents had been pitched quite away from the road. However, servants were out with lanterns looking for us, and we soon found ourselves at the camp.

Friday, December 3.—We had a most enchanting ride into Jaffa this morning, through groves of orange, lemon, citron, and apricot trees, but when we reached the fortified gates of the city at noon, lo! they were closed, for this is the Mahometan Sabbath. It required time and patience and backsheesh to get in at last, after an hour passed amid a motley crowd of camels, soldiers, and fruit merchants. When once inside we were equally eager to get out again, for Jaffa is indescribably squalid and dirty; hungry as we were, it was an effort to eat any of the breakfast provided for us at a miserable hotel. After the attempt had been made, we hastened on board the French steamer, Akurah protesting vehemently against

the embarkation, and being only got on board by the summary process of flinging him in after us. Once on board, however, he wandered about at his own sweet will, everybody being too much afraid of him to tie him up. The steamer was a fine and large one, with an excellent *cuisine*, but the deck looked filthily dirty, for it was crowded with Arabs, Turks, Jews, and pilgrims of every nation, and of the lowest class. They lived, slept, and cooked on deck, and to add to the noise, dirt, and confusion, the hold was filled with sheep. I had to go to bed directly I arrived, and to be put under the

French doctor's care, who, however, did not do me much good.

With the embarkation at Jaffa my "Journal in the Holy Land" ends. Notwithstanding the fact that I was dangerously ill for more than two months at Malta, and that I still occasionally feel the effects of that dreadful Syrian fever, I shall always regard the journey in Palestine as one of the most interesting of my many wanderings; a feeling which would be greatly enhanced if I could think that it was in any degree shared by my present readers.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

A TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONNETS.*

THIS is a very fine collection of English sonnets, and, as far as we know, omits none which would be unquestionably regarded by all good critics as of the first rank in power and beauty. Mr. Main gives it to us in two editions, the more beautiful of which, the handsome quarto, has all the honors that fine paper and perfect type can give it, and is a volume the possession of which will soon be envied by book-collectors. The octavo edition, though not enhanced with the same exceptional advantages of form, is, however, very carefully printed; nor would it be very easy, we think, greatly to swell the small list of errata with which it is concluded. Whatever errors there may be in the book are, we think, rather errors of criticism, to be found in the notes, than errors of judgment in the original work of selection; but even the notes are always informing and throw real light on the subjects of the sonnets. We do not mean, of course, that among the second-rate sonnets—and Mr. Main very frankly says that he has endeavored to include the sonnets "by those writers who have attained the highest, or nearly the highest, excellence in this species of composition"—there are not a good many which we would willingly exchange for others by the same hand. Of course, on a question of taste so delicate,

the judgment of no two men will ever really coincide. But we can find no sonnet which we should unhesitatingly expunge, as clearly unworthy of such a collection as this. The selection errs, if at all, rather by redundancy than by omission. Mr. Main is a little more inclined than we are to appreciate sonnets which we should call overstrained, like some of Julian Fane's, or even affected, like some of Sidney Dobell's and Mrs. Browning's. But, on the whole, we have little to complain of. Perhaps Mr. Main might have weeded a little more, even when dealing with the greatest of the sonnet-writers. There are some even of those selected from Shakespeare's sonnets which fall far short of the great poet's highest mark, and two at least of Milton's. There are not a few too of Wordsworth's which we would rather have omitted, or replaced. Still it is much to say that we do not miss one of the very greatest English sonnets known to us, and that of the second rank but a few are absent. As a test of Mr. Main's discretion and judgment, we have compared carefully his selection from Wordsworth with that recently made by Mr. Arnold, and think it, on the whole, the better of the two. Mr. Arnold, in his sixty sonnets, has left out two which seem to us of the very first rank of English sonnets, the exquisite sonnet—

* "A Treasury of English Sonnets." Edited from the Original Sources, with Notes and Illustrations. By David M. Main. Manchester: Alexander Ireland & Co.

"Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind,
I turned to share the transport—oh, with
whom?
But thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,

That spot which no vicissitude can find.
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my
 mind—
 But how could I forget thee? Through what
 power,
 Even for the least division of an hour,
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
 To my most grievous loss? That thought's
 return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no
 more;
 That neither present time nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face re-
 store."

And again, the sonnet to Lady Fitzgerald, in her seventieth year—a sonnet which exhibits Wordsworth's style in its most perfect crystalline beauty, and for mere melody and workmanship is hardly surpassed by any thing he has written—is included here, but omitted by Mr. Arnold. Further, the fine sonnet on the disappearance of the spinning-wheel, beginning, "Grief, thou hast lost an ever present friend," one highly characteristic of Wordsworth, and also very beautiful in substance, is introduced by Mr. Main, and forgotten by Mr. Arnold. On the other hand, Mr. Arnold has the two fine sonnets on the comparative inspiration of Classic and English poetry, those beginning "Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side," and "Adieu, Rydalian laurels, that have grown;" and the two noble sonnets to Mrs. Wordsworth's picture, which Mr. Main gives only in his notes, and not, as he should do, in the body of the text. But, take it all in all, Mr. Main's selection from Wordsworth's sonnets is more adequate than Mr. Arnold's. And as each selector has extracted about the same number, sixty sonnets, this is no slight praise.

Mr. Main's selections from Hartley Coleridge—a quite first-rate sonnet-writer, though not a quite first-rate poet—is very perfect. And we rejoice to see that he has given us Hood's two magnificent sonnets on "Silence" and "Death," which are less known than they ought to be:

SILENCE.

"There is a silence where hath been no sound,
 There is a silence where no sound may be,
 In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
 Or in wide desert where no life is found,
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep
 profound;

No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
 That never spoke, over the idle ground:
 But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
 Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
 And owls, that flit continually between,
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
 There the true Silence is, self-conscious and
 alone."

DEATH.

"It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
 This eloquent breath shall take its speechless
 flight;
 That sometime these bright stars, that now
 reply
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;
 That this warm conscious flesh shall perish
 quite,
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
 That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal
 sprite
 Be lapped in alien clay and laid below;
 It is not death to know this—but to know
 That pious thoughts, which visit at new
 graves
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
 So duly and so oft—and when grass waves
 Over the past-away, there may be then
 No resurrection in the minds of men."

Blanco White's unique sonnet—the only sonnet of the first class ever written, we suppose, by a man otherwise unknown as a poet—is also here. But we cannot at all agree with Mr. Main that the version which he gives us in the Notes as the original version is at all equal—much less, as he thinks it, superior—to the one generally known, and which Blanco White himself regarded as the more polished version. We give the two:

THE EARLY VERSION.

"Mysterious Night! when the first Man but
 knew
 Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely Frame,
 This glorious canopy of Light and Blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting Flame,
 Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
 And lo! Creation widened on his view!
 Who could have thought what darkness lay
 concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such endless Orbs thou mad'st us
 blind?
 Weak man! why to shun Death this anxious
 strife?
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?"

THE LATER VERSION.

"Mysterious Night! when our first parent
 knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,

This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay
 concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us
 blind!
 Why do we then shun Death with anxious
 strife?
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?"

"Opinion will," says Mr. Main, "of course be divided on the comparative merit of the two versions. For my own part, though feeling obliged to recognize the later as the authoritative text still, I cannot but on the whole agree with Mr. Graves in preferring the earlier; and for the following reasons, which are well put in his own words: 'L. 1. "the first Man" brings more simply before the mind the dominant idea; *parent* embarrasses it. 2. Against the introduction of the word *divine* it may be urged that we do not want, it is rather incumbering, to be told the origin of the report. But being told that it is *divine* *interferes* with the thought; for information from such a source would be calculated to take away dread of the approaching change. If the word is inserted merely to justify the word *report*, no other man but Adam then being in existence, it indicates a fault in both versions. Perhaps it would have been simpler and better if the approach of the sun to the horizon as *observed* by the first man, and the decreasing light, had been given as the cause of his imagined terror. 8. in *man's view*: a change for the worse in every way. It is most harsh in sound, and the poet has no right to speak of man in the abstract in connection with the momentary effect upon the one man, indicated by the *lo!* at the beginning of the line. "On his view" reads smoothly, and just says what is wanted. [11. It were to be wished that the recovered version had removed the tautological blemish from which this line suffers, as might easily and happily be done by the substitution of "flower" for *fly*]. 12. "endless" seems better to describe the action of the first man's mind as he *observes*, rather traversing space and the bright objects it contains, than *counting*, or attempting to count, them; which would be an exercise of the mind less simple and less likely to be immediate. 13. Here, again, both sound and sense are in favor of the original line. Nothing can be more prosaic and poor than the first five monosyllables in the corrected line; and *then* and *shun* follow each other most cacophonously. The original line, if not much superior—it is superior—in sound, has a pathos which the corrected line has not; and it is properly addressed to the whole family of man.'"

But wherever the earlier differs from the later version, the rhythm of the earlier seems to us very lame, except indeed

as regards the trivial alteration of "his" into "man's," at the end of the eighth line, where the grammar rather requires the change, as otherwise "his" might be supposed to refer to Hesperus, instead of to the first man. The first line of the early version is awkward in rhythm, and even inferior in expression to the later, since it is the *relative* difference between the view of one who, though our own ancestor, had no experience to guide him and the ordinary view of human beings at the present day, on which the sonnet turns. "Unseen," again, is a little difficult, the context not immediately explaining it, which is always a fault in a sonnet. "Endless" is incorrect as applied to orbs, and does not seem to us to express what Mr. Main and Mr. Graves think it expresses. The thirteenth line in the early version, which Mr. Graves thinks so good, reads to us like the awkward English of a foreigner—which, of course, Blanco White was—but which he does not in the least betray in the finished version. The interrogative form, "Why to shun Death this anxious strife?" is certainly clumsy, and obstructs the thought of the sonnet at the most critical point, the climax of the thought.

It seems to us that Mr. Main, in laying down the requisitions of a true sonnet, as he does in the preface—namely, that it should be in fourteen decasyllabic lines, and should be penetrated by a single thought or emotion—might have added, as a third requisite, though it would certainly have excluded many of the sonnets here given, that a true sonnet should rise into a climax in the last two lines—should kindle into flame as it expires. Insisting on this last condition, we should have had Mr. Main's selection diminished by perhaps one half—one or two even of Shakespeare's, for instance, fade away into baldness and weakness at the end—but it would have then contained only those sonnets which leave on the mind a really satisfying effect. No sonnet does leave on the mind a really satisfying effect which fades away at the close. For instance, the following sonnet of Wordsworth's leaves on the reader the impression of almost blank disappointment, through this failure in it to rise in significance toward the close:

"FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT
THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE OF STAFFA.

"Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that
brave

What Summer here escapes not, the fierce
wave,

And whole artillery of the western blast,
Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn
nave

Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and archi-
trave,

Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast:
Calm as the Universe, from specular towers
Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure
With mute astonishment, it stands sustained
Through every part in symmetry, to endure,
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his
hours,

As the supreme Artificer ordained."

Compare that with almost any of Hart-
ley Coleridge's sonnets; this, for in-
stance, and we do not take in this the
best of Hartley Coleridge's:

"PRAYER.

"Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.

Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever
pray,

Though hope be weak, or sick with long
delay;

Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall
cease;

Yet every prayer for universal peace

Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of
Heaven,

Though it be what thou canst not hope to
see:

Pray to be perfect, though material heaven

Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;

But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,

Then pray to God to cast that wish away."

Or this of Mr. W. C. Roscoe's, of which
we see with pleasure that Mr. Main has
extracted six of great beauty:

"The bubble of the silver-springing waves,
Castalian music, and that flattering sound,
Low rustling of the loved Apollian leaves,
With which my youthful hair was to be
crowned,

Grow dimmer in my ears; white Beauty
grieves

Over her votary, less frequent found;

And not untouched by storms, my life-boat
heaves

Through the splashed ocean-waters, outward-
bound.

And as the leaning mariner, his hand

Clasped on his ear, strives trembling to re-
claim

Some loved lost echo from the fleeting
strand,

So lean I back to the poetic land;

And in my heart a sound, a voice, a name

Hangs, as above the lamp hangs the expir-
ing flame."

Mr. Main could hardly have done bet-
ter than he has done, unless he had been
bent on making a very much smaller and
more perfect selection—that is, on ex-
cluding all sonnets of the second or
third class altogether. For what it aims
at, this book is a genuine success.—
The Spectator.

A NIGHT WATCH.

"TOUT LASSE, TOUT CASSE, TOUT PASSE."

I.

UPON the threshold of her door she lies,

The yellow harvest light is over all;

Once more she watches as the daylight dies;

Once more she watches the long shadows fall.

Around, the silent land stretched waste and bare;

Below, the waters rose and broke and fell;

And throbbing through the heavy windless air

Came the dull murmur of the distant swell.

The wild white sea-gull screams above her head,

And bloodless roses climb about the door,

And in her heavy eyes delight is dead,

And passion lies death-bound for evermore.

Her naked feet rest on the sharp gray stone,
 Her empty hands fall idly still and cold,
 Her lips forget the joy they once had known,
 The vain sweet rapture that was theirs of old.

II.

The damp night wind is rising through the land,
 Stirring the grasses on the low sea wall,
 The chill sea mist creeps slow along the sand,
 And in the night the dark waves rise and fall.

The midnight tide comes swiftly up the shore,
 Across the darkened sky the black clouds sweep,
 And still she watches by that silent door
 With dreamless eyes weighed down with pain and sleep.

And hour by hour the restless waters rise,
 And drench her loosened hair with wind-blown spray;
 About her weary feet the sea foam lies,
 And yet she watches—till the break of day.

III.

Far off the sunk moon lingers, dim and red;
 Far off the pale dawn wakens, chill and gray;
 Over the land a shadowy light is spread,
 And with the night the storm winds die away.

The waves have brought their burden to her feet—
 Her drownèd Love, with blood-red seaweed crowned—
 Her drownèd Love (oh, bitter yoke and sweet
 With which Love's hands our idle hearts have bound !)

Silent and cold, low at her door he lies,
 About his brow clings close the tangled hair,
 And closed forever are the blinded eyes—
 The passionate lips are still and calm and fair.

Take back thy Love—he has come back at last—
 Take back thy Love of lonely desolate years;
 Kiss his dead lips to life—forget the past—
 Wipe off the stain upon his brow with tears !

IV.

Slowly she rises—Life has run its race—
 Her gray eyes look upon his crownèd head,
 On the dark waters, on the calm white face—
 With dull dead eyes she looks upon the dead.

No cry from her set lips—no flush of pain—
 He has come back ; but she had long to wait ;
 Long weary years had she kept watch in vain—
 Love has come back, but he has come too late.

Take back thy dead, oh strong, dark, ruthless Sea,
 Hide his fair face in beds of wind-blown foam ;
 Fear not, pale Death, he will be true to thee !
 Fear not, O Sea, he will not leave thy home !

Over the threshold drifts the tide. The door
 Is shut. The waves have borne their dead away.
 The Watcher is within—but never more
 Will she keep watch until the break of day.

Macmillan's Magazine.

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB.

BY THE EDITOR.

FOR the following brief biography of Professor Newcomb, one of the most eminent of American astronomers, and a distinguished mathematician, we are indebted mainly to Appletons' "American Cyclopædia."

SIMON NEWCOMB was born at Wallace, Nova Scotia, on the 12th of March, 1835. Coming to the United States in his youth, he taught school for several years in Maryland, and speedily acquired such a reputation for proficiency in mathematics that he was employed as computer on the *Nautical Almanac* for 1857. He began his original investigations in theoretical astronomy in 1858 ; and three years later, in 1861, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Navy, and ordered to the Naval Observatory at Washington, where he has since remained. He negotiated the contract for the great telescope authorized by Congress, supervised its construction, and planned the tower and dome in which it is mounted. He was a member and secretary of the commission created by Congress in 1871 to provide for the observation of the Transit of Venus, that occurred on December 9th, 1874 ; and the work of organizing parties, selecting their stations, and planning the system of observations, fell chiefly upon him. In 1872 he was elected a foreign associate of the Royal Astronomical Society of England ; and in 1874 he received that society's gold medal for his tables of Uranus and Neptune. In the

same year (1874) he was elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and received the degree of LL.D. from the Columbian University at Washington. In 1875 he received the same degree from Yale College, and the honorary degree of Ph.D. from the University of Leyden, at its three hundredth anniversary. Also in that year he was made a member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, and of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences.

The most important astronomical works that Professor Newcomb has published are : "On the Secular Variations and Mutual Relations of the Orbits of the Asteroids" (1860) ; "Tables of the Planet Neptune" ; "Investigation of the Solar Parallax" (1867) ; "On the Action of the Planets on the Moon," communicated to the French Academy during a visit to France in 1871 ; "Tables of Uranus" (1873) ; "Popular Astronomy" (1878) ; and a volume on "Astronomy" in the American Science Series, designed for use in schools and colleges (1879).

Professor Newcomb has also published "A Critical Examination of the Financial Policy during the Southern Rebellion" (1865) ; and has contributed to various periodicals on political economy and similar topics. "The A B C of Finance" is one of his latest publications (1878).

LITERARY NOTICES.

SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST; OR, CRUISES TO CYPRUS AND CONSTANTINOPLE. By Mrs. Brassey. With upward of 100 Illustrations, chiefly from Drawings by [the Hon. A. Y. Bingham. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Though less continuously interesting, perhaps, than her charming "*Voyage Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam*," the readers and admirers secured for Mrs. Brassey by the latter work will not be disappointed in the present one. It describes two distinct yachting cruises through the Mediterranean to Constantinople and back to England; and its title is meant to indicate the change which had passed over Constantinople in the four years that intervened between the two visits. "Melancholy, indeed," says Mrs. Brassey, "seemed the change in the Turkish capital during the four years since our last visit—a change from all that was bright and glittering to all that was dull and miserable and wretched. It may perhaps be interesting to the reader to compare impressions formed under circumstances so widely different, though the narrative must necessarily appear disjointed and disconnected on account of the intervening years."

The first voyage was made in 1874, and included visits to Tangier, Gibraltar, Sicily, and Athens, a cruise along the coasts of Greece and among the islands of the Archipelago, a somewhat protracted stay at Constantinople, where sight-seeing was methodically pursued, a cruise through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and along the coast of Asia Minor, and back home by way of Corfu and other Ionian Islands, Messina, Naples, and Nice. The second voyage was made in 1878, by way of Naples, Capri, Messina, and Cyprus to Constantinople again, with a return by Malta and Marseilles. During this voyage Cyprus, which had then recently been occupied by the British in accordance with the convention with Turkey, was thoroughly explored; and the accounts given of its unhealthiness and of the sufferings of the troops surpass the most sensational of the reports that were sent home by the newspaper correspondents.

It will be seen by this itinerary that both voyages comprised visits to places that form the consecrated ground of history and romance; and Mrs. Brassey's lack of imagination is rather painfully apparent in her account of them. What she does best is in catching and recording those minute details which would be overlooked by a more resourceful writer, but which give realism and interest to the scanty and somewhat monotonous inci-

dents of life aboard ship. Her style is rather that of the inventory than of any more strictly literary type, yet she manages to convey an impression of fidelity and trustworthiness which go far to compensate for the absence of the lighter and more picturesque graces. The chapters on Greece and Cyprus are disappointing; one feels that the descriptions are altogether too arid for the subject; but the record of the visits to Constantinople is exceptionally interesting by reason of the exceptional advantages which the author enjoyed. Her acquaintance with the great people of the place rendered many places and spectacles accessible, from which most visitors are jealously excluded; and no one but a woman could have gotten materials for the interesting disclosures which she makes concerning the growing discontent of the higher-class Turkish women with the restraints and seclusion of the harem. The children of the present day, she says, "are brought up to think the system of yashmaks (veils) and confinement a most tyrannical custom, and not to be endured;" and she remarks that, "in spite of the Sultan Valideh's edicts, the yashmaks get thinner and thinner every day, till in many cases they are little more than tulle veils." "The broughams containing the ladies from the harems draw up at the mosques of Bymzel at Mashleck, or the gardens at Chumleyjah, the negroes and eunuchs discreetly turn their backs, and a good deal of flirting and sign-making goes on." One of the princesses said to Mrs. Brassey, "How odd it must be to you Europeans to hear us talk about our brothers and sisters and their mothers, for there are just as many of the one as of the other;" and then, speaking of religion, she added, "I have read the Koran straight through thirty times in the original Arabic, and many expositions. The priests try and teach us to believe that there is one God, neither man nor woman, but a spirit, and that Mahomet is his prophet. But how are we to believe *that*, when every thing is for man, and nothing for woman? A good God could not be so unjust. He must be all man, and a bad Turk too. We are told that we must kneel to our husbands and kiss their hands. If they kiss ours (as mine always does, he having lived in Western Europe), their lips will be burnt, and our hands also, with the most horrible torture. We are to walk, even when weak and suffering, while they ride; and we must carry their parcels too. It can't be right. As I don't believe that, how am I to believe any thing?" Another lady amused Mrs. Brassey greatly by saying, "Though my husband is not so particular himself, I don't believe he

will ever do any thing to emancipate us, or get us places at the theatre. They are all alike—such *Turks*!—and are only too glad of an excuse to go out alone and enjoy themselves." Obviously Mrs. Brassey is quite right in saying that "this discontent will assuredly bring about a revolution, in spite of the special services for women in the mosques, and the special priests to address them on the duty of subjection."

There are many other passages of equal interest in the chapters on Constantinople; and the daily journal of the incidents and occurrences at sea possesses the peculiar charm of the earlier work—a charm quite independent of the importance of the events recorded. The illustrations are a much more prominent feature of the present volume than of its predecessor, and many of them are beautiful specimens of wood-engraving.

THE YOUNGER EDDA. An English Version. With Introduction, Notes, Vocabulary, and Index. By Rasmus B. Anderson, Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

The occasional gleams of poetic beauty that come to us from out of the "misty North" reveal but tantalizingly the rich materials for romance and poetry which lie hidden in the unexplored fields of Scandinavian mythology. Gibbon pointed out the splendid possibilities for an epic poem like the *Æneid*, in the wanderings of the semi-historic Odin, who, like *Æneas*, driven by the Norns, first came from Asgard to the Baltic shores, and there became the founder of a mighty race. A single myth, contained in the story of the "Niflungs and Gjukungs" of the Younger Edda, furnished the ground-work for the "Nibelungen-Lied," William Morris's "Sigurd the Volsung," Forester's "Echoes from Mist-Land," and Wagner's "Nibelungen Trilogy." But the skald is yet to appear who, having drunk deep at the fountain of Mimer, shall sing of Balder the Beautiful, Idun and her apples of perpetual youth, and the many other beautiful myths, all alike filled with the pure spirit of poetry. The sons of Odin have long been devout worshippers at the shrines of the Greek and Roman gods, unmindful or ignorant of the beauties and fascinations of their own ancestral faith; but the revelations of a few great poets, such as Longfellow and Morris, and the earnest work of scholars like Prof. Anderson, are slowly converting them from this apostasy.

The present admirable presentation of the Younger Edda, together with the same author's "Norse Mythology" and "Viking Tales," will certainly do very much toward directing attention to these golden mines of yet unquarried literary material. In prepar-

ing these works Prof. Anderson has rendered an inestimable service to both the makers and readers of books, and he should receive from every lover of English literature a generous and hearty encouragement.

The Eddas constituted the Bible of the old Teutonic religion; and their many striking resemblances to the Christian Bible have often been pointed out. The Elder Edda, like the Old Testament, is written in poetry, presenting in a series of lays or rhapsodies the mythic and prophetic foundation of the *asa-faith*. The Younger Edda, or New Testament, is in plain prose, and is an interpretative sequel to the Elder. It contains the complete system of theosophy and cosmography as understood and believed by the fathers of our race. Copious extracts from the Elder Edda were given by Prof. Anderson in his "Norse Mythology." In the present work he has translated all of the Younger Edda that is of any interest to general readers, more indeed that has ever before appeared either in English or in any of the modern Scandinavian tongues. The value of the translation is increased very much by the excellent introductory matter and voluminous notes. In the latter Prof. Anderson has included the whole of the saga of Odin's pilgrimage, taken from the "Heimskringla," a history of the kings of Norway, written in the early part of the thirteenth century, which Emerson has styled "the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of our race."

ENGLAND: HER PEOPLE, POLITY, AND PURSUITS. By T. H. S. ESCOTT. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

In this comprehensive work the author has performed a most difficult and complex task in a thoroughly admirable and satisfactory manner. There is unquestionably something of presumptuousness in the undertaking on the part of one man to portray a vast, complicated, and progressive civilization within the limits of a few hundred pages; yet, after a careful perusal of the book, the reader will find that there are remarkably few questions that could properly be asked about the social and political condition of contemporary England that are left unanswered or unconsidered. A partial explanation of this adequacy and comprehensiveness—this compacting of *multum in parvo*—is that the author has confined himself almost entirely to the collection and presentation of carefully-authenticated facts, and seldom ventures upon inferences or opinions. The "dry light" of science illuminates the work; and in spite of the innumerable "vexed questions" with which it deals, it is impossible to say at the end whether Mr. Escott is a Tory or a Liberal, whether he be most in sympathy with the aristocratic or the democratic view of society

and the State. What can be said of him with confidence is that he is a close observer, a most industrious and painstaking compiler, and a thoroughly impartial and liberal-minded man.

As our space will not allow us to enter upon any detailed description of the work, we can best convey an idea of its scope and arrangement by quoting the Table of Contents. The first chapter is introductory and general, but valuable as indicating the author's viewpoint and method of work. Then, beginning with the relatively simple and special, and proceeding by gradual steps to the more complex and general, the chapters discuss successively "The English Village," "Great Landlords, and Estate Management," "Rural Administration," "Municipal Government," "Towns of Business," "Towns of Pleasure," "Commercial and Financial England," "Commercial Administration," "The Working Classes" (to which two most valuable and instructive chapters are assigned), "Pauperism and Thrift," "Co-operation," "Criminal England," "Travelling and Hotels," "Educational England," "The Social Revolution," "The Structure of English Society," "Society and Politics," "Crown and Crowd," "Official England," "The House of Commons," "The House of Lords," "The Law Courts," "The Services," "Religious England," "Modern Philosophical Thought," "Modern Culture and Literature," "Popular Amusements," "Professional England," "Imperial England, and Conclusion."

Of these chapters, each of which is a comprehensive treatise on the topic or phenomena with which it deals, those on "Commercial and Financial England," on "Criminal England," on the "Law Courts," and on "English Philosophy and Thought," were contributed by other writers, each a specialist in his particular field. The rest were written by Mr. Escott himself, and are based, we are assured, either upon personal observation or upon the testimony of authorities whose trustworthiness is conceded and whose works have been studied at first-hand. Further, in order to insure the greatest attainable accuracy, where accuracy is all-important, portions of the proofs were submitted to such specialists as would be most likely to detect errors either of statement or of inference. And finally—what should be regarded as indispensable in such a work—a copious index classifies and renders accessible the vast aggregation of facts.

THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST. By Thos. Hughes, Q.C. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The definition which Mr. Hughes gives of the word "manliness"—courage, moral as well as physical, loyalty to truth, and patience, or self-control—removes any objection which

there might be to the application of a term so purely secular in its associations to the sacred figure of Christ. The papers of which the little book is composed were suggested by the fact which had often come under the author's notice that among a certain class of otherwise good and worthy men there was a dislike of "Young Men's Christian Associations," and similar societies, because of the impression that these associations tended to produce and encourage in their members a sort of sentimental effeminacy which disqualified them from playing an active and vigorous part in the rough work of life. Certain gentlemen in different parts of England, influenced by this feeling, conceived the idea of forming young men's clubs on the basis of muscular Christianity, with the object of showing that the moral and ethical features of Christian creed and conduct are not incompatible with a quite special cultivation of physical manliness; and these gentlemen proposed to Mr. Hughes that he should lend his aid in the advocacy and propagation of their scheme. Mr. Hughes could not see his way to participation in the scheme on the basis submitted, because the proposed tests of manliness were of too physical or "animal" a type; but reflection upon the subject convinced him that there was a genuine difficulty behind the discontent which had sought such eccentric expression, and the thought occurred to him that something might be done toward removing the misapprehension upon which the discontent was founded.

Such is the origin of the present essay, the object of which is to show that of *true* manliness—the manliness of a man as distinct from mere animal courage and hardihood—He who braved the scorn of his people, the fanatical rage of rival sectaries, the hostility alike of dominant Roman and disappointed Jew, the suspicion and incredulity of his most intimate friends, the solitary suffering in the Garden of Gethsemane, and, last of all, death in its most painful and ignoble form—who braved and endured all these, and could neither be tempted nor driven from the straight and thorny path of duty—even He is the supreme type and exemplar.

In order to secure prominence and emphasis for these aspects of Christ's life and character, Mr. Hughes narrates anew that most moving of all stories; and, after reading it, no one will be disposed to say that it tends to encourage and countenance weakness or effeminacy of any kind.

THE READER'S HAND-BOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES. By the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Who has not asked what such and such a

book is about? and who would not be glad to have his question answered correctly in a few words? When the title of a play is mentioned, who has not felt a desire to know who was the author of it?—for it seems a universal practice to allude to the title of dramas without stating the author. And when reference is made to some character, who has not wished to know something specific about the person referred to? The object of this Hand-book is to supply these wants."

Such is Dr. Brewer's concise account of the scope and purpose of his work; but even this scarcely conveys an adequate idea of its varied usefulness. Not only is every question which the most omnivorous reader would be likely to ask answered in the most satisfactory manner, but a vast deal of curious and valuable information which he would never think of asking for is furnished him, and there is scarcely any phase or department of literature to the illustration of which Dr. Brewer has not brought some fresh, interesting, and helpful gleanings. For example, besides the summaries or outlines of the great epic and narrative poems, of the more famous novels and romances, of the fairy tales and dramatic plots, and of the characters that figure in them all, fruitful revelations are made of the sources from which dramatists and romancers have derived their stories, and numerous instances are given of the strange repetitions of historic incidents. To the book proper are added two Appendices, which will be found very useful, the first containing a list of all the dramatic works mentioned in the Hand-book, with author and date; and the second containing the date of the divers poems and novels given under the author's name.

The Hand-book is indeed a prodigious storehouse of carefully-classified information; and when its value once becomes known it is likely to be more frequently in the hands of readers and students than any work of the kind that has ever been compiled.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

AN interesting discovery has just been made at Wells, England, of upward of a thousand original documents, some of which date back to the thirteenth century. Many of the seals are in a beautiful state of preservation. They were found in an old oaken press in the almshouses.

THE total number of journals and periodicals at present appearing in Russia is officially given as 608. Of these 417 are in Russian, 54 in Polish, 10 in French, 40 in German, 3 in Latin, 11 in Lithuanian, 7 in Esthonian, 2 in

Finnish, 4 in Hebrew, 7 in Armenian, 3 in Georgian, and 4 in Tartar. There are also 46 journals published in the Grand-Duchy of Finland.

GERMAN scholars in this country will be glad to hear that Dr. Daniel Sanders is now issuing a supplement to his great German dictionary, which will retain its value as an excellent and handy lexicographical work of reference, even when the gigantic "Wörterbuch" of the brothers Grimm has been completed.

ACCORDING to the *Cologne Gazette* the Papal archives have been recently enriched by some inestimable treasures. Among other matters these newly-acquired documents consist of autograph letters from Cardinals Farnese, Sfondrati, Polo, Carlo Borromeo, Pope Pius V., and several dignitaries present at the Council of Trent. The papers throw much light upon ecclesiastical history during the last three centuries.

A LITERARY curiosity and *jeu d'esprit* has just been published at Amsterdam. It consists of three short stories, possessing the peculiarity that in each of them only one vowel is employed, in the first *a*, in the second *e*, and in the third *o*, according to which the stories are entitled "A-Saga," "E-Legende," "O-Sprook." In the Dutch language only would such a feat be possible. The authors of these *tour de force* are the philologists Professor Boscha, Dr. Jacob van Leuness, and Dr. van der Hoeren, all three now dead, the little stories having lain unpublished for more than ten years.

THE *Gazette des Femmes* gives interesting statistics as to the number of female authors, painters, and sculptors in France. Out of 1700 female authors, two thirds are natives of the provinces—more especially the Southern—and one third of Paris; of this number 1000 write novels or stories for the young, and 150 educational works, while 200 are poets. Two thousand one hundred and fifty female artists figure as exhibitors, including 107 sculptors, 602 painters in oil, 193 miniaturists, 754 china painters, 494 water-color painters, fan painters, etc. Of the 2150 artists no less than two thirds are Parisians.

As the English daily papers have been full of the achievement of the young lady at Girton College who obtained so many marks from the Examiners for the Mathematical Tripos that she would have taken the eighth place among the Wranglers had she been allowed to compete, it may be as well to remark that on the result of the Three Days' examination she stood third. The merit of her achievement is enhanced by the fact that when she entered at Girton her mathematical reading was comparatively slight, while most of the first fifteen

Wranglers had 'already "read high" before they went to Cambridge.

TALLEYRAND'S memoirs will not be printed before next July, the ms. being in the hands of one M. Audral, who absolutely declines to break the seal until the arrival of the time set by their author. Publishers are said to be greatly excited over these memoirs, and M. Audral tells an amusing tale of one who, after offering him in vain an enormous sum for them, said at length, in the most oily and persuasive manner, "Sir, take the money. All I ask is to have the ms. in my hand for two days, and it shall then be returned to you. I will publish a mangled and distorted copy; you will bring an action against me for damages, and will certainly win. Surely you can have no objection to such a proposition, for all the profit will be on your side." And he was astonished when his offer was refused.

THERE has been so much discussion on the signatures of Shakespeare one would hardly have thought there was more to be said. A rather startling heresy, however, respecting the last signature to his will, has been broached in a second pamphlet on the subject just issued by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. "A distinguished scholar," he observes, "has just pointed out to me—and it is most singularly curious so obvious a fact should have escaped the notice of all others—that the character following the letter *k* is the then well-known and accepted contraction for *es*." If this interpretation be confirmed, the longer form of the poet's name will have the sanction of autographic authority.

MR. JOHN HOGG has in the press an entirely new work on Poe, by Mr. J. H. Ingram, entitled, "Edgar Allan Poe: his Life, Letters, and Opinions." This is the exhaustive life of the American poet upon which Mr. Ingram is known to have been so long engaged, and in preparing which he has, it is said, obtained much valuable assistance from the late Mrs. Whitman, the late Mrs. Houghton, the poet's "Annie," Mrs. Shelton, John Neal, Mrs. Gore Nichols, "Stella," the Poes of Baltimore, Colonel Preston, and many others. The work promises to contain a very large amount of biographical material not hitherto made public, including, beside other matters of interest, more than forty new letters, much fresh information about Poe's parentage, his early life in England and America, his school days, his University and West Point career, adventures in Europe, literary transactions, *affaires de cœur*, a full account of the Dunn English libel and the poet's rejoinder, an explanation of the cause which drove him to stimulants, etc. The work will be issued in two volumes, with new portrait, *fac-simile*, etc.—*Academy*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A MAP OF MARS.—A map of Mars, on Mercator's projection, constructed by Professor Harkness, from observations made at the United States Naval Observatory, Washington, is published in the *Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society. It shows ten dark spots, one Y-shaped, one having the form of a leather apron, one a bullet, the others generally resembling willow-leaves, ranged in parallel lines from east to west. The south polar ice shows an important segment in the upper border of the map, and is, as seen through the telescope, pure white, while the color of the planet is a golden yellow, and that of the spots or markings is a light indigo blue. The spots are by some observers supposed to be land. So far as it goes this map is a very interesting representation of Mars. Professor Harkness hopes to improve it greatly during the opposition of next autumn.

PRIMITIVE ENGINEERING FEATS.—At a meeting last session of the Anthropological Institute the President referred to an explanation that had been given of the way in which the huge and heavy stones standing as monoliths, or in groups as tombs and temples, had been lifted into place, a long standing and puzzling question. Among the hill tribes of India there are some who still erect big stones as memorials; and, as is reported, they recently carried stone weighing twenty tons up a high hill in the course of a few hours. The ponderous block was inclosed in a wooden framework so arranged that a large number of men could lift all at once, and in this simple way it was borne to the hill-top, a height of four thousand feet. That such a practice still exists is fair ground for assuming that it prevailed in the primeval ages. And that enormous weights are transported by mere manual labor is stated by Captain Basil Hall, who at a port in India saw a number of natives lift and carry a ship's anchor of the largest dimensions.

THE DEGREE OF COLD THAT SEEDS WILL ENDURE.—Researches made by Messrs. De Candolle and Pictet, of Geneva, on the degree of cold to which seeds of plants can be subjected without impairing their vitality, present very remarkable results. It is not the first time that such experiments have been tried; but the means now available for maintaining a low temperature for a long time impart to present investigations a degree of certainty never before possible. Seeds of cabbage, mustard, cress, and wheat were separately inclosed in glass tubes, hermetically sealed, and where then exposed during six hours to a course of refrigeration, in which the temperature was reduced to fifty degrees below zero of centi-

grade. No precautions were taken to restore them gradually to the ordinary temperature. They were sown, and all except seven grains of wheat, which had been damaged, germinated in the same time as seeds which had not been refrigerated. Another experiment was made with thirteen different kinds of seeds. It lasted two hours, and during half that period the temperature was brought down to eighty degrees below zero. They all germinated except three sorts, which were proved to be bad, by the fact that non-chilled seeds of the same kind did not grow.

INFLUENCE OF COLOR ON THE GROWTH OF ANIMALS.—That the different colors of the spectrum have an influence on vegetation has long been known. Plants grown under green glass soon die; under red glass they live a long time, but become pale and slender. Mr. Yung, of the University of Geneva, has placed the eggs of frogs and fishes in similar conditions, and found that violet light quickens their development; and blue, yellow, and light also, but in a lesser degree. Tadpoles, on the contrary, die sooner in colored light than in white light. As regards frogs, Mr. Yung has ascertained that their development is not stopped by darkness, as some observers have supposed, but that the process is much slower than in the light.

OPTICAL POWER OF SPECTROSCOPES.—Lord Rayleigh notes in the *Philosophical Magazine* that as the power of a telescope is measured by the closeness of the double stars which it can resolve, so the power of a spectroscope ought to be measured by the closeness of the closest double lines in the spectrum which it is competent to resolve. In this sense it is possible for one instrument to be more powerful than a second in one part of the spectrum, while in another part the second instrument is more powerful than the first. The most striking cases of this inversion occur when one instrument is a diffraction and the other a dispersion-spectroscope. If the instruments are of equal power in the yellow region the former will be more powerful in the red and the latter in the green. That the resolving power of a prismatic spectroscope of given dispersive material is proportional to the total thickness used, without regard to the number, angles, or setting of the prisms, is a most important—perhaps the most important—proposition in connection with this subject. Hitherto, in descriptions of spectroscopes, far too much stress has been laid upon the amount of dispersion produced by the prisms. But this element by itself tells nothing as to the power of an instrument. It is well known that by a sufficiently near approach to a grazing emergence the dispersion of a prism

of given thickness may be increased without limit, but there is no corresponding gain in resolving-power. So far as resolving-power is concerned, it is a matter of indifference whether dispersion be effected by the prisms or by the telescope. Two things only are necessary: first, to use a sufficient thickness; secondly, to narrow the beam until it can be received by the pupil of the eye—or rather (since with full aperture the eye is not a perfect instrument), until its width is not more than one third or one fourth of the diameter of the pupil.

CAN WE SEE SOUND?—It has been demonstrated on various occasions that sound-waves of different quality produce forms of various shapes, but this important fact is shown in a novel and interesting manner by a new instrument which has been invented called the Phoneidoscope. The phoneidoscope consists of a cylindrical L-shaped brass tube, to the horizontal portion of which is attached an india-rubber tube and a wooden mouth-piece. At the termination of the vertical part of the instrument is a blackened brass disk, in which is an aperture. If the disk be now covered with a thin coating of soap and water similar to the preparation used in blowing soap bubbles, and a voice or instrument be sounded close to the mouth-piece, a curious effect can be perceived in the soap film at the other end of the instrument. The vibration of the molecules of air in the tube is transferred to the film, and bands of rainbow-tinted color become apparent, varying in form as the voice or instrument changes, and assuming an endless variety of patterns. Change of pitch produces a noticeable alteration in the forms, and the same notes on different instruments are marked by variations in the patterns on the soap solution, the colors in which, as the tenuity of the film increases, become marvellously beautiful.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

ANTHROPOMETRY.—The Anthropometric Committee of the British Association appointed for the purpose of making a systematic investigation of the heights, weights, and other dimensions of the human inhabitants of the empire, laid their report before the Association at the last meeting. They stated that considerable progress had been made in carrying out the objects of the Committee during the past year, returns having been obtained giving the birth-place, origin, and sex, age, height, weight, color of hair and eyes, girth of chest, and strength of arm and eyesight of a great number of persons, including pupils at Westminster and other schools, London policemen and letter-sorters; rifle volunteers, soldiers, and criminals. The Committee had thus procured nearly 12,000 original observations on the question of height and weight in relation to age, in addition to

50,000 previously collected. From tables embodying the results of these inquiries it appeared that the London letter-sorters were the lowest in height, the average between the ages of 20 and 35 being 64-67.1 inches. They were also the lowest in point of weight, being only from 122.5 to 139.9 lbs. The metropolitan police stood at the head of both lists, height 69.2-71.5 inches and weight 162.5-182.7 pounds. From other tables it appeared that the average of weight and height varies with the social position and occupations of the people, so that to arrive at the typical proportions of the British race it would be necessary to measure a proportionate number of individuals of each class. Taking the census of 1871 as a standard, a model community should consist of 14.82 per cent of the non-laboring class, 47.46 per cent of the laboring class, and 37.72 per cent of the artisan and operative classes. The nearest approach to such a representative population will be found in some of the larger county towns, such as York, Derby, and Exeter. In the professional class the full stature is attained at 21 years, and in the artisan class between 25 and 30 years. According to some American statistics a slight increase in height takes place up to the 35th year. The growth in weight does not cease with that of the stature, but continues slowly in both classes up to about the 30th year. Similar investigations which have been made in other countries have led so far to coincident results that it is hoped that, in course of time, information of great value will be elicited.—*Nature*.

A RAPID CURE FOR COLD.—R. Rudolf reports in the *Gazzetta Medica Italiana* the following observation made on himself. Being seized with a severe coryza, he happened to chew one or two twigs of the eucalyptus, at the same time swallowing the saliva secreted, which had a bitter and aromatic flavor. To his surprise he found that in the course of half an hour the nasal catarrh had disappeared. Some days later he was seized with another attack from a fresh exposure to cold, when the same treatment was followed by an equally fortunate result. He then prescribed the remedy to several of his patients, all of whom were benefited in the same way. He believes that this treatment is only suitable in acute cases.—*British Medical Journal*.

A TELL-TALE COMPASS.—To the captain of a ship it is of prime importance to know whether the vessel is steering on her proper course or not. His first question before leaving his berth in the morning often is, "Steward, how's her head?" and many a passenger will remember the steward's early visit to the binnacle in order to prepare his answer. Mr.

H. A. Severn has devised a tell-tale compass which obviates the necessity for inquiry and the trouble of going on deck, and gives the captain the information he requires even in his own cabin. An electrical apparatus connected with a compass is fitted into a small box, which may be carried to any part of the ship; two adjustable index hands are placed above the card, and these, with allowance for deviations, are set to the vessel's course. Unbroken silence indicates that all is going well; but let the vessel once overpass the limits of deviation, and an electric bell rings and continues to ring until the right course is again steered. With two bells unlike in tone, one for starboard the other for port, it would be easy to ascertain the direction of the deviation, and thus lessen to some extent the risks of navigation in crowded seas or near a coast.

VARIETIES.

VARIETY IN OCCUPATION.—There is a powerful reason for preferring a preponderance of intellectual over muscular exercises in all conditions of life, healthy or otherwise. The mind, unlike the body, is capable of perpetual and apparently unlimited development during the whole extent of life, while its influence over the body is, even in ordinary subjects, at least as great as the converse influence of the body. With the highly cultured it seems to be much greater, and this is probably the reason why brain-workers generally attain a greater age than others. We cannot doubt that, *ceteris paribus*, intellectual activity sufficiently varied is beneficial to the health rather than otherwise. As modern European life is constituted, complete mental rest for days and weeks together is necessary, in periods more or less frequent, for every brain-worker. By rest, indeed, we do not mean self-imposed inactivity or banishment from all else but ourselves and our thoughts, for, with Cowper, we believe that.

"Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed'd."

Probably this kind of mental inaction is seldom necessary, or even advisable. But besides the directly physical benefits of cessation from professional work, change of air, and other slight changes, restful elements are to be sought in the semi-emotional, semi-intellectual, recreation of music and art, already noticed, and of unfamiliar scenery; in such social exercises as acting and play-going, debating, card-playing, singing, and dancing; and, above all, in the pleasures of friendships and social intercourse. The principal difference which we believe should always exist between the occupations of the two sexes is, that women should never

give themselves over to such exhausting forms of work, whether of brain or of muscles, as men may. This is not so much because of their average strength being lower (for average considerations should not bind the exceptions) as because experience shows that such occupations tend to impair the distinctive *grace* and *freshness* of the sex. How much the human race owes to this freshness of life, usually preserved so much longer in women, none can tell, but all instinctively recognize its influence. The danger of desultory habits and moods, as a result of frequent variety in occupation, is, we believe, greatly exaggerated. It exists principally for those whose early education has been defective and limited, and whose natures have been formed in such a narrow mould that they cannot properly assimilate and dispose of the results of varied experience. For those who, coming of a cultured stock, have received a thorough and comprehensive training in early life, there should be no such danger. When their education is complete—and this rule holds good for both sexes—they should choose and enter upon one regular occupation, but not be bound by any rules which their own taste and discretion does not fix, in the disposal of their leisure. The more variety in this the better.—*Kensington.*

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

O WINTER twilight, while the moon
Grows whiter on the deepening blue,
I find some brief-lived thoughts in you,
That rise not in the night or noon.

Of faded loves, that once were sweet,
But now are neither sweet nor sad;
Of hopes that, distant, looked so glad,
Yet lie, unnoticed, at our feet:

Of these I think, until the red
Has wasted from the Western sky,
And royal reigns the Moon on high:—
What profits to lament the dead?

Small profit; yet in dreams that hold
One hand to forward, one to past,
We stay the years that fly so fast,
And link our new lives to the old. F. W. B.

CONTAGION.—Contagion consists physically of minute solid particles. The process of contagion consists in the passage of these from the bodies of the sick into the surrounding atmosphere, and in the inhalation of one or more of them by those in the immediate neighborhood. If contagion were a gaseous or vapory emanation, it would be equally diffused through the sick-room, and all who entered it would, if susceptible, suffer alike and inevitably. But such is not the case; for many people are exposed for weeks and months without suffering. Of two persons situated in exactly the same circumstances, and exposed in exactly the same degree to a given contagion, one may suffer, and the other escape. The explanation of this

is that the little particles of contagion are irregularly scattered about in the atmosphere, so that the inhalation of one or more of them is purely a matter of chance, such chance bearing a direct relation to the number of particles which exist in a given cubic space. Suppose that a hundred germs are floating about in a room containing two thousand cubic feet of air. There is one germ for every twenty cubic feet. Naturally the germs will be most numerous in the immediate neighborhood of their source, the person of the sufferer; but, excepting this one place, they may be pretty equally distributed through the room, or they may be very unequally distributed. A draught across the bed may carry them now to one side, now to the other. The mass of them may be near the ceiling or near the floor. In a given twenty cubic feet there may be a dozen germs, or there may be none at all. One who enters the room may inhale a germ before he has been in it ten minutes, or he may remain there for an hour without doing so. Double the number of germs and you double the danger. Diminish the size of the room by one half, and you do the same. Keep the windows shut, and you keep the germs in; open them, and they pass out with the changing air. Hence the importance of free ventilation; and hence one reason why fever should be treated, if possible, in large airy rooms. Not only is free ventilation good for the sufferer, but it diminishes the risk to the attendants.—*Nineteenth Century.*

TWO LOVERS.

I.

Love my lover; on the heights above me
He mocks my poor attainment with a frown;
I, looking up as he is looking down,
By his displeasure guess he still doth love me;
For his ambitious love would ever prove me
More excellent than I as yet am shown,
So straining for some good ungrasped, unknown,
I vainly would become his image of me.

And, reaching through the dreadful gulfs that sever
Our souls, I strive with darkness nights and days
Till my perfected work towards him I raise,
Who laughs therewith and scorns me more than ever;
Yet his upbraiding is beyond all praise.
This lover that I love I call Endeavor.

II.

I have another lover loving me,
Himself beloved of all men, fair and true.
He would not have me change although I grew
Perfect as light, because more tenderly
He loves myself than loves what I might be.
Low at my feet he sings the winter through,
And never won I love to hear him woo.
For in my heaven both sun and moon is he,
To my bare life a fruitful-flooding Nile,
His voice like April airs that in our isle
Wake sap in trees that slept since Autumn went,
His words are all caresses, and his smile
The relic of some Eden ravishment;
And he that loves me so I call Content.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

New

